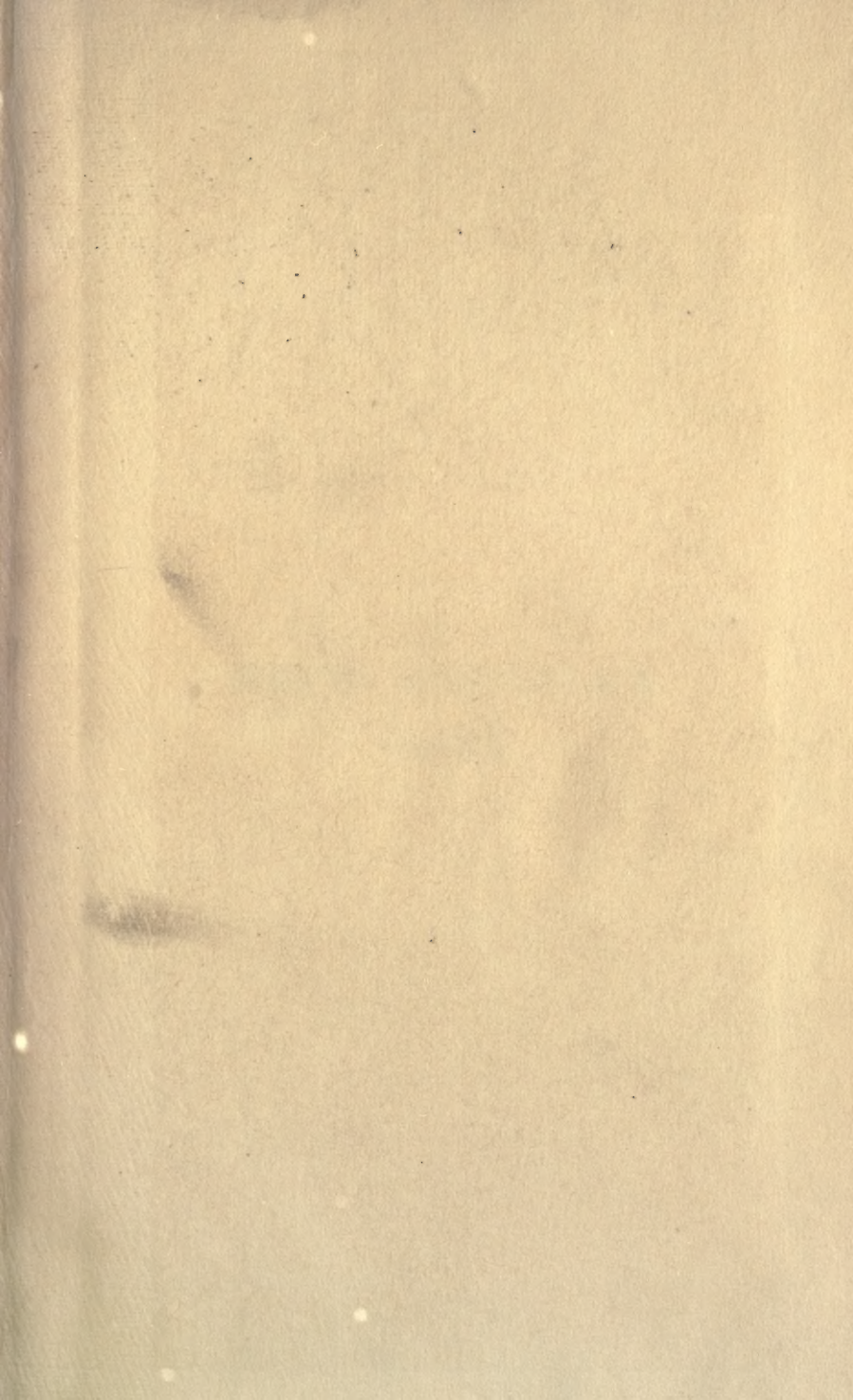


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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HENRY GREVILLE'S
DIARY

~~Greville~~
LEAVES FROM THE DIARY

OF

HENRY GREVILLE

EDITED BY ALICE

COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD

FOURTH SERIES

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LEAVES

FROM THE

DIARY OF HENRY GREVILLE.

December 17, 1861, continued.—To-day the Grenadier Guards were inspected by the Duke of Cambridge previous to their embarkation for Canada. They presented a splendid appearance. I heard several foreigners and Frenchmen loud in their praise of the bearing of these men.

Thursday, December 19.—Dined with the Flahaults—met Sydney. The Queen went this morning to Osborne, and was greatly overcome on leaving the Castle. A telegram came to Sydney during dinner, to say she had borne the journey pretty well. The Prince of Wales accompanied Her Majesty to Gosport, and then returned to Windsor.

Tuesday, December 24.—Details of poor Lady Canning's illness have at last arrived. I have to-day received from Madame de Flahault an extract from a letter written by her cousin Mrs. Thomson, wife of one of the Body Guard, stating that she arrived at Calcutta on the 8th of November, much exhausted after six days' travelling through jungle, where she caught

the fever, and was laid up on her arrival. No danger was apprehended at first. She was joined by Canning on the 10th, from which day she got gradually worse (making, however, a slight rally of short duration), and sank rapidly at two in the morning of the 18th. Canning seems not to have been entirely prepared for the blow, as on learning that all was over he fainted. On the 19th she was buried in the Garden of Barrackpore, a place she was fond of, and under a banana tree she had often sketched.

Yesterday all England was in real mourning. Prince Albert was consigned to the tomb. I am told that London never displayed so much outward sign of grief. Every shop was shut. Bells tolled the whole day. Minute guns were firing; and nearly everyone wore some sort of mourning. The 'Times' is full of minute details of the ceremony, and puts forth an admirable article on the subject. Nothing can have been more sad or more solemn than the ceremony, which is described in all its detail most graphically. There is no decided news from America, but what we have heard and know is more in favour of peace than war. The appalling state of the finances of the Federal Government which has been disclosed to Congress, tends that way; as also a very strong despatch from the French Government to the Federal Government denouncing the 'Trent' Affair as an intolerable outrage, and as entirely at variance with the ordinary rules of International law, and advising them to accede to the just demands of the British Government. It gives as its reason for

breaking silence on the matter, the desire to contribute its aid to prevent a conflict which may be imminent between two Powers towards whom the French Government is animated by equally friendly sentiments, and also by the duty of maintaining (with a view to put the rights of its own flag beyond the danger of attack) certain principles essential to the security of neutrals. If anything will induce these madmen to pause, I think such a despatch from the French Government will have that effect. At any rate it will be a great disappointment to them, for they have been palavering the French as much as they have been abusing us.

Saturday, December 28.—We are in a state of great suspense as to peace or war. The English newspapers are filled with extracts from the American journals, breathing fire and fury against England, and expressing the conviction, real or pretended, that as they have the law on their side, we shall bluster a little, but in the end submit, and that there is no fear of our going to war. The vessel bearing our ultimatum will have reached Halifax on the 15th. It was passed at Cape Race by one of our steamers, and its contents will have been telegraphed from Halifax to Washington and New York on that day; so that on Monday we may know the general effect produced by them. People are betting even on the result, and I hear that Palmerston has no faith in peace. At Paris the general opinion is that the French despatch will produce no effect, and very likely that the American Government will refuse to

accept it, because it is styled the 'Federal,' not the United States Government.

I have had an interesting letter from Mary Ponsonby, with further details of the Windsor tragedy. When the gentlemen who were sent to Lisbon to condole on the late King of Portugal's death returned, and after the Prince had seen them, the Queen told Charles Grey that the Prince said to her, 'You may be glad, my dear, that I have not got a fever, for if I had, it would be just the same case as Pedro's.' And he then went on to say, what he had often told her before, that he did not care enough to live, to make a struggle for it, though he was very happy. The Queen felt alarmed at the dejected way in which he spoke of himself, and when Jenner told Her Majesty the following day that he believed the Prince's malady to be gastric fever, she desired that he would on no account mention this to anyone, for fear the Prince might hear of it, as she felt how fatal it would be if he got it into his head that he should not recover. Jenner kept his own counsel until the Saturday, when he told Phipps and Charles Grey that he had no doubt of the nature of the illness, as the appearance of spots made it evident. The next week was considered to be the eight days' crisis; Jenner always said he saw his way over four days of the time, but he doubted much whether he would pull him through the week.

However, the fever symptoms and all the characteristics of the illness abated from that moment, and they were all full of confidence that he would do

well until the Friday, when congestion of the lungs came on, which he had no strength to fight against. The opinion was that he would not live through the night. There was a slight rally on Saturday, but the difficulty of breathing came on at the same hour as on Friday, and at eleven he expired. His muscular strength surprised the doctors, for he half got out of bed on Saturday, and those who attended him would not believe him to be dying, for except the look of fever, he had no appearance of being wasted or weak. He knew the Queen to the last, telling her in German that he loved her, and there was more speaking when they were alone, which those who were in the next room might have heard, as the doors were open, but they of course kept away. The last words he said to Princess Alice were 'Good child.' The Queen has appointed Lord James Murray Groom of the Bedchamber, vacant by the death of Bowater, and has made Francis Seymour, who was one of the Prince's oldest servants, an Extra Groom of the Bedchamber.

The young Portuguese Prince who was here lately with the present King has fallen ill of the same fever as that which carried off his two brothers. The King, at the urgent request of his Ministers and people, has removed from the Palace, and there have been tumults in the streets, a suspicion having arisen that the late King and his brothers had been poisoned. They probably were so by the bad drainage of the Palace, and a Sanitary Commission has been appointed to inquire into the matter. It would really

seem as though the Coburgs were particularly bad subjects for fever, or had bad constitutions, and one cannot but feel some anxiety for our own Royal Family, who are also the offspring of first cousins. King Leopold arrived at Osborne yesterday.

Sunday, December 29.—The Duchess of Sutherland came here yesterday, and of course talked much of the Queen and of those wretched days she passed with her at Windsor. Her consideration for others, she said, in the midst of her overwhelming grief, was very touching.

On coming out of the Prince's room, where she had taken the Duchess after his death, Her Majesty took his servant by the hand and thanked him and turned to the Duchess and said, 'He was so attentive,' and then she asked him what the Prince had said to him. Her Majesty talked without any reserve to the Duchess, and seems to have derived comfort from the sympathy with which the latter is overflowing.

Panshanger, Tuesday, December 31.—I came here yesterday, and found the John Leslies, Dufferin, Frederick Leveson, and Algy Egerton. Telegrams from America up to the 18th state that the news from England had created prodigious excitement. The general opinion was that Slidell and Mason would under no circumstances be delivered up. The French despatch had not then arrived. Our despatch should have reached them by the 'Europa' on the 16th, but on the 18th the vessel had not arrived at Halifax. It was only known that the 'Trent' affair had produced

a great sensation in England. Lord and Lady Salisbury came.

Panshanger, Thursday, January 2, 1862.—The American news is more pacific, and since our warlike preparations have been known, the tone has changed, and it is now considered probable that Mason and Slidell will be given up.

The Portuguese Prince, Dom Josó, is dead, and there have been riots in Lisbon, in consequence of a suspicion prevalent amongst the lower orders that the Royal Family had been poisoned, which subsided on its being known that a *post-mortem* examination of the young Prince had been made, which proved that he had died of typhoid fever.

London, January 7.—The general tone of the correspondence brought by the 'Europa' to-day is less pacific than was received by the last mail. No answer had been returned to the official despatch presented by Lord Lyons. Villiers Lister dined with me, and did not appear confident of peace.

Thursday, January 9.—Last night, John Bidwell, who dined with me, brought the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell, which had reached the Foreign Office at four o'clock to-day. Lyons had sent a telegram to say that Seward had notified to him that the prisoners would be delivered up when and where he pleased, and that a voluminous despatch would be forwarded by the mail. This news was announced at some of the theatres and received with great cheering. It is curious that Lyons wrote only the day before these men were surrendered that

he had very faint hope that they would be given up, and the mission had begun to pack up, to be ready for a start. Great disgust is felt here at the measure which has been resorted to by the Federals of sending vessels laden with stones, in order to destroy the harbour of Charleston : a rather barbarous mode of warfare.

The Queen held a Privy Council on Monday, which was attended only by Newcastle, Granville, and Sir George Grey. Her Majesty keeps entirely to her private apartments, and excepting the Royal Family, sees no one, not even her usual attendants, with the exception of Phipps and Lady Augusta Bruce, who is now all in all to her, and through whom all her orders pass. The difficulty as to the Private Secretaryship to the Queen is not yet solved ; Palmerston, it is said, does not approve of a joint Secretaryship in the persons of Grey and Phipps, and there may be objections to such an arrangement ; but no one could be so useful to the Queen as Grey, who is cognisant of all the Prince's affairs and wishes as to the correspondence he has left, which is very voluminous, and must be very curious. Phipps is said to be fond of power and influence (I can speak from my own experience that he is obliging and courteous), Charles Grey to be prejudiced and self-willed, though very straightforward and independent ; but neither of these men is quite fitted for so important and delicate a post.

Saturday, January 11.—Great indignation is expressed by the whole French press at the destruc-

tion of the harbour of Charleston. Yesterday, on calling at Queen's Terrace to enquire after Mrs. Bradshaw,¹ I was greatly shocked to hear she was dying. She heard of my being in the house, and asked to see me, and I went up to her bedside, when she took a most affectionate leave of me.

The American and English correspondence on the 'Trent' affair has been published *in extenso*. Seward's despatch on surrendering the prisoners is a long-winded piece of special pleading full of exaggeration and misrepresentation of all he could rake up of English law and practice most adverse to neutral rights, for the apparent purpose of justifying Wilkes, at the moment when he is compelled to admit the act itself to be unjustifiable. John Russell, in his reply, says that the English Government differ from Mr. Seward in some of his conclusions, and adds that a better understanding on several points of law (International) may be arrived at between the two countries by his stating in what that difference of opinion consists, and that he will do so in a few days. We heard on Tuesday evening that the United States Bank, and all the private Banks, had suspended specie payments, and this is foretold to be the beginning of the end of the war. The American press urges heavy taxation as the only legitimate means of relief. Mason and Slidell had been sent to Halifax, and their departure had caused no sensation.

¹ Mrs. Bradshaw was Mary Tree, sister of Ellen Tree, who married Charles Kean the younger. She was beautiful, and had a lovely voice.—Ed.

Saturday, January 18.—Some anxiety is felt for the safety of the 'Parana,' the vessel by which the Fusiliers sailed for Canada. There is a report that she was wrecked in the St. Lawrence, and as the husband, son, or brother of half the society of London are on board, the agony of alarm in London is very great. It is probable that she never went to the St. Lawrence, but was stopped at Cape Race and is now in Halifax. She was known to be a much slower vessel than the 'Australia,' which conveyed the Guards. Phipps and Grey are not to be the Queen's nominal Secretaries, but are to retain their present places, and to be employed as such if the Queen wants them, which, in fact, comes to the same thing.

The Duke of Devonshire was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge yesterday at Devonshire House, and made a speech in excellent taste; a more fitting choice could not have been made, for all the conditions and qualifications for the post are supereminently combined in his person. Clanwilliam and the Enfields came here to-day.

Sunday, January 19.—Robert Meade came here last night and gave the good news of the safety of the 'Parana.'

I have a letter from Fanny Kemble, dated December 27th. On American affairs she says: 'As to going to war with America, I do not think England will do it, for I am sure the Americans will do all they can to avert such a catastrophe. In spite of their bragging, and their Bulls' Run, the people are undoubtedly brave, and have plenty of

pluck in them, but in their present position of affairs, a conflict with England would simply be impossible for them, and they are perfectly aware of it. Everybody without exception is horrified at the idea of such a calamity, and where you have picked up the idea that they are ambitious of having such a climax put to their disastrous difficulties, I cannot conceive. If they are forced to fight, they will; for whatever you may think to the contrary, they are not in the least cowardly; but, wanting in common sense, as I do think they are (more than any people in the world, I begin to think), they will assuredly do everything they can to avert such a catastrophe, and I do hope most fervently that no evil feeling for their past vulgar insolence and folly, and no desire to open their cotton market for our uses again, will induce England to aggravate their present troubles by taking any ungenerous advantage of them.

‘You can form no idea of the difficulties these people have had to struggle with, in their present contest with their rebellious Southern States. You can form no idea, even by the miserable results that reach you, of their state of ignorance and want of preparation for war—of the extraordinary effects of the blessed conditions of prosperity under which they have hitherto lived, in paralysing them at the beginning of a contest, for which they were wholly unprepared. Their utter democracy, too, acts in a thousand ways as an impediment to their getting up at once, and wielding effectually and suddenly their vast means of offence and defence; but I do not believe

that, for as bad a beginning as they have made, they will not steadily carry out the purpose of reducing the Seceding States to submission (whatever they may be able to do with them hereafter); and remember that the French Armies of the Revolution were the troops of a Government whose monstrous and ludicrous theories did not prevent their soldiers from fighting well enough. These people are so absurd and so offensive in all their demonstrations, that English people *cannot*, in the midst of their amazement and disgust, conceive the difficulties they have had to encounter, and the wonderful energy (all the more wonderful for their ignorance) with which they have grappled with them. I am much shocked by the news of Prince Albert's death. It is much to be deplored that his life should thus have been prematurely shortened, for he was a worthy gentleman, whose influence seems to me to have been excellent in the sphere in which he exerted it, and who surely filled a difficult and not dignified position with great discretion and good sense.'

London, January 24.—I returned here this afternoon, leaving my mother rather better, but not so well as I could wish. One of the most awful calamities that has ever occurred has taken place in the Hartley Colliery near Shields, with a sacrifice of life for which I suppose there is no precedent. Yesterday week a shaft gave way and hurled 250 persons who, after incessant labour for a whole week, and with the sacrifice of more lives in the attempt to dig the poor creatures out, by the mephitic air of

the pit, were at last reached yesterday and all found to be dead. The Queen télégraphed to ask the progress of the attempt to rescue these poor fellows, and on hearing the sad result sent another telegram to express her sympathy with the widows and mothers of those who had perished. The telegrams were as follows :

‘The Queen is most anxious to hear that there are hopes of saving the poor people in the colliery, for whom her heart bleeds.’ And then :

‘The Queen has been deeply affected by the dreadful news from Hartley. Her Majesty feels the most sincere sympathy for the poor widows and orphans. What is doing for them ?’

*Tottenham Park,*¹ *Wednesday, January 29.*—I came here on Monday and found the Flahaults, Charles Bruces, Lady Ailesbury,² Granville, Dunkellin, Henry Corry, and George Bruce. The place is much improved by the alterations already made, and those in progress. Some days ago Lady Holland wrote to me from Paris, that it was believed there that one of the objects of King Leopold’s visit to England was to advocate an arrangement by which his son-in-law, the Archduke Maximilian, should be made Emperor of Mexico, and that the new Empire should be guaranteed by England as well as France and Austria. I treated this report as an idle *canard*,

¹ Tottenham Park. Now called Savernake. It stands in Savernake Forest. I believe the present owner has reverted to the former name.—Ed.

² Lady Ailesbury. Maria, second wife of the first Marquis of Ailesbury. Known in society as ‘Lady A.’—Ed.

though it was subsequently repeated in the French newspapers. To-day I was surprised, on mentioning the report to Flahault, to hear from him that the Emperor would be very willing to lend himself to any such arrangement, provided there were a strong monarchical party in Mexico, and that His Majesty would not object even to lend the aid of a French Army if it were necessary. It is now said that the Archduke declines having anything to do with this project. John Russell's despatch in answer to Mr. Seward's long rigmarole on the rights of neutrals is published, and is a well-reasoned document, and will show the Americans that they will not be allowed to play their tricks with impunity.

There is also a curious correspondence published on the Papal Question between M. Thouvenel and M. de Lavalette, wherein the Pope is conjured, 'whilst it is time, to act no longer on the basis of exploded pretensions and untenable claims, but to descend from the imaginary elevation on which he has placed himself, into the lower world of facts and opinions, of things and realities, and to condescend to look at his own position through the medium of a plain common sense.' To this, M. de Lavalette replies, that to all suggestions of this nature, His Holiness answers, 'Let us wait on events,' that on addressing himself to Cardinal Antonelli, His Eminence has recourse to the *non possumus*. It is not, he maintains, in the power of any Pope or College of Cardinals to assent to the diminution of the States of the Church. They have taken an oath to maintain

them in their integrity. It is argued by some people, and not without good reason, that if the Emperor intended to perpetrate the occupation of Rome, he would not have suffered this correspondence to be published, because his position with regard to that question was already bad enough, without aggravating it by making it transparently manifest to the rest of the world that he was powerless to obtain any concessions from the Pope. I suspect the Papal feeling in France is so strong as to make the withdrawal of the French army from Rome dangerous to the Emperor, and Cardinal Antonelli is quite conscious of the strength of that party. As a proof of this strong feeling, I will cite a curious thing that happened the other day at Paris. Edmond About, the famous author of several anti-Papal pamphlets, brought out a drama at the Odéon a short time ago, called 'Gaetana.' The audience positively refused to allow the piece to be heard, and at the very beginning made such an uproar, that the actors were unable to proceed. This scene was repeated on every subsequent attempt to act it, and it was ultimately withdrawn; and a large part of the audience proceeded to About's house, where they gave him a *charivari*. In the provinces the same thing occurred, and at Lyons the tumult was so serious that the military were called out to quell it, and About with difficulty escaped from ill-treatment at the hands of the mob.

Hatchford, Wednesday, February 5.—I came here on Monday. After dinner there was some interesting conversation on Prince Albert. Granville thought

him, on the whole, the most remarkable man he had ever met. He did not know whether most to admire his profound knowledge or his admirable good sense. He was also the best listener he knew, and his industry was extraordinary, and Granville said he never left his company without feeling he had gained something.

I heard the other day from Paris that much amusement has been created there by the title which has been bestowed upon General Montauban for his Chinese exploits, Comte de Palikao. He is a vulgar *sabreur*, without much reputation. The Parisians suggest that M. Haussmann, who is Préfet de la Seine, and under whose directions all the vast demolitions and reconstructions are being carried on, and who is a great favourite at Court, should be made a duke, and bear the title of Parischao, as a *pendant* to the last-named creation.

Friday, February 7.—Parliament was opened yesterday by commission. In answer to the paragraph in the Speech on the Prince Consort's death, all who spoke in both Houses vied with each other in pouring forth the most animated and eloquent eulogiums, and regrets for his loss. Dufferin moved the Address in a good speech, praised on both sides, and Derby, who made a most beautiful allusion to the event, expressed his intention of aiding in all ways to spare the Queen any additional worry or annoyance from any factious proceedings. Everything passed off harmoniously, and the Government was praised in both Houses for their conduct throughout the

American affair. Palmerston spoke of the Prince as having been 'perfect,' as far as such a term could be applied to anything human. The Queen will be consoled by this burst of enthusiasm for the character of the Prince.

London, Monday, February 10.—I returned here on Friday. The Queen wrote to Lord Derby to thank him for his speech, and sent messages to the other speakers.

Tuesday, February 18.—Yesterday Princess Cam-poreale, the Wharncliffes, Edward Sartoris', Pahlen, Granville, Quin, and Dufferin dined with me, and a few more came in the evening. It was pleasant and easy.

Clarendon made a personal explanation in the House of Lords this evening, respecting some letters of Count Cavour which have been recently published, purporting to give conversations between Clarendon and Cavour, which went to prove that the former had, by what he said, given encouragement to Piedmont to make war against Austria. Clarendon declared this statement was inaccurate, and that all he had ever said was merely to express regret at the foreign occupation of Italy, and that he should be glad to see it cease. There is no doubt that Cavour was so entirely convinced that a foreign war would be the only salvation for Italy, that he unceasingly urged his scheme on all those whom he considered likely to sympathise with him, and he was somewhat prone to attribute to them the origination of ideas and the use of expressions, to which they merely gave

a tacit assent. Many sensible Italians regret the publication of these letters as inopportune.

I met Lord Lansdowne to-day in the garden of Lansdowne House, and was much struck by his great alteration. Whenever he be removed, his loss will be much felt. Few men have exercised a wider and yet more discriminating hospitality. Bowood and Lansdowne House have always been the resort of those who have been distinguished in any way, and Lord Lansdowne has always held out his hand to young men who have shown any promise in literature, arts, or politics, and I see no one now amongst us who is at all likely to replace him in this respect.

Hatchford, February 21.—Another fearful accident has taken place in a coal pit near Merthyr Tydvil, belonging to Mr. Crawshay, by which forty-nine lives have been lost. As all the men in the pit perished, it cannot be ascertained how the explosion occurred, but it is believed that it arose from an air door being left open. The men were dining in different parts of the pit, and in some of their mouths bread and cheese were found, so that in the case of these men, death must have been instantaneous, and no marks of injury were found upon them. Others, however, were frightfully burnt. Mr. Crawshay is a very respectable man, and his mine had the reputation of being one of the best-managed in the country. A Commission has been appointed by the Government to enquire into the state and management of tin mines, of which Algy Egerton is a member. It will be well if its duties are extended to the examina-

tion of coal pits, and it probably will be so. The other night Lord Derby asked Granville in the House of Lords whether the Government considered itself responsible for the manner in which the fund for the Albert Memorial should be employed, when he replied that they did not, and that he had reason to believe that if the matter were referred to the Queen, Her Majesty would be prepared to state her views and wishes on the subject. Yesterday there was a meeting convened by the Lord Mayor to hear a communication which had been made to him by General Grey, in reply to one addressed to him by the Lord Mayor, stating that it was the opinion of the Committee that the time had arrived when the Queen should be officially made acquainted with the progress of the movement, and requesting him to submit the matter to Her Majesty with a view of ascertaining what might be her desire as to the nature of the memorial and its site, and the mode of execution.¹

It was stated that with this letter, and in the same envelope, was another letter which the Lord Mayor conceived to have been separate, and supplementary, in order that the Committee might use its discretion as to whether or not it should be made public. The report in the 'Times' says that it breathed forth sentiments the most noble and touching, perhaps of any, to which utterance has been given on this great

¹ Charles Grey wrote a reply to the Lord Mayor which is too long to quote here, but the gist of it is, that the Queen suggested that 'a small committee should be called to her assistance,' and advise her on the form the memorial should take.—Ed.

national calamity. Its simple pathos appeared to thrill the hearts of all present, and at its conclusion the whole assembly was more or less unmanned. Some members of the Committee advised its immediate publication, but it was decided to postpone this, at all events for the present.

As at present settled the monument is to be an obelisk, which, stuck down in the middle of Hyde Park, without frame or background, will be wholly ineffective.

Fould's taxes are not relished in Paris. Here are some lines on the subject :

Si vous imposez nos carrosses,
Et tous nos chevaux d'apparat,
Exemptez le Char de l'Etat;
Il n'est conduit que par des Rosses.

Rothschild is said to have made a gigantic gain by the loan.

The other day a Bill was presented to the French Legislative Chambers asking for a *dotation* of 500,000 francs per annum for the newly created Count de Palikao. This proposition was received with such violent marks of disapprobation that the Count wrote to the Emperor, requesting that the Bill be withdrawn, and adding that he should be much grieved if the idea of the Emperor and the glory of the army were turned into a mere discussion personal to himself. The Emperor wrote General Montauban an answer which is published in the 'Moniteur,' wherein he declines to withdraw the Bill, and says that the Legislature was of course at liberty not

to consider the leader of an heroic handful of men who had planted the Eagle of France on the capital of an Empire of 200,000,000 souls worthy of an exceptional grant, but that as far as he (the Emperor) was concerned, he wishes the country and the army to know that, compelled to be a judge of military and political services, he had wished to honour by a national *dotation* an unexampled enterprise; that great actions are most easily performed where they are best appreciated, and degenerate nations alone dole out public gratitude.

In the Senate there has been a stormy debate on the Address, and Prince Napoleon made a violent speech in reply to one from Monsieur de la Rochejacquelein, declaring that for him the meaning of the Empire was the glory of France abroad, destruction of the Treaties of 1815, within the limits of the forces and the resources of France, and the unity of Italy, which France had contributed to free. At home, the glory of France consisted in the preservation of order by a complete system of liberties; the liberty of the Press, and unlimited popular education without religious congregations and without institutions which impose upon France a return to the bigotry of the Middle Ages. The Prince tried to enter upon the Italian question, but was called to order, and after declining to attend to the order, and trying to obtain a hearing, was obliged to sit down amidst cries from some of the Senators that they had had enough of revolution and *démagogie*. Billaut closed the debate by begging the Assembly

to lay aside the agitation of a past period and to come to the serious business of the present moment, and not to lose its valuable time in empty discussions which are of no service to anyone.

Thursday, February 27.—The Emperor's letter to Palikao has made a great uproar, and the Chambers are very indignant with the tone of it, and His Majesty is supposed to have made a great blunder in imagining that this job would be popular in the army. I am curious to see if they will venture to throw out the Bill.

London, Saturday, March 1.—I returned here yesterday. The report of the Committee upon the Palikao *dotation* has been presented to the Legislative Chamber. The Emperor, the report says, had shown his desire to reward the services of the army and navy.

Commemorative medals had been distributed to those who had taken part in the Chinese Expedition, and the chiefs had been called to the Senate. The *Corps Législatif* had been happy, it says, to associate itself with these proofs of gratitude. Referring to the special question brought under its notice, the Committee believed itself forced, without yielding to more generous intentions, to bow to the authority of the law which forbids the creation of perpetual *majorats*. The report then discusses the question, and terminates thus, after an expression of regret at differing on one point from the intentions of the Emperor: 'We have thought that upon a question touching fundamental principles, without involving

any imperial political necessity, the independence of our language would be the best proof of the sincerity of our devotion; the accomplishment of our duty has been still more facilitated by the result of the votes being 183 to 24. The Committee has not for a moment apprehended failing to be the true interpreter of the sentiments of the Assembly. The Committee therefore unanimously proposes the rejection of the Bill.'

Monday, March 3.—Dined yesterday with Clanwilliam and met the Ailesburys and Streletski. He told us of the resignation of Ricasoli, which is considered a serious event for Italy, and to have been brought about by the antipathy of the King for his Minister, which has been turned to account by a *Camarilla* who surround the King, and advocate extreme measures. I hear from Paris that there is much fermentation there. The Emperor's letter has given great offence, both in Paris and in the provinces. Strenuous efforts will be made to induce the Chambers to vote the *dotation* of Palikao, the discussion of which is fixed for Thursday. There has been nothing like the spirit shown now for the last ten years, and no one seems to know what it may lead to. The students are up in arms about a M. Renan, a distinguished professor, but who is anti-religious, and ought not to have been named by the Government.

He has now been suspended from his office for a time, in consequence of his having pronounced against the divinity of Christ. There is to be a

meeting in the Place du Panthéon. It is suspected Prince Napoleon blows the coals in order to gain support on the anti-papal question. It has been thought necessary to have the troops in readiness for the last few days. I heard a neat saying of M. Villemain, who has a 'tournure d'esprit cynique': on its being reported to him that Prince Albert de Broglie had been elected to the Académie, he said, 'Eh bien, pourquoi pas? Il n'y a rien contre lui, excepté ses écrits, et c'est si peu de chose.'

I have a letter from Alfred Potocki announcing the death of his mother. He had since been in Russia, and says: 'L'état des choses en Russie n'est point rassurant. Grand désordre partout, et un manque absolu d'hommes. Il est frappé de faiblesse, ce grand Empire, et il lui faut beaucoup de temps pour se remettre. Ici en Autriche, c'est la question d'argent qui domine tout. Le reste irait à peu près seul, mais là il y a incapacité et de vieux péchés, qui, à mon avis, ne sont plus à remédier. Il faut trancher dans le vif pour sortir d'une situation impossible.'

Tuesday, March 4.—I went last night to see Fechter in Iago; a capital piece of acting, full of *finesse*, and devoid of exaggeration. It is much better than his Othello. I met Azeglio to-day, who told me that my old friend Persano had joined the new Ratazzi Ministry as Minister of Marine. He is a gallant fellow, but has 'une mauvaise tête et n'est point de l'étoffe dont on fait les Ministres.' Azeglio seems to doubt the duration of this Government, which is composed of men of more advanced liberalism

than the last. Geraldine Anson was married to-day to Jermyn.¹

Ash Wednesday, March 5.—The Federals, under the command of General Grant, have at last achieved a brilliant success, having captured Fort Donnelson after hard fighting, and (according to their own version), have taken 15,000 prisoners and a vast amount of war material, and the Confederates were in full retreat. This success will probably be attended by political consequences of great importance, as Fort Donnelson was the key of a strong position, and its capture will open the road to further advances. Already the New York papers proclaim that the rebellion is on the point of being crushed, and great rejoicings are going on throughout the Northern States. It remains to be seen whether the South will preserve its constancy under the great difficulties which now begin to surround them, and if they will be able to maintain the strife. The ‘Times’ says: ‘The recent triumphs, though they have undoubtedly improved the position of the North as regards any possible negotiation for a division of territory, have scarcely brought the Federal Government any nearer than before to a reconstruction of the Union.’ Fanny Kemble complains to me in a letter I received from her to-day, not only of the gross ignorance but the wilful misrepresentation of American affairs by the ‘Times’ newspaper.

Last night at Flahault’s I met Lacaita, who is about to start for Turin, by no means in good heart

¹ Present Marquis of Bristol.—Ed.

at the state of affairs there, and regretting the fall of Ricasoli, whom he considers to be the most honest public man in Italy.

Friday, March 7.—The crisis occasioned by the affair of the Palikao *dotation* has terminated by the Emperor withdrawing the Bill. He ascertained that it was not likely to pass, and deemed it imprudent to *pousser l'affaire au bout*, and wisely resorted to another Bill, which, in great measure owing to the manner in which he proposes it for the acceptance of the Chamber, will be enthusiastically passed. He wrote a letter to Morny, which was read to the Chamber in deep silence, and was received at the end with shouts of ‘Vive l’Empereur.’

The ladies of Calcutta, being anxious to perpetuate the memory of Lady Canning there, have sent over the prospectus for a testimonial which will carry out her known wishes in furtherance of certain charitable objects. There are to be no public advertisements, and the affair is to be conducted without any ostentation. I understand an institution for educating nurses is in contemplation, and the Duke of Portland has already subscribed £1,000 towards this object.

On looking through an old manuscript-book of my Aunt Mary (Bentinck), I happened to meet with the following character of King William III., which is said to have been written by Lady Cowper, wife of Sir William Cowper and mother of the Chancellor. It is very striking :

‘He was the Head, Hand, and Heart of the Confederacy, the Asserter of Liberty and Deliverer of

Nations, the Support of the Empire, the Bulwark of Holland and Flanders, the Preserver of Britain, the Reducer of Ireland, and the Terror of France. His thoughts were wise and secret, his words few and faithful, his actions many and heroic. His government without tyranny, his justice without rigour, his religion without superstition. He was great without pride, valiant without violence, victorious without triumph, active without weariness, cautious without fear, and meritorious without recompense. King, Queen, Prince, Potentate, I never saw so just, so wise, honest, and valiant as Nassau. He was—but words are wanting to say—what—. Say all that's Great and Good—and he was that. Born November 4, 1640. Died May 8, 1700. Reigned 13 years and 23 days.'

Sunday, March 9.—A tremendous hurricane has been blowing all day, after two beautiful spring days. Algy Egerton came from London yesterday, and spoke in high terms of a speech made by William Gregory on Friday, in favour of our breaking the American blockade. It lasted two hours, and was listened to with deep attention, but the facts on which it was founded were upset by the Solicitor-General, Roundell Palmer, and the motion was withdrawn. Gregory is clever, and should be put into office.

In the French Chambers, the new Bill which is substituted for the one granting a *dotation* to Palikao is a bit of *thimblerrigery*. It is proposed that a sum of money shall be voted which is to be put at the disposal of the Emperor, with which he may reward

the services of the army, from a marshal to a private, with or without reversibility, according to his pleasure. So that His Majesty gets even more than he originally asked for. In the meantime it is said Fould and Persigny cannot agree, and if Fould gets the upper hand Walewski will go to the wall, and it is suspected the Emperor has a new card to play, in Drouin de l'Huys. It was known that if the *dotation* of Palikao had been persisted in, Jules Favre and others of the Republican party had intended bringing up a lawsuit in which Montauban had played a very disgraceful part. Palikao, in Chinese, means 'cochon pourri.'

Thursday, March 13.—On Monday night there was a debate in the House of Lords on the American blockade, when Lord John Russell declined to give the papers moved for, and said that 'the policy pursued by our Government had been dictated not by expediency, but by justice, and that both sides at some future period would acknowledge this fact, and he trusted that within three months, if not sooner, we might see the end of the war, and he hoped that it might terminate in a manner consistent with the welfare and happiness of both parties, and a renewal of the old good feeling between North and South, and that they would consent to a peaceful separation into two States which might be powerful and prosperous.' I don't think this prophecy on the part of John Russell was judicious, however likely it may be of accomplishment, and I see no probability of it. It is, however, remarkable that by the advices from

New York the same expectation exists of the approaching end of the war, and Mr. Seward gives exactly the same opinion of its duration as John Russell did (ninety days), though by no means with the same result. Edward Ellice, whom I met at Flahault's on Monday, said he was convinced that whether the war went on or not, the Federal Union was doomed. Mr. Adams, the American Minister, told Flahault that the war would be over by the month of June, but with what result he did not specify.

Saturday, March 15.—News of fresh reverses sustained by the Confederates, and the occupation of Nashville by the Federals, and the crossing of the Potomac, reached London this morning, as also a message from President Davis to his Congress admitting the reverses to be serious and humiliating, but expressing unabated confidence in the determination of the South to resist to the last.

Dined yesterday at the Palmerstons' to meet Princess Camporeale (*née* Acton), who sang charmingly after dinner. Palmerston was detained in the House of Commons. Lady Palmerston told me, except on Saturdays and Sundays, he hardly ever dined with her, but did so at three, went to the House of Commons at four, and except some tea at the House he took nothing more until he came home to bed, seldom earlier than one o'clock. What a life for a man in his seventy-seventh year! I sat next to Lady Jocelyn at dinner, who said the Queen was on the whole better, occupied all day with one thing or other, and had given orders that whenever her

people had anything to ask of or to say to her, they should address themselves straight to her. Lady Augusta Bruce is the only lady of her household who approaches her unannounced.

Monday, March 17.—The Queen laid the first stone of the Mausoleum in Frogmore Gardens on Saturday. In this receptacle Prince Albert's remains and her own are ultimately to be deposited. The whole Household in Waiting attended the ceremony, and all those who had been in any way connected with the Prince, such as the bailiffs of Osborne and Balmoral, were summoned. Sydney tells me this Mausoleum had been determined upon before the Prince's death. I think these German fancies are much to be regretted, as keeping up a morbid and artificial sort of grief which in the case of the Queen will be of considerable inconvenience. She has visited the tomb and strewn flowers over the coffin, with which also the bed in which the Prince died is decked, and which she and the Royal children constantly renew, and his rooms are left exactly in the state they were in at the moment of his death.

A letter from Fanny Kemble, begun at Philadelphia and finished at Washington, received this morning, says: 'The war seems to be approaching a crisis. The Northern troops are gradually surrounding the Southern forces, and there have been some very important advantages gained by the Federal Army, which indicate, I think, a termination, by no means remote, of the contest. A very important entrenched camp called Fort Donnelson, in Tennessee, which

commands the entrance into the heart of the Southern country, and the approach to Nashville (a place of great importance), have just been taken by the Northern troops. They have also invested the city of Savannah, and the news of its surrender is hourly expected. In short, I think the clouds are bursting, and very decided daylight approaching. The end of the Civil War will leave the Government burthened with questions of infinite difficulty to deal with, but it will have been worth two good results to the American Nation. The theory of State Rights and the practice of slavery have both, I think, received their death-blow, and the efforts and sacrifices which the Northern States have made with such extraordinary energy and devotion will enhance for many a long year the value of the Union in the hearts and minds of the people. I arrived here yesterday (Washington); the whole road from Philadelphia to this place is a string of camps and military stations, sometimes only a small cluster of tents peering from the banks on the railroad track. The weather has been frightful, and the melting of the snow and the coming up of the frost out of the ground have left the surface of it one mud-bed, and the poor soldiers looked forlorn enough in their plank houses, which seemed but sorry shelter for such a season. They had huge wood fires blazing at all their posts, however, which, as evening came on, looked very picturesque. Wherever the train stopped, eager requests were made by the soldiers who crowded round it for newspapers, which the passengers gave them.

I bestowed a "Times" on them. I did not think the American news would edify them much, but thought they might be the better for reading the history of the Hartley Colliery catastrophe. You cannot imagine how strange all this sudden apparition of warlike life is here, where till within the last year such a thing as a *real* soldier was never seen! President Lincoln has made a suggestion that pecuniary compensation should be offered to any State which will abolish slavery. This has made a great sensation in America, but is here considered quite impracticable and as a bait to the Border States to return to their allegiance to the Union.'

Saturday, March 22.—We have had for the last four days the worst weather of the winter—snow, rain, fog, and intense cold.

I went to-day with Granville all over the Great Exhibition building. The exterior is hideous in every respect. The interior is still a chaos, but has a certain grandeur from its prodigious dimensions, the general effect of which the French are doing their best to destroy by enclosing all their courts. The Picture Gallery will, I think, be a great success. The light is admirable, and the pictures of Sir Joshua and Lawrence, already hung up, will be seen to great advantage. We afterwards went to see the South Kensington Museum, where some new rooms have been built. Yesterday I had a dinner party, composed of the Abercorns, Sydneys, Lady Jocelyn, Flahault, Landseer, Granville, and Quin. It was very merry, and Landseer and Quin, as usual, kept up the

ball with a succession of stories and good and bad jokes. In the evening about forty came to tea.

Hatchford, March 26.—I came here on Monday, and the day was so warm and beautiful (after three cold and wet ones), that my mother went out in her chair for the first time for many months.

There are accounts of fresh successes of the Northerners, and they are so elated that they are not only persuaded that the rebellion is crushed, but are beginning to consider how they will deal with the 'Rebels,' *whenever* they fall into their hands.

A splendid act of munificence has been done by the American merchant, Mr. Peabody, who has given 150,000*l.* into the hands of trustees for the amelioration of the condition of the poor of London, and the only stipulations he has attached to the gift are that the money is to be employed without reference to the religious creed or political bias of the recipients, and in a manner the best adapted for their social and moral improvement. Mr. Peabody has already founded two magnificent institutions of a literary character, I believe, at Baltimore, and in some other town of America.

London, Sunday, March 30.—I returned here on Friday, and dined with the Duchess of Cambridge. Flahaults, Wellingtons, Bessboroughs, Lord Clyde (whom I had never met before, a fine-looking old fellow).

Wednesday, April 2.—The late engagement in Hampton Roads between the 'Merrimac' and the 'Monitor' has given rise to some earnest discussion in

the House of Commons on the propriety of immediately discontinuing the construction of some of the proposed forts at Spithead, until the value of iron-roofed gunboats for the defence of our ports and roadsteads shall have been fully tested; and also as to the reconstruction of our whole navy. The Government alleged that nothing decisive was known as to the merits of iron-cased vessels so as to set aside what had been decided upon after the most mature consideration, and that the engagement across the Atlantic had merely demonstrated what was known before, viz. that forts must be stronger than ships. This assertion, however, was denied in several quarters.

Thursday, April 3.—Dined yesterday at the Flahaults' and met Prince Lucien Buonaparte, second son of the old Lucien, and strikingly like the first Emperor—the same brow and deep-set eyes, with a very intelligent countenance—and with the real Buonaparte type, of which the present Emperor is wholly devoid. The dinner was large, and I had no opportunity of hearing him talk, but those who had, said he was a very intelligent man, with no pretension. He is devoted to science, and has for some time resided in this country. Government was beaten the night before last (Tuesday), on the first reading of the Bill to take off the duty on Fire Insurance, by a majority of eleven, which must have been aggravating to Gladstone, who is to bring on the Budget to-night. Bernal Osborne has announced his intention of proposing a resolution that the construction of the forts at Spithead shall be discontinued, and the funds voted for

that purpose be allotted to building iron-cased vessels, and so strong is the feeling on this subject that I presume the Government will have to give way upon it. They are much disgusted with B. Osborne, but have to thank George Lewis for this business, as he made a very injudicious speech in the House of Commons rather *pooh-poohing* the matter.

Friday, April 4.—There was a conversation in the House of Lords between Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Somerset on the state of our navy as regarded iron-plated vessels, when the latter made a reassuring speech, stating what the Government was doing in the matter, and he declared that if it were necessary to fight iron ships against iron ships, we were a match for any navy in that arm. He entered into the respective merits and defects of the ‘Merrimac’ and ‘Monitor,’ and deprecated any precipitation in building vessels of iron, though he confessed that we ought to discontinue building new wooden ships, and concluded by expressing his opinion that it would not be desirable to discontinue building forts, as the arguments derived from the recent contest on that point were by no means conclusive. Malmesbury thanked the Duke for his speech, which he said was a much more reassuring one than ‘that made in another place,’ meaning that by George Lewis. Last night at Lady Jersey’s I met Frances Anne Lady Londonderry. She had cut me dead for several years without any apparent reason, and equally without reason was very gracious to me on this occasion, to which I should not allude were it not that she told

me, and really with some emotion, of a narrow escape there had been of a repetition of the Hartley Colliery catastrophe in one of her own pits, which was 1,800 feet deep, and where the loss of life would have been even greater, and from the same cause, had it not been that two years ago she had succeeded, after a negotiation of six years' standing, in buying an adjoining pit, at the cost of 75,000*l.*, by which an outlet and escape had been secured from her own pit.

Saturday, April 5.—Bernal Osborne's motion for suspending the building of the Spithead Forts ended in being virtually withdrawn, as the assurances of the Government that everything should be done towards organising an ironclad fleet satisfied the House, and Palmerston said that the Royal Commissioners who had recommended the construction of forts had been desired to reconsider the subject, and he proposed that notice should be given to the contractors to suspend their works, and soon after the recess the House should be invited to decide on the best course to pursue.

Thursday, April 10.—A horrible thick orange fog after a night of rain. Last night I went to Apsley House, where a few persons were assembled to see a conjurer of the name of Taylor, who professes to show up the humbug of spirit-rapping. I came too late to see this part of the performance, though I was told by people who were present that he was very successful in the attempt. I don't know if Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who is supposed to believe in

‘mediums’ and all the toggerly of spirit-rapping, was convinced. It would be well if anything could put a stop to this subject of conversation, which has become a great bore, and which seems to have taken strong hold of the minds, not only of foolish women, but even of men whom one should not have supposed capable of being occupied with and deluded by such palpable humbug. Somebody said, ‘Really Paradise must be a very dull place if spirits can so readily leave it to converse here below on the most frivolous subjects with the weakest of men and women.’

Thursday, April 17.—The other day, on a motion of Bowyer’s on Italian affairs, Gladstone made one of his most brilliant speeches, and both he and Palmerston strongly condemned the continuance of the French occupation of Rome, which they declared to be a direct violation of the policy of non-intervention which had been enunciated by France, and was the cause of the postponement of the completion of the unity of Italy. At St. Anne’s Hill, where I dined and slept on Monday, Lady Holland told me of the death of dear old Madame de Gontaut in her ninetieth year. She had for some time lost her mind, and it is now nearly five years since I last saw her, when her memory was already much impaired, which she was conscious of, and attributed to the effort of writing the memoir of her life, which at the earnest request of her children and grandchildren, she undertook in her eighty-fourth year, but which they find so little to their taste that I hear they have endeavoured to destroy every copy they could lay their

hands on; why, I know not, unless it be that the memoir does not do justice to her cleverness, or is not equal in charm of style to her delightful letters. My dear mother, to whom Madame de Gontaut was devotedly attached, and to whom I wrote this event, says to me in reply: 'I cannot hear without emotion of my dear old friend's final departure, though I have long suspected and thought it must have happened before this, and indeed she has now for years been dead to us, and it must be a relief to her belongings that she is gone to a better world. We may meet hereafter; but my notions are so vague on all these matters that I cannot feel as many do on future recognition, and only feel what we are distinctly told, that we shall be relieved of all the dross and burthen of our present existence and be happy.'

Since the experiment at Shoeburyness of guns *versus* iron forts, public opinion has again veered round to the necessity of continuing to build forts, in *conjunction* with iron ships, for the defence of our harbours, because it seems clear that whereas iron ships can only carry iron plates of a certain thickness, and guns of a certain weight, forts can bear any amount of iron and guns of any calibre. The guns tried the other day smashed the plates they were directed against, and which were of the same strength as those of the 'Warrior.'

A few days ago I had a letter from Fanny Kemble, who writes in the following touching terms of poor Mrs. Bradshaw¹: 'I saw the death of Mrs. Bradshaw

¹ For a note on Mrs. Bradshaw see page 9.

in the papers, and knew you would have been grieved by it. It is not only because I personally profit by it that I love and admire your constancy of friendship and affection. It used to be touching and charming to me to see that sweet gentlewoman coming into your room with her poor eyes closed, when I remembered the exquisite vision she was to my youth, and how enchanting everything I saw her do was to me, and I used to think how much she must have felt the kindness and affectionate courtesy you showed her : a very precious aftergrowth (but one I expect not often gathered) of admiration such as she had excited in the days of her youth and beauty. It is a pleasant thing, and a comfortable one, for those who "were adored once" to find that gratitude survives enthusiasm in the heart of some of those early worshippers, and that the poor old idols are not knocked off their pedestals and trodden in the dust of forgetfulness, but placed with friendly respect in some quiet niche sacred to the divinities of the past, and do not remember with vain regret when it was said or sung to them, "*Quelquefois même on vous encense.*"' (This latter line is one of an old song in the '*Nouveau Seigneur du Village*,' which I used to apply in joke to herself.—H. G.) On American affairs she says : 'I have certain points of faith which are to my soul what vital air is to my lungs ; among these is the belief in the ultimate triumph of truth and right for which our Lord does fight, and I rejoice with all my heart that I have lived to see the beginning of the process which I should have died believing was to come—

of the destruction of slavery in America, and the salvation of this great country from the iniquity and misery of such a system. When I used to walk on the shores of the Altamaha River three-and-twenty years ago, in the solitary evenings that followed days of hard and sometimes menial labour among the slaves (washing and dressing with my own hands their children, making their beds and stove fires, sweeping the floor of their infirmaries), I used to wonder how and when the dreadful system of human degradation, in the midst of which I was living, would end. I often thought how near the West Indian Islands and freedom were to these poor creatures, and longed to tell them that deliverance for some of them at least was no further off. But my fanaticism never went so far as to usurp the duty of those who owned these slaves, or to meddle with a perilous task to which they alone were, in my opinion, appointed; but when I used to stand in utter despondency listening to the sea breaking on the beach at the river's mouth, and watching the bright revolving light that warned the vessels from the dangerous bar, not seldom crying with bitter tears, "How long, O Lord, how long?" I little thought to live to see the day when Northern ships would ride along that coast (in spite of the extinction of the warning light by the Southerners), bringing freedom to the land of bondage. Though not, alas! to the poor, poor people among whom I lived and toiled, for they have been scattered into a more hopeless and miserable slavery still—sold and dispersed to pay their owners' debts. To

them, perhaps, the day of deliverance is not yet come; but one thing is certain. It has arisen over all the South, and, however slow its progress may be, it will assuredly shine more and more, and until the perfect day of universal freedom. Meantime the question of beginning with the emancipation of the negroes in the district of Columbia is before the Senate, and at the usual rate of American speechifying, the abolition of slavery will be *un fait accompli* all over the South, before the question is settled for the twelve miles square which constitute the territory of their National Legislature.'

Hatchford, Thursday, April 24.—The newspapers are full of the addresses which have been presented to Canning on his departure from India and his replies. Nothing can be better than the latter, and it is satisfactory and gratifying that, *at last*, justice should be done him.

The difficulty of finding a monolith (as a memorial to the Prince Consort) of sufficient size, and the enormous expense of transporting it, have decided the Committee on advising the Queen to abandon the idea, to which Her Majesty has reluctantly consented. In the meantime the begging-box is going the round of every village and hamlet for subscriptions to the memorial, which I think a great mistake.

News of a battle on a large scale being fought between the Federals and Confederates not far from Corinth reached London two days ago. It seems to have been a drawn battle. Russell, the 'Times' war correspondent, has been refused permission by the

Secretary of War to accompany General MacClellan in his campaign, although specially invited to do so by the latter. Mirès, to whose supposed defalcations and robberies and trial I have before alluded, has been acquitted by the Imperial Court of Douai, and his sentence reversed. This was an imprisonment for five years for having appropriated to himself securities which were only lodged with him as deposits. The whole affair is a very curious one, and has made a great noise; and it is hinted that this reversal is not wholly unconnected with the threat of Mirès to reveal in what direction certain moneys entrusted to him had gone, and with the possibility of certain disclosures which would be hurtful to the public service, and calculated to lessen the proper respect which should be felt for distinguished personages. It is remarkable that none of the French journals up to yesterday have alluded to the reversal of this sentence.

Enfield returned here from attending the great Volunteer Review at Brighton. There were nearly twenty thousand present, and the whole affair was very successful, and favoured by splendid weather. Lord Clyde reviewed them, and expressed himself as much satisfied with the conduct of the troops.

London, Sunday, April 27.—I came to town yesterday, and heard of Canning's arrival. All the newspapers have written of his departure from India, and of his return here, in gratifying terms. He seems to be in better health than one might have expected. He is to have the Garter in company with

the Duke of Somerset, Lords Russell, Shaftesbury, and Fitzwilliam. The latter is rather a *bathos*.

The Grove, April 29.—I came here yesterday in company with Lady Ailesbury and Lady Sydney ; a large party for some acting, part of which came off last night, and in which Lady Skelmersdale showed decided talent for the stage. The Queen returned to Windsor yesterday to remain till Wednesday, when she goes to Balmoral. It is to be regretted that she cannot make up her mind to see Canning, an exertion I think she ought to have made, and which no delay can render less painful.

Sydney is gone to town to-day to make arrangements for the ceremonial of opening the Exhibition, about which there has been great confusion and frequent change of plans. As the Queen could not be present, and would not permit the Prince of Wales to open it, the obvious thing was to abstain from all ceremony, but I am told the sale of season tickets was very slack, and it was necessary to invent some device for increasing the sale, and so the Lord Mayor and various civic bodies have been called into requisition to swell the procession and to heighten the effect of the spectacle, which I understand has had the desired result, and there is now a rush for tickets.

London, Saturday, May 3.—I came to town on Thursday. The opening of the Exhibition passed off, on the whole, well. The day was fine. There were no accidents, and less confusion than was expected, considering how backward everything was, and how

often the ceremony had been altered. The Royal Commission, with the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Oscar of Sweden, proceeded in the Queen's carriages, all the servants being in deep mourning, and were escorted by a troop of Life Guards. The music was very well executed, but ill heard—in fact not at all heard but by those who were seated close to the orchestra. Of the three compositions for this ceremony, Meyerbeer seems to be the most admired, though Auber's March is said to be sparkling and brilliant. In the evening the Sutherlands gave a dinner of fifty people, to the Royalty who had taken part in the ceremony, and a party in the evening. The Japanese Ambassadors, who were at the Exhibition, declined going to the party because they have not been received officially by the Queen. I did not go to the party as my sight is so bad I can't see the people, and the kind of thing bores me. When the ceremony of opening the Exhibition was over, Lord Russell telegraphed to the Queen to Balmoral to say all had passed off well. She returned an answer that she was glad to hear it, and wished she could say as much for her own arrival at Balmoral.

Tuesday, May 6.—The American War is beginning to tell most severely on the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. The distress is already very great. There is to be a meeting this morning at Bridgewater House of the Lancashire Members of Parliament, to take into consideration the present state of affairs, and, if possible, to devise some remedy and means of relief, either by inducing the Govern-

ment to apply to Parliament for aid, to which there appears to be obvious objection, or by relaxing the present rules of the Poor Laws, and at all events to set on foot a public subscription.

Wednesday, May 7.—Nothing was done yesterday at Bridgewater House. There was so much diversity of opinion that it was found impossible to come to any determination as to what will be the best course to pursue. I dined with the Flahaults, and he told me the French Minister at Washington, Mr. Mercier, had gone to Richmond with the consent of Mr. Seward, *proprio motu* (though of course with the approval of his Government), and after having had a conversation with Seward, in which he had expressed his wish that he might do anything to end the struggle; but as Seward had no other proposal to make than that the South should return to the Union, and that on their doing so the past should be forgiven and forgotten, there is not the least chance of any good result from the mission of Mr. Mercier. I sat some time with Canning, and am rejoiced to find so little change in his appearance, although just now he is not at all well.

King Leopold has just been operated upon for the stone, and is in a precarious state. His death at this moment would be a public calamity, a heavy loss to Belgium and a great blow to our Queen.

Friday, May 9.—I met the Duc d'Aumale to-day at the Club. He seemed very anxious about King Leopold, and dilated much on the great loss he would be to *Europe*, if the worst should happen.

Besides suffering from the stone, he is said to have water on the chest.

I had a pleasant dinner to-day, consisting of Lady Cowper and daughter, the Clifdens, Edward Sartoris', Dufferin, &c. In the evening I had a party and music, to which Mario was to have come, but failed, from want not of voice, but of clothes. However, notwithstanding this *contre-temps* it went off tolerably well. There was a discussion in the House of Commons on the Lancashire distress, the upshot of which was, that though admitted to be very great, the county will for the present bear the burthen, and a Commission has been sent there to aid in the operation of the Poor Law.

Saturday, May 10.—I am told that Mr. Russell of the 'Times,' who has just returned from America, has publicly stated his conviction that the North will in the end carry all before them, and having subdued the South, will turn all their energies to the conquest of Canada. If this be his opinion, his correspondence must have been carefully *cooked* before insertion, for nothing that has appeared in it can bear this construction.

The return of Lavalette to Rome, the recall of General Goyon, and the departure of Prince Napoleon to join the King at Naples, gave rise to the belief that something is to be done at Rome. If there be any change in agitation, it is probable it may be the substitution of Sardinian troops for those of France. However, I shall believe in the evacuation by the French when it takes place and not a moment sooner,

Sunday, May 11.—Called on Canning, whom I found unwell with a congestion of the liver, but going on well. From thence I went to see Lady Clanricarde, who showed me drawings of the spot where poor Lady Canning lies buried—in the Garden of Barrackpore, a tranquil resting-place. Went to Flahault's to-night. He showed me a letter he had just received from Mr. Adams, stating that Mr. Seward had desired Mr. Mercier to inform his Government that New Orleans was certainly taken by the Federal Army, and that postal communication would be at once reopened and an arrangement entered into with regard to raising the blockade, which, however, would be coupled probably with some condition as to the withdrawal by France and England of their acknowledgment of the rights of the South as belligerents, to which neither Government will be likely to agree. This news appeared in a second edition of the 'Observer' to-night, and as having been received in Canada by a newspaper from the South, but it had not met with universal credence in New York.

Hatchford, Tuesday, May 13.—On my way here yesterday I paid Lady Holland a visit at St. Anne's. She read me some letters from Paris and Naples, which confirmed all I had heard on the Roman question. It is believed at Paris that the Emperor is meditating withdrawing the French army from Rome by degrees, and that Sardinian troops are to replace them; but the difficulty will be to induce the Pope to remain there under such a protection, and if he will not, where he will go. At Naples Victor

Emmanuel has had a great success, and has given himself more trouble to please than heretofore. One of his 'cajoleries' is curious, as coming from such a quarter; he has presented a necklace to St. Januarius.

Thursday, May 15.—Detestable weather—a thick orange fog, cold and damp. The Allies in Mexico seem to have come to loggerheads; the expedition, hitherto without tangible results, appears to be ending in the re-embarking of our marines, the withdrawal of the Spanish troops, and the march on Mexico of the French army, with what ulterior object time alone can show. It is a strange affair, and must soon be discussed in Parliament.

Cliveden, Monday, May 19.—I came here on Saturday, in company with Lady Constance (Grosvenor), and found Pahlen, Sneyd, Duke of Devonshire, Louisa and Fred. Cavendish,¹ and (Lord) Robert Clinton. The weather is delicious and the place in glorious beauty. It is the most perfect combination of natural beauty with all that art and a very refined taste can accomplish, and the Duchess's hand is seen in every detail.

Before leaving London we heard of the evacuation of York Town by the Confederates—a very heavy reverse. Mr. Adams declares that a few weeks will see the end of the war.

London, Thursday, May 22.—Met Flahault at

¹ Son and daughter of the Duke. Lady Louisa Cavendish married subsequently my brother, Admiral Egerton, in 1865. Lord Frederick was one of the victims of the Phoenix Park murders in 1884.—Ed.

dinner at Bessborough's, who told me that M. Mercier had informed his Government that he had found in his late expedition to the Southern States that the Confederates were by no means disheartened by their late reverses, and declared themselves resolved on resisting to the last extremity. He also said the Roman question was not *near* being settled, as had been so often reported.

I am much distressed at finding that Canning has been much worse since I left London and continues very ill. I am getting very uneasy about him.

Sunday, May 25.—The Queen's birthday passed off yesterday without any observance of any kind, by Her Majesty's command. I dined with Granville; a party of forty given to the heads of the different commissions, or jurors, of the Exhibition. There were three tables, at each of which there were two ladies, all more or less good-looking—the Duchess of Manchester, Ladies Ely, Carmarthen, Westmorland, Clifden, and Wharncliffe—with whom the foreigners were greatly struck. Amongst these men were Michel Chevalier, Baron Gros, General Morin, and Dufour; among the English were Gladstone, Taunton, St. Germans, Lord Harry Vane, and Quin. They all seemed highly pleased and totally free from the shyness and embarrassment which would have been the prevailing element in a similar gathering of English people in a foreign country. On Quin paying some compliments to M. Dufour on the French productions in the Exhibition, he answered: 'Mais comment

donc, parlez-moi de vos belles productions Anglaises, de ces belles épaules, ma foi, de première classe.'

Wednesday, May 28.—Dined at Flahault's yesterday and met Princesse Bregenheim (*née* Schwartzenberg), whom I knew formerly, both in Italy and Paris, and had not met for twenty-nine years. She is little changed, and is the same pleasant, natural woman she ever was. This morning I paid my first visit to the Exhibition. A wearisome business. The general effect of the interior is far from being as brilliant as the former one, but there can be no doubt that it contains more valuable and more curious things than the last. The attendance has been on the average twenty thousand per day.

Thursday, May 29.—The Report of the Commission on the proposed system of fortifications at Spithead has just been published. The Commission owed its existence to the exploit of the famous 'Merrimac,' which was blown up the other day by the Confederates to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. Their opinion is that the expense of providing for the defence of Spithead by ships alone would far exceed that of forts and ships combined. A combination of forts, which may be constructed of iron as cheaply as of stone, with a certain number of iron-plated batteries, they consider would be the cheapest and most effectual defence of our naval ports. This decision is based on the theory that the power of destruction by means of artillery is increasing at a greater rate than the power of resistance, and that if batteries are built strong enough to give

full scope for the increase of size in guns they must inevitably prevail against batteries which do not give such scope. This conviction has probably been strengthened by an event which occurred soon after the receipt of the news of the battle in Hampton Roads. When the 'Warrior' went to sea some months ago she was reported invulnerable to any guns which an enemy was likely to bring against her, and the target remained at Shoeburyness as the representative of this invulnerable frigate. Within a few days, however, of the debate in Parliament which put a stop to the construction of the Spithead forts a new gun of Sir William Armstrong's had penetrated this target, showing at once that no armour could be forged which would be proof against a large gun with an enormous charge of powder. It is to be presumed that the construction of the forts will be at once resumed. General Goyon, who has been recalled from the command at Rome, has been appointed Senator. Count Montebello succeeds him. He is a personal friend of the Emperor, and said to be a sensible man.

Hatchford, Tuesday, June 3.—I came here on Saturday. A political field day is to take place this evening on the public expenditure. Six definitions of a proper expenditure are to be proposed to Parliament by Mr. Stansfeld, Lord Robert Montagu, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Horsman, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Walpole, and Sir F. Smith. It is not probable that any of these motions will lead to any practical result.

The first shilling day of the Great Exhibition was

yesterday, and it by no means realised the expectations formed as to the numbers of visitors, although there were two thousand more persons present than on the first shilling day of 1851. The total number on Monday was 25,990. I hear the Commissioners are on the whole much disappointed as to the attendance, which they flattered themselves would far exceed that of 1851. If puffing will ensure success, theirs should be triumphant.

The Queen left Balmoral yesterday at noon, and was to reach Windsor this morning at nine o'clock. The railway directors regret very much Her Majesty's fancy for travelling by night, as it increases the risk and responsibility.

London, Thursday, June 5.—The field day in the House of Commons ended in a defeat of the various resolutions proposed, by a majority of 302.

Palmerston fought the battle with his usual good humour and pluck, and has nothing to fear for some time to come, at least.

I came to town yesterday, and was much delayed on the road by the derangement of the ordinary trains owing to the Derby Day. That race was won by a horse called 'Caractacus,' against which 40 to 1 was betted before starting. The favourite, 'Marquis,' came in second. There never was seen so vast a multitude on the Downs before, and the concourse of foreigners was enormous. The day was fine. The Japanese Embassy was present, and for once showed visible signs of wonder and admiration.

The Pacha of Egypt is here and in a very bad

state of health. He was received at Dover on landing by the Municipality, who harangued him, and he made a reply in French. During his stay at Paris he was lodged at the Tuileries, and he gave the Emperor and Empress a dinner in his apartment, served in the Egyptian fashion, offering them golden vases to wash their hands in, and napkins embroidered with diamonds and pearls wherewith to wipe their Imperial mouths. He did not go to the Derby, but passed the day on board his new yacht, which is moored off Woolwich. Notwithstanding the Derby, there were 50,585 persons present at the Exhibition, whereof 45,686 paid at the door.

Friday, June 6.—Dined yesterday with Sydney. Met the Duke of Cambridge, Saxe-Weimars, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Cowley, Charles Woods, Hardinges, Quin, &c. I sat between Lady Hardinge, who was in transcendent beauty, and Quin, who was full of stories—one of Mr. Higgins (Long Higgins, as he is commonly called), who on complaining to a friend that he thought it very hard he could not get elected to any club merely because he occasionally wrote a few squibs, was answered by his friend thus: ‘My dear fellow, it is not your *squibs* they complain of, but your d——d *crackers*.’

Another story was of the Irish author, Colley Grattan, who was remarkable for the flatness of his nose. He had been showing great civility to an American lady, and she had expressed her gratitude to him, and her approval of everything European, as she called it, at the same time saying that she, being

a freespoken woman, always said what was uppermost in her mind, and she must confess '*she could not get over his nose.*'

'Bedad, madam,' he replied, 'It's no wonder ye can't, for the bridge is broken.' Quin's spirits are inexhaustible, and his presence is invaluable in breaking the formality of such dinners as that of last night.

Monday, June 9.—Dined last night with the Flahaults at a banquet given to Prince and Princess Murat and their daughter, Princess Anna. Prince Murat, son of King Joachim, is a hideous, fat, vulgar-looking man, with jolly, good-natured manners. His wife, an American, speaks Yankee English and indifferent French, but is simple and unaffected. The daughter is well looking. These demi-semi Royals and Imperials were treated as Royal Highnesses, and were received by the Flahaults in the entrance hall, every one rising on their entering the room. At Paris, the rank of Imperial Highness is not accorded to them, but only that of '*la famille cercle, ayant rang à la Cour.*' The Emperor has made him an allowance of four hundred thousand francs per annum, and has given Princess Anna two millions of francs for her special and independent use.

Wednesday, June 11.—I met Lord Brougham this morning. He struck me as much shrunk and altered, but was full of activity, and about to make speeches at Social Science meetings, &c. He spoke to me of Lord Lyndhurst, and his eyes filled with tears when he told me how suffering he was, and how

unwilling to see anyone. Brougham had just seen him; he had arranged a dinner for his ninetieth birthday, but not feeling equal to it, it had been countermanded. This morning at Sydney's I met Charles Murray, who is in attendance on the Viceroy of Egypt. He told me His Highness had at first been very sulky and disgusted at his poor reception here, which was in such contrast with the splendour of that given him by the Emperor Napoleon, but he had been put into good humour by the order given to the Queen's Officers of State to wait upon him, and at Her Majesty's carriages and horses having been put at his disposal, and every facility given to him for seeing everything. He had been this morning at the Exhibition, and had laid out 18,000*l.*, principally in two locomotives and a huge piece of plate. He is very obese, shrewd, and intelligent, and speaks French with facility.

Thursday, June 12.—An article appeared two days ago in the 'Constitutionnel' (which is a paper more or less connected with the French Government) which seems like a preparation of the public mind for a mediation on the part of France in the American conflict, and to-day the 'Times' has put forth a leader strongly advocating it, of course on the basis of separation and the independence of the South. There is also a report in the 'Patrie' that a conference is to be held in London with our Government. I believe there would be a better chance (if any at all) of a favourable result, if we were left entirely out of the negotiation.

I have rarely seen so bad a day as this in June. Torrents of rain and a hurricane. It has been a most blustering month.

Hatchford, Saturday, June 14.—Carnarvon asked John Russell last night whether a proclamation of General Butler's at New Orleans, that women who showed contempt for Federal officers were to be treated as prostitutes plying their vocation, was authentic; to which he replied he had every reason to believe it was so, but that the Federal Government would hasten to disavow so monstrous an edict. He also said that with respect to the rumour that England and France intended to offer their joint mediation to the belligerent parties, it was entirely without foundation. In his opinion the present time was most inopportune for such a course, and no good could come of it. Palmerston said much the same thing in the House of Commons.

London, Tuesday, June 17.—On returning to town yesterday I found a note from Sydney telling me the account of Canning was despairing. Later in the day I met Harris, who said he was as ill as possible. At eleven at night Sydney and I went, after dining at the Blackwoods', to Grosvenor Square, where we heard that during the last three hours he had made so great a rally that some of his family entertained hope, which, however, the doctors considered illusory. This morning Meryon called to tell me that at 6 A.M. this morning he expired. A *post-mortem* examination is to take place, and Meryon believed that no other cause of death would be

detected than the want of renovating power; though it was possible there might be some abscess lurking somewhere which they had been unable to discover. What a sad tragedy; what a public loss! There was no one I liked or respected more, and I had looked forward with much real pleasure to his return, and had been so affectionately greeted by him on his arrival, and feel quite stricken by the blow. Of all the men I have lived with in intimacy, he was certainly the one to whom I always felt I should apply, if in doubt or a difficulty, with the greatest confidence in his judgment and kindness, which were equally sound and unfailing. In the ordinary intercourse of life few people had so great an attraction for me. He was natural, cheerful, and, when at his ease, humorous. No man had more attached friends, and those who knew him best always had unbounded confidence in his great ability and administrative power, and it is needless here to say how completely this confidence has been justified by his acts.

(It is aggravating to think I have a dinner and party here to-morrow night which I cannot put off.)

London, Thursday, June 26.—I came back yesterday. Called on Sydney, who told me nothing could be more affecting than Canning's funeral. It is remarkable that near his grave there are five windows placed there in memory of various persons who have lost their lives in India. Canning has left everything to Hubert de Burgh, his nephew, to be sold and invested in land, and, failing him, to go to Harewood's second son. Some surprise was excited

by no mention of Lady Canning having been made in the will, but this was because by a separate settlement everything had been left to her for her life. Lady Clanricarde had the cruel task of announcing to Canning that his end was near. All he said was, 'So soon?'

Monday, June 30.—General Bruce died on Thursday morning of the fever which he caught in the East. The Prince of Wales received a telegram at Osborne to warn him that if he wished to see the General alive he had no time to lose. He started at once, but arrived too late. He remained two hours with Mrs. Bruce, and was deeply affected. He is a great loss, for he filled with tact and judgment a very difficult post, and had succeeded in gaining good influence over the Prince. It is not intended to appoint another governor. Colonel and Mrs. Bid-dulph are to accompany the Prince to Birk Hall, a property adjoining Balmoral, which belongs to His Royal Highness, and they will keep house for him.

The cold of the weather continues to be very extraordinary. The sun hardly ever shines, and there is a dark, cloudy atmosphere, with a chilly wind, which are terribly depressing.

Wednesday, July 9.—The newspapers announce the death of old Duke Pasquier, in his ninety-sixth year. As I often saw him during my residence at Paris, and thought him a very courteous old gentleman, and as he played a considerable part in public life during the time I was attached to the Embassy,

I subjoin an article from the 'Times,' which gives a *résumé* of his career.

A Note.—As I do not publish any of the newspaper extracts, of which there are many in the Journals, I suggest this note in elucidation. It seems (from the account in the 'Times') that Duke Pasquier was descended from the famous Stephen Pasquier, the great opponent of the Jesuits. Born in 1767, he saw his father perish on the scaffold of the guillotine, and he himself was only liberated from prison after Thermidor. He emerged from obscurity after Brumaire, and served France under many successive rulers and administrations till after the Revolution of 1848, when he retired finally from public life.—Ed.

Princess Alice's marriage was a very lugubrious affair. The Queen was present, but sat in a retired nook of the room, hidden by her sons. She got through the ceremony without breaking down, and at its conclusion came forward, kissed Princess Alice and the Hesse family, and then withdrew. The Duke of Coburg gave her away, the Queen having resisted all entreaties that the Prince of Wales should be allowed to do it.

On Monday I met at dinner Lyons, lately returned on leave from America; he declares that he knows no more of the American war, or of its probable issue, than we do here. He foresees no end to it, and says the hatred of the contending parties and the virulent irritation of the North against England are as great as ever. The weather continues abominable.

Wednesday, July 23.—The Confederates have had great successes lately. MacClellan's army has been defeated, and forced to retreat with great loss. The French Princes who were at his headquarters have returned to England, and state that the position of

MacClellan, though not so hopeless as was reported, is very critical. Fanny Kemble is returned from America in good health and spirits, but is very unwilling to speak of all that is now passing there; which perhaps is lucky, as she would find but little sympathy with her opinions. There was a second meeting at Bridgewater House on Saturday to take into consideration the distress of the manufacturing districts in consequence of the cotton famine; 10,000*l.* was subscribed in the room. A statue to the memory of Canning is to be erected, by private subscription, in the East India House, the Dean and Chapter having refused to allow it to be placed in Westminster Abbey near that of his father, on the plea that the same refusal had been given to the friends of Lord Macaulay. I sent my small subscription to-day.

I had musical parties on Wednesday and last night, the latter preceded by a pleasant dinner party, and at both of which Mario and Grisi sang as well as in their best days. I heard to-day from Arthur Scott from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. He says it is the paradise of labouring men. Ordinary wages are 2*l.* a week, and before the end of the year he can have a house and land of his own, and the land order granted by the Government will pay his expenses out, if he comes direct in a ship to Brisbane. The blacks are as yet very numerous about there, more so than in any other part of Australia. They are hideous to look upon, but are very useful in doing small jobs, such as cutting wood, fishing, and driving cattle, but they will not stick to any work longer

than an hour or two, and whilst they are hungry, and directly they get their food they are off to the forest. The climate (May 12, and winter) is like a good June in England, only the air is more dry and crisp.

Hatchford, Tuesday, July 29.—Yesterday morning, as I was getting up at Wrest, I received a telegram with the following words: ‘Your mother is very ill. Come directly.’ The Enfields, Blanche, Algy¹ and I, got off by the first train; on arriving in London another telegram met us stating that all was over at five that morning. We passed from Station to Station, and reached this place at four o’clock (P.M.). It seems that on Saturday, the day I left her to pass through town to Wrest, she had suffered from more than one attack of breathlessness; indeed, when I left her she was recovering from a slight attack, after a good night, and Saturday had been a bad day with her. On Sunday, however, she was better again, went to morning church, and was out in the afternoon, though not feeling well. She dined with my sister, and went to sleep after dinner. Dr. Webb came, by my sister’s desire, and told her he thought her pulse very feeble. She attended the evening prayers, and then went to bed. My sister went into her room at 1 A.M., and found her much as she had usually been of late. At four o’clock she rang for her maid, who found her with a violent spasm of the chest, and in great agony,

¹ We were all staying at Wrest Park, where the Dowager Lady Cowper, a very old friend of our family, had a large party for private theatricals.—Ed.

saying 'she was sure this was the pain of death.' This attack lasted about an hour, and at last yielded to the usual remedies, and she sank into a sleep from which she never woke, and thus passed away from us. She preserved her consciousness to the last, and it is a source of unspeakable gratitude and relief to me that she was spared what she most dreaded, and what was thought by no means unlikely, a stroke of paralysis which should deprive her of the use of her limbs and speech. The last time I saw her was on Saturday, when I went into her bedroom to say good-bye, and when, as I before said, she was just recovering from one of her attacks, which by the doctors were called hysteria, but which I have no doubt proceeded from some mischief at the heart. The previous day had been a good one with her, and we had passed it entirely together, *tête-à-tête*, my sister having gone for a night to Miss Eden.¹ On the Thursday, however, when I came to Hatchford, I had found her more prostrated than I had ever seen her by any former attack—she had had three in the course of the morning. Friday was a beautiful day, and she was so much revived by it that she was out twice for a considerable time; and in the evening, when we were sitting together after dinner, said: 'I do feel so much better to-night; I think it must be from having been out so much.' On Saturday, therefore, I left her without uneasiness. The next intelligence I had was this wretched telegram. And oh!

¹ Emily Eden, sister of the Governor-General of India, and the authoress of 'Letters from India.'—Ed.

what a wretched, dreary journey it was, no words can describe ; and at the end of it to learn that I had lost what I loved best on earth, I may say my chief interest and object in life ! But in my deep sorrow I do feel deep gratitude that she was spared to us so long, and that to the last she retained that unsurpassed beauty of character, heavenly temper, and sweet unselfishness, which attracted to her the young and old equally, and made her the delight of all who knew her, the blessing of all who lived with her. She had an untiring sympathy such as I never witnessed in any other person ; it seemed to emanate from her whole person, and it was this, I believe, which constituted the extraordinary charm she had up to the last moment of her life, and to which not even the most casual acquaintances were insensible. The blank she leaves in my life I dread to think of.

Wednesday, July 30.—To-day I received back from Wrest the last letter my dear mother ever wrote ; dated the Sunday before her death. In this she writes : ‘ Here is another summer day. I wish I felt the better for it, but I am full of hysteria, nervous headache, and all the rest of it, and I am going to consult Webb to see if he cannot do me some good, for it increases, and my life is a burthen.’ If I were not as selfish as I am, these words should reconcile me to her release from what was a far more *physically* suffering life than we like to own ourselves. But she was so unselfish, so brave, that she endeavoured to the utmost to keep from our sight all that she constantly endured. But it was the depression

and *malaise* she had suffered from so much of late, which she constantly said was the hardest to bear. When relieved from this, as she was from time to time, she never failed to express her thankfulness and to resume her hopeful cheerfulness.

Thursday, July 31.—If the sympathy of friends can avail to help one to bear this burthen, it is surely given in no common degree from all sides. Amongst the most touching tributes to her is a letter from Mrs. Austin to Charles, which I must transcribe here: ‘You are quite right in thinking that I share your sorrow. I sympathise with all who had the happiness to belong to her, and to live in the contemplation of an old age so perfectly lovely and venerable, especially with Lady Ellesmere. I hope you will not think it presumptuous in me to add that I feel acutely the loss myself. I saw Lady Charlotte but seldom, but every time I saw her, was memorable to me; not only I admired and revered her as everybody did, but she inspired me from the first with a warmer affection than one can often feel, at my age, for any new object. Her extreme kindness to me certainly deserved my love, but it was chiefly her own winning and attaching qualities that bound one’s heart to her. Her departure leaves another void in my life. Living as I do, away from the world, I have time to feel the full extent, and in her I shall not cease to miss the most beautiful example of old age I ever contemplated. Examples of extreme old age are now not rare, but in general they do not seem to me enviable; in her alone, the close of life seemed all that one could pray

for, and now the end is as beautiful as the rest. What a consolation to Lady Ellesmere! Let me thank you for thinking of me, at such a moment, and beg you to believe me, with the sincerest sympathy, Yours, SARAH AUSTIN.'

Edward Cheney writes: 'No one can sympathise more sincerely than I do in your present sorrow. I too lost my mother when I was advanced in life, and I too had enjoyed her society so long, that I found it more difficult to do without her. A man can have but one mother; it is a feeling and a true remark. I saw Lady Charlotte but seldom, and have no title to mention my own regrets to *you*; but it was impossible to know her and not to admire her. She possessed a grace, a feminine gentleness and refined dignity, and an amount of high-bred politeness that I do not remember ever to have seen approached in any other woman. I feel as if the true type of the high-bred gentlewoman was removed. This praise of mere external qualities will sound cold and frivolous to the ears of her son, but it is all I can venture to remark; and perhaps I am hardly entitled by any intimacy I had with her to say so much. You will, however, I am sure excuse me.'

Worsley, Friday, August 22.—I came here last Tuesday week, and have had no heart to write, or to think of anything but the void left in my existence, and which every day I find more difficult to bear.

Civil War is on the point of breaking out in Italy, Garibaldi having openly hoisted the standard of rebellion in Sicily with the avowed and insane

project of marching to Rome. Martial law has been proclaimed in Sicily; Cialdini is to command a large force there, and the Italian Government, in a Report to the King, proclaim Garibaldi a traitor. The only result this mad proceeding can have, is the indefinite prolongation of the occupation of Rome by France, and much useless bloodshed.

The American war increases in savage ferocity on both sides. Just now success seems to be on the side of the Confederates. The enlisting not having prospered, a conscription is now resorted to, and every sort of tyrannical proceeding on the part of the Federal Government is going on in order to prevent people from escaping it, and which is met by every kind of dodge on their part.

Sunday, August 24.—I have an amusing letter from Arthur Scott from Brisbane (June 18), giving an interesting account of an expedition he had made up the river from Brisbane to Ipswich. He describes the vegetation as dense and tropical and of inconceivable luxuriance, and coming down to the water's edge. The plants are those which are seen in the Kew Conservatory, only magnified five or six times, laced and knotted together by innumerable creepers, which in summer are a mass of flowers. This is what is called a Vine Scrub, and denotes the richest soil, and will probably soon give way to the cotton and sugar with which sanguine Queenslanders hope some day to supply the world. Behind this comes the high land with its interminable gum forest, stretching out until it is stopped by the great

dividing range which separates Queensland from New South Wales, distant about eighty miles. He was about to accompany the Governor to Cape York on the north point of Australia, where Government is going to make a settlement as a refuge for our commerce and a coaling station. 'Few people have ever been there, and very few of those have ever got away again, as the natives have a way of eating you.' He was to go in a man-of-war, and therefore hoped to escape composing a 'Cape York stew.'

I have just finished the volume of Guizot's Memoirs, which treats of his embassy to London and the famous Treaty of July 15, which interested me very much and reminded me of my Paris days. Guizot gives his impressions of the characters of many of the remarkable people he met in London, and speaks much of Holland House, its *agrément*, and of the kindness and cordiality of the late Lord and Lady Holland. When alluding to the death of Lord Holland, he makes the following remarks, which struck me much for their truth:—'Je fus choqué d'ailleurs de la froideur avec laquelle cette nouvelle fut reçue par bien des gens, qui depuis plus de trente ans passoient leur vie à Holland House. J'ai souvent entendu nos vieux soldats parler de leurs camarades qu'ils avaient vu tomber à côté d'eux sous le canon; leurs paroles étaient plus émues, je dirois volontiers, plus tendres. Il y a dans la fermeté froide de la race Anglosaxonne une certaine acceptation dure de la nécessité et des coups du sort. Ils sont dans la vie, comme des gens pressés dans la foule. Ils ne

regardent pas celui qui tombe. Ils poussent un soupir et ils passent. On diroit qu'ils mettent leur dignité à ne se montrer, quoiqu'il arrive, ni surpris ni affligés. Mais leur dignité ne leur coûte pas assez. Pour avoir toute sa beauté et tout son charme, il faut que la nature humaine se déploie avec plus d'abandon, et que lorsqu'elle contient ses émotions et ses pensées, on voit qu'elle y prend quelque peine. Les Anglais ont l'air quelquefois de comprimer ce qu'ils ne sentent pas.'

I had yesterday most feeling letters from Pahlen and Alfred Potocki. The former says : 'I had known your dear mother so long, and had ever been treated by her with such kindness and friendship, that I can truly say I feel her loss as if she had been my kindest relation. From my own feelings I can well judge of the sympathy expressed to you by those who were so fortunate as to know your mother intimately. It was impossible to know her well, without appreciating and admiring her great qualities and the charm of her society.' Alfred says : 'La perte cruelle que vous avez faite, voilà longtemps que je la redoutois, et chaque lettre de vous, je croyois déjà en recevoir l'annonce. Je vous aurois répondu de suite, mais obligé de partir à la hâte pour voir mon père, qui continue à être dans un triste état de santé, me l'a fait remettre jusqu'au jour d'aujourd'hui. Enfin, chacun de nous a des douleurs, et plus on avance dans la vie, plus elles sont poignantes.' He is himself in considerable anxiety for his charming wife, who is daily expecting her confinement.

Thursday, August 28.—The Kingdom of Naples is declared to be under martial law, Garibaldi having landed in Calabria, and several towns having declared for him. Mrs. Craven writes to me from La Cava (20th): ‘Garibaldi is adding a fresh difficulty to all the others by which Italy is beset, but I rather hope that the principal injury will be done to himself, and *I* shall consider that a great gain. The sooner his admirers are convinced that he is a madman and a fool the better.’

La Marmora is in command at Naples, and Cialdini and Persano have been sent to Sicily, but not until Garibaldi had left it for the mainland. The Prince of Wales’s marriage is now an acknowledged fact, and announced, not officially, but inserted in large type in the newspapers, and announced to take place in the spring. General Knollys is appointed Comptroller to the Household of the Prince; a good man, but too old and unfitted to the post. The Queen goes to Germany on September 1.

Frognaal, September 10.—I left Worsley (where I was oppressed with melancholy the whole time) on August 30, and went through London to Holland House, where I stayed till Monday and then came to London. George Fox returned from Switzerland and came to stay with me till yesterday, when he went home. His cheerfulness and good spirits, combined with his unselfish and affectionate nature, have been of great use to me, and I parted with him with much regret. It is rare to see one so young take pleasure in the society of one so old, and I may

add, so dull as I am, and I feel very grateful to him for it.

On Saturday we went together to Tunbridge Wells to see Lady Abercorn, and returned on Monday. When there I paid Lord Lyndhurst a visit, and found him wonderfully recovered from his long illness, though his memory seemed to me to be somewhat impaired. My thoughts have been, and are still, so much engrossed with one sad subject, that I have found it next to impossible to write in my journal. Several events of interest, however, have occurred, and foremost is the defeat and capture of Garibaldi at Aspromonte. Great embarrassment has been felt by the Italian Government how to deal with him, and by what tribunal he should be tried. It is, I believe, determined to bring him before the Senate, and after conviction he will probably be pardoned.

The American war becomes daily more bloody, and for the last week or two success has been entirely with the Confederates, but the solution is no nearer. The Archbishop of Canterbury is dead. There is a report that Longley will be transferred from York, and that York will be offered to Dean Wellesley. The Queen went to Germany on the 1st, and at Bruxelles saw the Princess Alexandra and her parents. The Prince of Wales followed her on Saturday, and has been making the agreeable to his future wife. Dufferin marries his cousin Miss Hamilton.

Sunday, September 14. — Letters from ‘Head-

quarters' report that the Queen is delighted with Princess Alexandra. She is said to be rather tall, thin, with dark hair and eyes, and has very pleasing manners. The Prince proposed to her on Tuesday last at Bruxelles, and is now on his way to join the Queen at the Château near Gotha. He is to pass the winter with the Princess Royal in Italy. No decision is as yet arrived at with regard to Garibaldi, but I rather expect that after much hesitation it will end by an amnesty being proclaimed, which will extend to all who were engaged in this mad rebellion.

The accounts of Ellesmere¹ are not good. He went a week ago for change of air to Balbirnie,² but with no improvement, and his weakness is very disquieting.

London, September 17.—I met Maffei at the Club, who told me he believed it was at last determined that Garibaldi should be brought to trial. That in a Constitutional Government it was necessary to act according to established laws, by which the King was bound as well as his subjects; with him would of course remain the prerogative of mercy.

Friday, September 19.—I had a letter from my sister giving a good report of Ellesmere, Kingsley having given his opinion that he was much better, that there was nothing to be uneasy about, and that it was probable some favourable change was going on

¹ My eldest brother.—Ed.

² The residence of his brother-in-law, John Balfour, in Fifeshire—Ed.

in his chronic malady, and that he would leave Balbirnie to-morrow for Worsley.

This afternoon on coming home I found a telegram from Kingsley to the following effect: 'Lord Ellesmere died suddenly to-day at 11.30 A.M.' So much for the opinion of doctors. Although I have had a very bad opinion of poor George ever since I went to Worsley, I was hardly prepared for this sudden blow, which shocks and grieves me on all accounts. To him, poor fellow, the removal from a life of constant suffering and privation can only be a gain. No man ever bore so wearisome and painful an existence with more exemplary patience and resignation. His death must naturally cause a great break-up to his brothers and sisters, to whom he has ever shown great kindness, and allowed his house to be, as his father's was, a home.

September 26.—There have been great Confederate successes, and Maryland is now invaded by the 'Rebels,' and Pennsylvania threatened.

An elaborate letter from the Emperor Napoleon, dated May last, and addressed to M. Thouvenel, has been published in all the newspapers.

It is written with the object of effecting a reconciliation between Italy and the Holy See, and which has always been His Majesty's policy. It is needless to say the attempt failed, and that of course the French will remain at Rome.

Monday, September 29.—Poor Ellesmere's funeral took place on Saturday at Worsley, and was attended by his two sons and three brothers, and brothers-in-

law, and a large concourse of tenants and adherents. Frank ¹ is joint guardian with Mary.²

The Federals in their turn have had a victory; and so it goes on; when will it end? Fanny Kemble says not until the South is coerced back into the Union. *Credat Judæus.*

Sunday, October 12.—The chief events of importance during the last few days are a drawn battle, with immense carnage on both sides, between McClellan and the Confederates, each claiming the victory, and the proclamation of Lincoln emancipating the slaves of the Rebel States on January 1 without compensation to their masters, but promising it to the owners of slaves in the loyal States, as soon as the war is at an end. This decree excites great dissatisfaction, but will probably remain a dead letter. A considerable sensation has been made by a speech of Gladstone at Newcastle, where he declared it to be his personal conviction that the South had achieved its independence. They had raised an army, were about to raise a navy, and had founded a nation. He speaks with gentleness of the North, and deprecates all insulting language against them, and says that not having, like us, been schooled by adversity, they should be treated with indulgence at our hands, who have had the experience they are now buying at such terrible cost. This speech is by the sanguine supposed to be the forerunner of some action by the Government, but Gladstone

¹ My brother, Admiral Egerton.—Ed.

² My sister-in-law, the Dowager Lady Ellesmere.—Ed.

particularly guards himself against any such conclusion, by reiterating that he speaks only his own private opinion. This speech is sure to produce a great effect in America.

The Italian amnesty was issued a few days ago at Turin, and includes all the persons concerned in the late rebellion, excepting those officers and soldiers who deserted from the Royal Army to follow Garibaldi. I went the other day to Richmond to visit Countess Apponyi *mère*, who is staying there with her children, and whom I had not met for twenty years, and found but little changed. She received me most cordially, and we opened a long chapter of our reminiscences from the year 1823, when we first met at Rome. Falbe, the Danish Secretary of Legation (a pleasant man), told me Princess Alexandra is to come on a visit to the Queen when she returns from Germany, but without her parents. The Queen proposed this when the marriage was first settled. The parents were taken by surprise and acquiesced unwillingly, seeing all the obvious objections to such a visit. This is considered unwise, and is sure to give rise to the belief that the Queen wishes to get hold of the Princess and so govern the Prince through her. King Leopold also told the Queen he thought it was unfair by the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and advised it should be given up. The Queen, however, would not give way, and will bring her over. She is to remain six weeks, but the Prince is only to be here a short time with her. He is to go with the Princess Royal (Crown Princess of Prussia) to Italy.

She no doubt is not sorry to get away from the political troubles at Berlin, where the Chamber is at open war with the Government.

Bernstorff returns here as Ambassador. The Emperor Napoleon having thought proper to convert his Mission into an Embassy, the King of Prussia could not do otherwise by his Mission in London, though the change was by no means desired, either here or at Berlin.

The Duchesse de Sagan, *née* Princesse de Courlande, died about three weeks ago, after a long illness. She is nearly the last of a type of women who have played a more or less conspicuous part in the political and social world of Europe. I first knew her when I was quite a boy at Spa in 1814, when she was the Comtesse de Périgord, extremely pretty, and very clever, and then already (though so lately married) on the point of being, if not actually, separated from her husband, who was nephew to Prince Talleyrand. She then took a great fancy to my dear mother, my sister and self, and for many years kept up an animated correspondence with us. This intimacy was kept up for many years, and when she was here, doing the honours of M. de Talleyrand's Embassy, I saw a great deal of her, as also subsequently at Valençay and Paris, during my residence there as Attaché, and invariably met with great kindness from her. For the last sixteen years I have never seen her but once, when at Paris for a short time about five years ago. She was very clever, and had read much, and all her life had lived with men of talent,

and who were versed in the knowledge of affairs. She would have been extremely agreeable, but for a certain lack of *abandon* and ease, which gave one a feeling of restraint in her society. At one time Madame de Sagan and Princesse Lieven lived much together, and they were therefore often compared. No women could in fact be more different; they were both *femmes politiques* and moved in the same society. There all comparison should end, as they differed essentially in character, manner, and in the *tournure de leur esprit*. Madame de Sagan was *très grande dame* in manners, but was more *apprêtée* than Madame de Lieven, and bordered on the *bas bleu*, whilst Madame de Lieven, with all her cleverness, was profoundly ignorant of the commonest things, had a horror of details, and fed her naturally strong intellect exclusively with the political gossip of the day, with no other object than that of dissipating the *ennui* with which she was habitually devoured. There was, however, more charm in the conversation of Princesse Lieven, because she was perfectly natural, and had a marvellous talent of expressing herself, which was in itself a great charm, heightened by a very agreeable voice, whilst the other, though full of knowledge gained from books, and above all by her constant intercourse with M. de Talleyrand and all the remarkable people who frequented his house, had something hard and *saccadé* in her voice and manner, and never appeared quite free from a certain preoccupation which begot a sort of *gêne* in those who conversed with her. She died rich, and her

Duchy descends to Valençay, her eldest son, who lately married *en secondes nocés* the widow of Count Hatzfeldt and daughter of Marshal Castellane. Bacourt is appointed by her will executor, and it is he who, if he lives long enough, has the task of editing Prince Talleyrand's memoirs, which by virtue of his will are to be published thirty years after his death.

Saturday, October 18.—I heard last night from Kilmansegge at Lady Tankerville's that Lady Dufferin and Gifford¹ were married on Monday last. He is, I fear, past recovery, and she has yielded to his dying request to be allowed to call her his wife, as a reward for the devotion of his whole life. It is a curious, and I may in truth add, a melancholy one.

Ossington, October 23.—I came here yesterday. To-day Charlotte drove me to Thoresby, and I revisited the scenes of my childhood and youth, which I had not seen for nearly forty years. After luncheon, Lord Manvers took me to see the site they have chosen for their new house, some way from the old one, and commanding views of the lake and forest. Salvin is their architect. From thence we proceeded to the forest, every tree of which seems familiar to me, and the whole place teeming with buried memories. We then called on Mrs. H. Lumley, who at seventy-five has lost none of her vivacity. It was altogether a charming expedition, though not untinged with melancholy.

Bramham, Friday, October 24.—I came here on

¹ Lord Gifford, eldest son of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

Wednesday. Before leaving Ossington I received a letter from George Bentinck announcing his mother's death. A kinder-hearted woman never lived, and she had always shown me kindness and affection. I have met with a very cordial welcome here. George Fox senior is the portrait of an English sporting country gentleman; a fine, frank, manly fellow, with a good countenance and gentle manners; Mrs. Fox pleasing and sensible. They inhabit a house outside the park, which is about a mile off, and where the kennels and the hounds are kept. The house was burnt down thirty years ago. The gardens are handsome and in the style of those at Wrest.

Saturday, October 25.—Lady Holland writes to me from Paris that the appointment of Drouin de l'Huys is a sop to the clerical party, and to keep them quiet until after the elections. Tremendous gales have prevailed during the last week, which have detained the Queen many days at Laeken.

Wrest, Friday, October 31.—George Fox and I came here yesterday by Leeds, Leicester, and Bedford. I read in the 'Times' that the Queen crossed the sea on Saturday, and landed at Woolwich on Sunday. It has been settled, I hear, that Princess Alexandra is to be accompanied by her parents to England, the Princess to remain a few days with the Queen, whilst her parents make some excursions in the provinces.

Prince Napoleon and Princesse Clothilde are come to London to see the last of the Exhibition. King Otho has been obliged to abdicate—he hopes in favour

of his brother Prince Leopold, but the Greeks decline having anything more to do with the Bavarians. I find here the Spencers, Shrewsbury and two handsome daughters, Boyles, &c. The weather is wretched, and the recollection of my last visit here fills me with melancholy. I heard to-day from my sister that the cross has been erected over the grave of my dearest mother. My sister's letters are full of sadness.

Henry Cowper stands for Herts. He is clever, and I expect will distinguish himself.

London, Sunday, November 2.—I came here yesterday. I called on Madame de Flahault at the French Embassy, who told me that M. de Flahault on hearing of Drouin de l'Huys' appointment had resigned at once. The Emperor, she said, had urged him to reconsider his determination, which he had done, but without altering it, and they are now only waiting for their successor to be named. She expected it would be the Marquis de Moustier, who is married to Count Mérode's sister. All the new appointments are of a Papal colour. The Exhibition closed yesterday, without any ceremony. It will remain open a fortnight for those who choose to pay half-a-crown, or who wish to buy any of the few things unsold.

Wrest, Friday, November 7.—I returned here on Tuesday, and found the Wensleydales and Mr. and Mrs. Froude. He is a very agreeable man, with a striking countenance, and converses willingly on all subjects. Prince Christian and Princess Alexandra

landed at Osborne on Wednesday night. Falbe told me, what I had forgotten, that Prince Christian was one of the Princes who came over as suitors for the Queen's hand.

London, November 10.—I returned here on Saturday. Dined *en famille* with the Flahaults. The town is occupied with a Turf scandal, of which Colonel Burnaby and Colonel Annesley are the heroes. It is called the 'Tarragona and Michel Grove Case,' out of which has arisen another affair, in the shape of a bet as to the spelling of the word 'reindeer,' supposed to have been laid by the said Colonel Burnaby and Mr. R. Stewart. This has led to an interminable correspondence between the accused parties and Admiral Rous, who was President of the Committee of the Jockey Club, before whom the Tarragona case was brought to be investigated, and with other persons who were present when the bet was laid. Public opinion seems to be against the Jockey Club in the Tarragona case, and divided as to the justice of the accusation against Mr. Stewart and Colonel Burnaby of having made what in Turf language is called a bubble bet. All this is much to be deplored, and tends to lower more and more what might be, but is not, a gentlemanlike amusement.

Tuesday, November 11.—Called on Miss Eden, and found her disappointed at her brother, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, having been passed over, and Dr. Thomson having been elevated to the Archbishopric of York. He is the youngest Bishop on

the Bench, but is a good scholar. It is supposed he owes his promotion to the influence at Court of Dr. Stanley.

Lord Breadalbane has just died at Lausanne. He was a good sort of man, and his loss will be doubly felt owing to the unlucky accident that his successor is a man of no character, and eminently unfitted to fill so great a position.

Saturday, November 15.—The full text of the despatch of Drouin de l'Huys addressed to the Ambassadors of France at London and St. Petersburg, proposing to these Governments to join with France in offering to the American belligerents the good offices of the maritime Powers, appeared in yesterday's 'Times,' and to-day in the same paper is inserted from the 'Gazette' Lord Russell's answer. An article in the 'Times' on these two documents appears to me to be replete with good sense, and to speak the sentiments of the majority of this country, although amongst the *small fry* of the Opposition there is much clamour for an immediate intervention in some shape or other. Fanny Kemble, who ought to know the Americans, is of opinion that nothing would be so unwise as to meddle in the matter, at this particular moment especially.

I dined yesterday with Lady Tankerville. The people there were talking much of the garrotting, which has reached a dangerous height in the streets of London, and has lately been much practised in our part of the town, aided by the extraordinarily dense fogs which have prevailed the last few nights.

I dined on Thursday with Lady Jersey, and the fog was so thick I had the greatest difficulty in finding my way home.

The Queen, who is returned to Windsor, is said to be very anxious that the Prince of Wales's marriage should take place there quite privately on the anniversary of her own wedding day. This would be very unpopular in London, where the trade has up to the present moment borne without any complaint the stagnation caused by the mourning, and will begin to weary of a state of things which proceeds from exaggeration and a morbid feeling. It is to be hoped that this may be represented to the Queen, and that she will think fit to reconsider the matter.

There is a succession of large parties at Compiègne, to which some of our fine ladies receive invitations, without having the honour of the Emperor or Empress's acquaintance, and which are sent through the Attachés to the Embassy. The Westmorlands, Winchilseas, and others are gone there. The Spencers declined. Tragical events have been taking place at Paris. The Duc de Grammont Caderousse has killed a Mr. Dillon in a duel. He was the editor of a newspaper, and the Duke first insulted him by saying he was too low to be fought with, and then on being compelled to fight, insisted on choosing swords for weapons, the other having preferred pistols. M. de Grammont has been obliged to leave France pending the legal inquiry into the matter. A young M. de Riancourt, one of the Empress's *Chambellans*, blew out his brains the other

day for love of a ridiculous woman who did not care for him, called Madame van der Sloote, who when she has to give her name in a shop says, 'Je suis née Princesse de la Trémouille, demandez mon autre nom au domestique, je ne le sais pas.'

Sunday, November 16.—Dined at Flahault's, where I heard his successor is named Baron Gros, who was in China with Elgin, a good sort of man, and well disposed to England. The news of the New York elections, which have resulted in the triumph of the Democrat candidate, both in the city and State, is considered very important, as evincing a change in public opinion, although Mr. Adams thinks more importance is attached to it than there is any ground for, and he does not believe in any change of action until the Presidency of Lincoln comes to an end.

Hatchford, Tuesday, November 18.—The return to this place is very painful. To-day I visited my dear mother's grave, and was pleased with the simple cross erected over it and with the texts which are engraved on the copings. They seem to tell the story of her life.

The trial of the Duc de Cadrousse and of the seconds has ended in their acquittal. The judge, however, expressed himself in strong terms of displeasure with the whole affair.

November 22.—General MacClellan has been deposed from the chief command of the Federal Army. Fanny Kemble told me to-day that as he was a Democrat, and that it was known he might probably be a candidate for the Presidency, suspicion in some quarters was aroused that his supposed dilatoriness

was to be attributed to his desire to curry favour with his party—in other words, that he is a traitor. She did not believe this. I sent Fanny Kemble a sketch of the cross erected over my mother's grave, and received from her the following beautiful reply:

‘I was greatly touched by your letter and the sketch of your mother's monument; certainly there can be no consolation for such a loss but the reflection that the life worthy of such a memorial has not ceased, but is renewed in more blessed nearness to God, and that relations such as your mother's with her children justify in their holiness and goodness the hope of that reunion hereafter which our poor bereaved hearts so earnestly long and pray for. . . . I pity your sister as much as I can pity a very good and conscientious person, but, to tell you the truth, they seem to me the least pitiable of all people, no matter what their trials may be. They certainly know nothing of the moral evils of existence, and are armed against life's inevitable sufferings with that submission to God's will, which makes the hardest task of endurance easy. I hope she will be supported in her effort at cheerful resignation, and do not doubt it, for peace is the result of a spirit of religious acquiescence.’

Wrest, Thursday, November 27.—I came here on Monday. Found Flahaults, Palmerston, Lady Shaftesbury and daughter, &c., &c.; Palmerston, a good deal changed in appearance, and (at last) with the *allures* of an old man, but still gay and up to most things. He told me he had been much taken by the

manner of Princess Alexandra. The marriage is to be in March at Windsor. The Queen wishes the young couple to be invited to people's houses.

MacClellan's removal from the command of the army has been one of the chief topics of conversation. He appears to have taken his dismissal very quietly, and made a speech to his friends who flocked to Trenton Falls to pay their respects to him, in which he recommends them as long as the war lasts to stand by the Union and the Constitution.

Fanny Kemble tells me that she learns from the Grinnels, who are people of importance at New York, that it is considered there that the Democratic ascendancy in the elections will have some influence by and by on the war.

James Wortley had seen a letter from a man who was staying with Jefferson Davis, which states that he has a scheme for the immediate emancipation of the slaves on the cessation of the war, and which they only delay putting into execution because they do not choose to have the appearance of being driven to it by the North.

There is much talk of the probable election of Prince Alfred to the Greek throne. Of course it will be declined, but the preference shown for an English Prince irritates the French extremely, as is shown by the articles of the French newspapers of all shades of opinion.

Lady Granville¹ died on Tuesday last, never hav-

¹ *Née* Lady Harriet Cavendish, and wife of the Ambassador, the first Lord Granville.

ing regained consciousness since she was first attacked with apoplexy. She was seventy-seven, and was remarkable for originality and *finesse d'esprit*, for her strong affection for those who belonged to her—above all for her husband, for whom she entertained a love bordering on idolatry—and for her total indifference towards the rest of the world. No one was more agreeable, more droll, or less *banale*, and she had invariably shown me kindness as long as I was attached to Lord Granville's Embassy at Paris. I never saw her but once (at Chiswick) after his death, since which she carefully avoided the society of all those old friends with whom she had passed the happy days of her life. She will therefore be only missed by her children—by them sorely. To-day, *à propos* of courtierism, and how difficult it was for princes to hear the truth, Flahault amused me with a story he told me of the Duc d'Ayen, a great friend of Louis XV., and who was in the habit of being free-spoken with his Majesty. One day the King was playing at some game with one of his courtiers, in a mixed company, when a dispute arose as to some point of the game. The King called to d'Ayen, who was in another part of the room, to come and decide it, whereupon d'Ayen said, 'C'est inutile, Sire, vous avez perdu.' 'Mais, diable,' said the King, 'qu'est-ce que vous en savez?' 'Je sais,' said the Duke, 'que si votre Majesté avait l'ombre de raison, tous ces Messieurs l'auroient décidé en votre faveur.'

Chatsworth, Wednesday, December 3.—Blanche, who joined me at Wrest on Saturday, came on with

me here on Monday. The Duke was gone to Lady Granville's funeral, which took place at Stone. He returned to-day, as did Freddy Cavendish from attending the great Lancashire meeting at Manchester. The enormous sum of £500,000 was declared to have been subscribed by the county alone. Lord Derby made a fine speech in defence of the millowners, and subscribed £5,000.

I have not been at this dear old place, where I passed so many happy days in my youth, for eighteen or nineteen years. It has been a very fine day, and its extreme beauty strikes me almost more than ever. The house is more comfortably lived in than under the old dynasty, and Louisa is a capital hostess. There are none here but family. Hartington and his brother Edward are travelling in America. The Prince of Wales met Princess Alexandra at Lille, and travelled with her as far as Hanover.

Friday, December 5.—Whilst writing in my room this afternoon Blanche came and told me Algy¹ had proposed to and been accepted by Alice Cavendish,² which produced great agitation in the house, though entirely of a pleasurable nature.

London, Tuesday, December 9.—I returned home yesterday; dined with the Flahaults, who have returned to Coventry House. Met Edward Ellice, who had seen both Mr. Adams and Mr. Mason. The former admitted to him that the officers of the

¹ Algernon Egerton, my brother, M.P. for a division of Lancashire.—Ed.

² Eldest daughter of Lord George Cavendish, brother of the Duke.—Ed.

Federal Army were sick of the war. The system of retaliation fills everyone with horror and disgust, but is likely to be carried out. Jefferson Davis has demanded that General Mill, who put to death ten people at Missouri, should be delivered up to him, and if the Federal Government refuses, he announces that orders will be given for shooting the first Federal officers who are taken prisoners.

Ellice read us letters from France from various people, all speaking with great disapprobation of the Mexican Expedition, from which no possible good can ensue. It is characteristic and amusing that on the new triumphal arch, dedicated to the Army, and erected on the new Boulevard Prince Eugène, just inaugurated by the Emperor, space has been left for the insertion of the *future* victories of Puebla and Mexico. This ceremony took place on Saturday with great pomp, and the Emperor, in a clever clap-trap speech, paid his court to the *classe ouvrière*, by proposing that, instead of naming the Boulevard 'La Reine Hortense,' it should bear the name of 'Richard Lenoir,' that the name of one of the working class who had acquired wealth by perseverance and probity, and who in times of danger had put himself at the head of his workmen to fight for his country, might be perpetuated. This was of course swallowed with acclamation.

Saturday, December 13.—The Greek Provisional Government having been informed that under no circumstances will Prince Alfred be allowed to accept their throne, they are endeavouring to provide them-

selves with another King. The obvious person always appeared to me to be King Ferdinand of Portugal, and it seems likely that he will be selected, and approved by the other Powers. It was indeed reported that they would recommend him, but M. de Cadore, the new French Chargé d'Affaires, whom I met last night, told me this was not the case, though he thought no objection would be made to him. King Ferdinand is said to be an able man, and to have brought up his children well. His morals are not supposed to be quite *à la hauteur* of those of Prince Albert, and he has a *liaison* at Lisbon which it is thought he will not be inclined to break.

Ellice was telling us last night that the supposed heir to the Breadalbane title and estates has been served with a notice from a rival claimant. It seems that James II. settled the peerage on a second son. This line is extinct, and the question now is, whether the title and estates go back to the line of the eldest son or whether they are to descend to that of the third son. The estates are put into Receivers' hands, *pendente lite*.

Tuesday, December 16.—To-night at the Flahaults' I heard that our Government intended to give up the Protection of the Ionian Isles. We cannot, however, hand them over to Greece, without the consent of the Powers who were parties to the Treaty which gave it to us.

King Ferdinand declines the Greek Throne, and there will be great difficulty in finding a Sovereign to fill this uneasy seat.

Wednesday, December 17.—President Lincoln's message is published in our papers this morning. It treats principally of Emancipation. The scheme he proposes, conditionally on the acceptance by two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the States, is very moderate, and the rest of this century is to be given for the proposed Emancipation, and any State may at any time during the term abolish slavery, either at once or gradually, either in whole or in part, and receive compensation from the United States for every negro liberated. This is supposed to be a mild substitute for the Proclamation of last September, which declared that all the negroes in eight or ten of the States were to be free on the 1st of January 1863. The tone of the message towards Foreign Powers is conciliatory.

Broadlands, Saturday, December 20.—I came here on Thursday in company with the Flahaults. Found Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dutton (he is Member for the county), Clifford and his son, Fleming,¹ F. Byng,² and Mr. Oliphant,³ with whom I was not before acquainted, and who is extremely pleasant and full of interesting information about Japan and other curious places, which he imparts in the most agreeable manner. Some of his Japanese anecdotes are as droll as they are curious. Their customs are inconceivable in any people who in many respects are advanced in civilisation.

¹ Mr. Fleming. A diner-out and protégé of the Palmerstons.

² F. Byng. The Hon. Frederick Byng, brother of Lord Torrington, better known as 'the Poodle.'

³ Oliphant. The well-known and brilliant Laurence Oliphant.

He told me the following story : The daughter of the Temporal Sovereign or of one of the great Princes was betrothed to the Spiritual Emperor, and it was necessary that she should proceed to the residence of her future husband, which was about 200 miles from Jeddo. A great difficulty, however, arose from the fact that either Elgin or our Minister Alcock had previously travelled by the same road, and which was the only practicable one by which the Imperial residence could be reached, and which had been defiled. The only remedy for this evil was that the whole road, 200 miles long, should be destroyed and relaid, the expense of which would, of course, be enormous, and the work would take an immense time to accomplish. It was accordingly suggested that the affianced bride should proceed by sea to a port about twenty miles from the Palace of the Spiritual Emperor, there disembark and pass on by another road. This suggestion was, I believe, adopted, but as the person who ventured to make it was not of rank sufficiently high to give him the privilege of tendering advice, he was graciously invited by the Government to perform 'the *happy despatch*,' which he did at once.

The day I came here, Lord Palmerston had been at a public dinner at Romsey, where he had made six speeches, which did not prevent his appearing at his own table in his usual spirits. His physical organisation is marvellous, only to be equalled by that of his wife. This is a very comfortable house. All the rooms, which are of a pleasant size and shape, command views of the broad, clear and rapid river which

flows below. The only drawback is the extreme unpunctuality of the hours. Dinner is at a nominal eight, but is seldom on the table until nine.

Sunday, December 21.—Went in the morning to the Abbey Church, a fine edifice which was built in A.D. 900, and belonged to a nunnery suppressed by Henry VIII., in consequence, it is said, of the dissolute habits of the nuns. It has the dimensions of a cathedral, and is very imposing.

Lord Lansdowne has lately erected a monument in this church to Sir Henry Petty, the founder of his family, who lived near Romsey. It is executed by Westmacott. Charles Villiers came yesterday. He is one of the few people whose sympathies are with the Northerners, and he had a very amusing discussion on the subject with Oliphant. I sat next the latter at dinner. Few men of his age (34) have travelled so much. He told me he had done the Overland route eight times. He gave me a very amusing account of a battue which was given to him by Jung Bahadoor in Nepaul, for catching wild elephants, as also some of his adventures during a roving mission on which Lord John Russell employed him to report on the brigandage of Italy, and on the war between the Turks and Montenegrins. He narrates most agreeably, and without the smallest affectation or lengthiness. I am delighted to have made his acquaintance.

Tuesday, December 23.—When the women went to bed last night, Oliphant invited me to his room, and we sat together until past two. He gave me an

interesting account of his life, which has been a very active one from the time he was a boy. He began his career as private secretary to his father, who was a judge in Ceylon, and he practised there as a lawyer, and got on very well. He then made an expedition through India, came to England, and kept his terms both in London and Edinburgh. He then went out to the Crimea and became, at different periods, the correspondent of the 'Times' and 'Daily News.' Subsequently he fell in with Elgin, with whom he is connected, and went with him to America, where he travelled a great deal both in the North and South, and afterwards accompanied him to China and Japan as private secretary, came home and wrote a book on the latter country (as he had done on others that he had visited).

He was, soon after this, appointed Chargé d'Affaires in Japan, got nearly murdered there, and suffered so much from loss of blood that he was obliged to come home. He is now recovered and wishes for employment. He got 1,500*l.* for his book on Japan, and had received 3,000*l.* from Blackwood for various writings contributed to his periodical. I was much interested by all he told me.

Hatchford, Christmas Day, Thursday.—I came here on Tuesday from Broadlands. This has been a most beautiful day, bright and warm, but I have seldom felt more depressed, and never has the great change which has occurred here been so palpable as it has seemed to-day.

London, December 28. — I returned to town

yesterday. Dined *tête-à-tête* with Fanny Kemble, whom I found in great distress at the disasters of the Federal Army in the late battle of Frederickton, and the retreat across the Rappahannock. I think even she begins to despair of success. Mr. MacIntosh (son of the late Sir James MacIntosh) came in the evening and told a droll story of the Bishop of Oxford,¹ who was superintending the putting-up of a memorial window in his son-in-law's (Mr. Alfred Potts) church, and was suggesting that his own initials, S. O., with those of his son-in-law, A. P., would be appropriately placed on a scroll underneath, when he suddenly recollected that they 'would not quite do.' His droll way of telling the story was extremely effective.

Bowood, Friday, January 2, 1863.—I came here on the 30th, and found Flahaults, the Somers', the J. Howards,² Mary Boyle, Westmacott,³ and Pahlen. Lord Lansdowne strikes me as more feeble, and deplorably deaf, a serious affliction for one whose chief enjoyment is conversation. He received me as kindly and courteously as is his wont. Nothing can exceed the comfort and luxury of this place, overflowing too with all sorts of pleasing objects of art, all collected by Lord Lansdowne, who on coming into possession of this place found nothing but the bare walls.

¹ This story has been told in different ways.

² Hon. James Howard, brother of Lord Suffolk, Chief Commissioner of Forests, married Lord Lansdowne's sister, Lady Louisa Fitzmaurice.

³ Westmacott, the famous sculptor.

Heard last night from Harriet of the dangerous illness of Lady Milner.

Sunday, January 4.—Blanche writes me the fatal termination of poor Lady Milner's illness on Thursday, the news of which had reached them by telegraph, a most sad break-up of a loving circle.

Lord and Lady Somers left us yesterday, to my great regret. She is one of the most charming, as well as most beautiful, women I have ever met. He is clever, well informed, and light in hand, a capital member of society. Howard told us a characteristic anecdote of Lord Byron, which he had from —, who was one of his companions at the time. When Byron and Mr. Ekenhead swam the Hellespont, — followed in a boat, and when they were about half way, Byron, feeling very cold, came up to the boat and asked for a glass of brandy. Soon afterwards, when the feat had been accomplished, and they were talking it over, Byron boasted that he had beaten Leander. 'Yes,' said —, 'but remember that *he* got no brandy.' This immediately made Byron very sulky, and he would not speak a word the rest of the evening. The following day they were to go and shoot on the plains of Troy. Byron had not, however, recovered his temper, and said, 'I don't mean to shoot, I shall go and read Homer on the Tomb of Patroclus,' and off he went. — said to one of his companions, 'This is all moonshine, *he can't read Homer*; let us go and see what he is about,' so they crept up and found him lying on his stomach, reading Faublas. Lord Lansdowne told me Byron had

once passed two days here, but that he saw very little of him, as he was entirely absorbed in the verses he had been invited to write for the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre. He had read those of Sheridan, and despaired of writing anything so good himself.

London, Wednesday, January 7.—I returned to town yesterday in company with Shelburne. Before leaving Bowood I was left alone for some time with Lord Lansdowne, and had a good deal of talk with him. I mentioned to him that Lady Cowper had written to me from Broadlands that Palmerston had ridden thirty miles in one day, in order to show Cowper the beauties of the country (the New Forest), and was as fresh and gay in the evening as if he had done nothing; when Lord Lansdowne exclaimed what a marvellous man he was, both morally and physically, and went on to say that his admirable temper had been in a great measure the cause of his great success as a public man. He remembered that when he (Lord Lansdowne) was offered office as a very young man, barely twenty-five, he had hesitated to accept it in consequence of his youth and inexperience, and that he had consulted the late Sir Francis Baring, Father of Lord Ashburton, on the subject, whom he considered to be one of the wisest men he had ever known. Sir Francis strongly advised him to accept it, not (as might have been most flattering to his vanity) on the grounds of his *talent*, but because he had the *temper* for it, and which Sir Francis considered to be a more valuable attribute of a Minister than genius.

Sunday, January 11.—I went last night to the opening of Fechter's Theatre, the Lyceum, with Fanny Kemble. The play was a melodrama taken from the French piece called 'Le Bossu,' a farrago of improbable nonsense, well put on the stage, and rather amusing. Fanny Kemble, who had not seen Fechter before, was on the whole pleased with his acting. I sat next an enthusiastic admirer of his, unknown to me, who told me he had seen him nineteen times in 'Hamlet.'

Frogmal, Wednesday, January 14.—I came here on Monday. Sir W. Alexander and Brecknock the only guests. The Emperor Napoleon's speech on opening the Legislative Session, which we got yesterday, after passing in review the acts of his Government during the last year, expresses his unchanged desire to offer mediation to the Americans, but which he was prevented from doing by the refusal of the great maritime Powers, England and Russia, to join with him. To-day we hear that Lincoln has confirmed his famous Emancipation Proclamation, which I should imagine would put the finishing stroke to the chance of any re-union of the States.

I never remember so wet and foggy a winter as this. Yesterday we were visited by total darkness, a sort of blackness, not fog, which obliged us to have lamps.

Althorpe, Friday, January 23.—I came here last Monday, and found a very large party. Shrewsbury and his two beautiful daughters, Cowpers, Mr. and Mrs. Loyd-Lindsay, Lord and Lady Boyle, Listowel,

Loughboro', &c. On Tuesday the hounds met here, and I and the ladies walked after them in a snow-storm. Last night there was a ball in the house, which was gay and brilliant. I am rather ancient for this sort of thing, but ought to be obliged to people who don't think so. I have been busily engaged in reading Kinglake's book on the Crimean War, which is deeply interesting and is written with great power. His analysis of the principal actors in this political and warlike drama, and of the causes which produced it, is very striking. His narrative of the 'Coup d'État' is very graphic, but of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of its being allowed to appear in France. This book makes a great sensation, and although only published a week ago, the two first volumes are already out of print.

London, Monday, January 26.—I came back on Saturday, and found a letter from Ffrench from Brussels telling me King Leopold and Charles Grey, who had been sent there, were busy trying to induce the Duke of Coburg to accept the Greek throne. I cannot imagine a man less fitted for the post. He is ambitious, wrongheaded (though not without cleverness), and has no children. It is stated to-day in the papers that as 'the Powers' will not consent to the only conditions on which he will take the throne, there is an end of his candidature.

Wednesday, January 28.—Went to the Flahaults'; met the Marquis and Marquise de Cadore; he is First Secretary to the French Embassy, she is *née* Bonneval, and charming. Charles Wood came in, and

Kinglake's book came into discussion; it makes people very angry, as from its plain speaking it was sure to do. John Russell denies the truth of the story (of which Kinglake makes a good deal) of the Duke of Newcastle's famous despatch to Lord Raglan, ordering the invasion of the Crimea, having been read to a sleeping Cabinet at Pembroke Lodge, and moreover says, supposing it had been true, it was of no importance as the matter had been previously decided. Whilst the indiscretion of publishing such a book so soon is much condemned, everyone admits it to be brilliantly written.

Friday, January 30.—Called on Lady Grey, and was pleased to hear that Henry Loch was appointed Governor of the Isle of Man. The Emperor Napoleon has once more tried his hand at mediation between the North and South, by a despatch of M. Drouin de l'Huys to M. Mercier, this time merely suggesting that they should try and settle the dispute amongst themselves by a conference, and offering any good offices of which the U.S. Government may think fit to avail itself. I have no expectation that anything will come of this fresh attempt.

Sunday, February 1.—On coming to dine with the Flahaults yesterday, I heard there was a very bad account of Lord Lansdowne, and at half-past eleven an express arrived from Lady Shelburne announcing his death at half-past six in the evening, without any apparent suffering. At one time he appeared to be rallying from the effects of his fall and the loss of blood he had sustained; had even been wheeled on

the terrace on Thursday, and had sat in the library until half-past ten. On Friday morning his servant found him greatly changed, and in a state of great prostration.

He is a great loss, and no man ever filled so high a political and social position more nobly and with less obloquy. He was one of the most courteous gentlemen I ever met, and Lansdowne House and Bowood were the constant resort of all who were in any way remarkable for talent, or who were in need of, or deserving, protection. There is no one in society now living who is competent to fill Lord Lansdowne's place. I feel glad to have been so lately at Bowood, and shall always preserve a lively recollection of his kindness and courtesy to myself.

Wednesday, February 4.—Dined yesterday at the Travellers', at a table next to that of the Duke of Cambridge, who constantly dines there on a frugal repast. Granville joined us, and we heard from him that there is a hitch in the Duke of Coburg's acceptance of the Greek throne. I asked the Duke if he could be tempted to go there. 'No,' said His Royal Highness, 'I should prefer sweeping the crossing of St. James's Street.'

Stoke Park, Sunday, February 8.—I came here yesterday; found Denisons, Rivers', John Ashleys. This place, which has one of the oldest parks in England, formerly belonged to the Penns, and was bought by its present owner, Taunton. The house is very pretty, and there are several works of interest in it, collected by Taunton. A bust in terra-cotta of

Lorenzo il Magnifico, executed by Donatello, a very fine face, and a more awful-looking man it would be difficult to see. We went to Gray's¹ Church, where there is the tomb of his mother and aunt with a very touching inscription, stating that it was erected to her memory by the son who had the misfortune to survive her. Gray was afterwards laid in the same grave.

Cliveden, Monday, February 9.—I came here to-day; found the Argylls, Lady Blantyre, and Pahlen. The weather beautiful.

Lord Lansdowne was buried on Saturday at Bowood with great privacy. Nearly all the newspapers contain articles and memoirs of his life, and all are satisfactory.

The 'Times' is making a great onslaught on Kinglake's book, which is at present the chief topic of conversation, and with which no one who figures in it is pleased or satisfied; a proof, I am inclined to think, of its justice and impartiality.

Tuesday, February 10.—Read to-day a review by the Duke of Argyll on Lord Dalhousie's government of India, interesting and well done; he told me he was engaged in another on Canning, which he found much more difficult, as embracing so many more questions. Dalhousie's family are much pleased with this article, which is the vindication of his policy of annexation.

The Polish insurrection is assuming formidable proportions.

London, Monday, February 16.—I dined with

¹ The author of Gray's 'Elegy.'

the Flahaults, and met Baron Gros, who is a gaunt man with gentle manners. He is to see the Queen privately at Windsor on Wednesday, and is invited to dine and sleep at the Castle. This interview was arranged through Lady Augusta Bruce (who just now is in great favour), and she called on Baron Gros to notify it to him, which struck his Excellency as a novel mode of communication between an Ambassador and the Sovereign to whom he is accredited. John Russell, who is also invited, subsequently sent him an official notice that he was to be received by the Queen. Prince Alfred, having been seized with fever at Naples, has been sent to Malta.

Friday, February 20.—Dined yesterday with Granville, and met the reigning Princess of Servia (Princess Obrenowitz, *née* Huniyadi). She was chiefly remarkable for her extraordinary coiffure, which consisted of an enormous wreath, about a foot high, a component part of which was a large bird's nest, out of which a bird was represented as emerging.

There have been some strong speeches on Poland from Lord Ellenborough and Lord John Russell, condemning Russia, and denouncing the conduct of Prussia for having concluded a Treaty with Russia to deliver up to her all persons taking refuge in the Prussian dominions, which has also excited a storm of indignation in France, and it is thought probable that this may lead to diplomatic intervention on the part of the French Government, which would lead to great complications. Both Ellenborough and Russell praised the good faith of Austria at this conjuncture.

Sunday, February 22.—The account of Prince Alfred is not good ; he has reached Malta and is very weak. The Queen uneasy about him.

Wednesday, February 25.—The Prince of Wales held a Levee yesterday on the part of the Queen, and with the same state as if she had been present. The crowd was prodigious, and above 1,000 people were presented. Every ensign, curate, and apothecary in the world appeared to be there, and the crush was awful. I was in waiting, and did not leave the palace till half-past five. The Prince did it very well, reminding me of his father in his way of bowing, but more cordial. Dined with the Flahaults, and met Palmerstons and Greys. Palmerston told me the account of Prince Alfred is good.

Friday, February 27.—The town is fast being transformed into a vast amphitheatre.¹ Every house from which a view can be had of the procession is erecting galleries, for seats in which enormous prices are demanded. I heard that the Ladies Cornwallis had hired two windows at the top of St. James's Street for which they are to pay 40*l*. There has been much wrangling between the Lord Mayor and Sir George Grey and Sydney respecting the order of march through the City, the Lord Mayor claiming as his right to precede the royal *cortège*, and the authorities objecting on the ground that it will delay the procession. Sydney told us last night that they had given in to the wishes of the Lord Mayor, who had

¹ The arrival in state of Princess Alexandra, before the marriage.
—Ed.

threatened to refrain from taking part in the ceremony if the Government persisted in obliging him to follow and not precede the royal carriages. The City authorities were very much excited, and I think it was right to agree to what they desire, since besides voting 10,000*l.* for a suitable present for the Princess, they are spending large sums in seats and decorations, and it is not worth while to make bad blood and mortify them, that the Prince and Princess may arrive an hour sooner at Windsor.

Sunday, March 1.—An admirable sermon to-day by Brookfield,¹ holding up the practical as against the theoretical and controversial. It was most eloquent and most sensible.

Yesterday the Princess Royal held a Drawing-room in the name of the Queen. It was well attended, but there was no crowd. The whole Court was in deep mourning, Princess Helena, who made her *début*, being alone dressed in white. The Princess Royal is grown like old Queen Charlotte.

Dined with St. Germans. Lord Eliot has paid 10*l.* for the hire of a window to see the procession. No one speaks of anything else. St. Germans told me a good riddle: ‘Why are the American green-backs like the Jews?’ ‘Because they are the issue of Abraham (Lincoln) and know not when the redeemer cometh.’

Sunday, March 8.—Such an ovation as was given yesterday to Princess Alexandra on her entry

¹ The famous preacher. His son is the much-admired actor.—Ed.

into London was, I believe, never known in any city of the world. On Friday the weather changed and became wet and squally, and yesterday, although no rain fell until the procession reached Hyde Park, it was damp and gloomy; but although this somewhat marred the beauty of the scene, it did not prevent the assemblage of enormous masses of people such as never were before congregated together on any one occasion, or in any way damp the almost frantic enthusiasm and curiosity which the Princess's appearance excited. From Gravesend, where she disembarked and was met by the Prince, and through the City to the Paddington Station, it was one continued cheer. Every sort of decoration had been put forth by the civic authorities (for the most part, as is usual with them, in the worst taste), but the police arrangements were so defective, and everything was so badly managed, that not only was the procession detained a whole hour on London Bridge and other places, from the blocking up and total impossibility of moving through the dense masses of human beings, but various disasters were nearly occurring from the pressure of the crowd. The horse of one of the officers riding by the side of the carriage was absolutely carried off its legs, and at one moment the Princess was alarmed at seeing the mob break through the ranks of the Volunteers lining the route, and endeavouring to shake hands with her. Once past Temple Bar all was different, and nothing could be better than the way in which the ground was kept and everything managed. The procession itself

was a paltry, not to say *disgraceful*, affair. The Royal carriages were ill appointed and in undressed liveries, altogether unbecoming such an occasion, and I am afraid it was the Queen's wish to deprive the ceremony as much as possible of any state or gaiety. The mob was the sight, and their good humour and good order were really extraordinary. The Princess's appearance charmed everyone. I saw the procession from Coventry House, and as far as I could see she appeared to me pretty and graceful. At Paddington rain began to fall heavily, and they were obliged to close the carriage at Slough and proceed at a quick pace to Windsor. Nothing can be more creditable to the people than this spontaneous outburst of chivalrous feeling, and it is to be lamented that, instead of pleasing the Queen, it has had the contrary effect, and it is said she has expressed her surprise that such an ovation should be given to the future wife of the Prince of Wales, when none was offered to the husband of the Queen, forgetting that the cases are dissimilar in every respect. It is certain that everything was done to throw cold water on the whole affair, and as this became known or suspected, it only increased the determination to do honour to the young couple. Oliphant came to see me to-day, before leaving for Poland, where he goes to try and get accurate information of what is passing there. He is singularly agreeable and attractive. I like his writings so much, they are so full of nature, and ease of style.

Wednesday, March 11.—Yesterday the long-

expected event of the marriage of the Prince of Wales was accomplished. I was ordered to start by a special train at nine with all the other Gentlemen Ushers, in order that we might be instructed in our particular duties, and I accordingly found myself at the station at that hour in *full fig*, in a thick orange fog, and the thermometer at 28, and wishing myself anywhere else. There we had to wait half-an-hour before we could be despatched, no special train being ready to convey us, and a crowd of eager people not invited to the ceremony, but merely furnished with spectators' tickets for the nave and other places outside the Chapel, being collected and ready to seize on all the places. At last we got off, and proceeding at a very slow pace, reached Windsor at half-past ten, where we found royal carriages ready to take us up to the Chapel, or rather to a large temporary building erected in front of it, containing the various apartments destined to receive the different processions. There was Spencer Ponsonby (very important) who told us off to our respective posts, with orders to show the invited guests to their seats. My place happened to be near the raised dais, and a very good one for seeing all that passed. It was certainly a most striking spectacle, and was capitally managed in every respect. The day became bright and fine, and the *locale*, which is beautiful, was very well arranged, and in all the proceedings there was not one hitch or the slightest confusion. The Queen, who was conspicuous the whole time, in the Royal closet, dressed in deep mourning, attended by Lady

Churchill and Mrs. Bruce, and by the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, whom she had invited to accompany her, bore up very well, though (as the Duchess told me) she was occasionally unnerved by the music. As soon as the ceremony was over, Her Majesty hurried back to the Castle, and proceeded to the foot of the staircase to welcome the young couple on their return from the Chapel, kissed them both, and then (as the Duchess said) ‘followed them upstairs like a little *suivante*.’ Nothing could be more picturesque than the moving up the nave of the different processions, amidst the clang of drums and trumpets, and with all the varied hues of the uniforms and gorgeous toilettes of the Princesses and their attendants. Each Princess, on reaching the dais, made a profound reverence to the Queen. Of all present, the Princess Mary was the most striking, and I never saw a more grand demeanour. It struck everyone; the manner of the Prince, who looked well in his Garter robes, was excellent, and both he and the Princess spoke their vows very distinctly. After the ceremony we all went by invitation to a *déjeuner* at the Castle, which took place in St. George’s Hall, and was very handsome. None of the royalties condescended to appear at this feast, which, considering the *élite* of society and many of the Corps Diplomatique were assembled, was a most singular and discourteous arrangement, and one which surprised and shocked the foreigners, who declared that the like never could happen in any other Court. The display of jewels was wonderful. Lady

Westmorland's diamonds, the Duchess of Buccleuch's necklace, and Lady Abercorn's sapphires, made the greatest effect; but of all present, Lady Spencer, *selon moi*, was the best dressed and looked the prettiest.

Foreseeing what a rush and confusion there would be at the station for those who waited with the hope of seeing the departure of the young couple, at a quarter past three I walked down to the station, and was lucky enough to find a place in a train about to start, and got home by five o'clock, very tired, but glad to have seen so splendid a pageant. Everyone is loud in praise of Sydney's management of the whole business; the only failure was the bad arrangement of the special trains, which was no fault of Sydney's. Nothing could equal the confusion both at Windsor and Paddington.

Dined to-day with Sydney; heard that the Queen was very well, and had good accounts of the young couple. At the banquet which took place at Windsor on Monday, the Princess Alexandra was presented to a great many people, and pleased everyone. She is as yet not very strong in her English. On Monday the Lord Mayor went to Windsor to present her with the necklace given by the City of London, and Lady Rachel Butler was also admitted to give her the present of point lace from the ladies of Ireland. One of the handsomest presents was that made to her by the King of the Belgians, consisting of a suit of the finest Brussels lace that was ever made.

Most of the great towns of England have sent

presents, more or less valuable, erring for the most part in taste. There never was a more spontaneous outbreak of enthusiastic loyalty than has been exhibited on this occasion, and it is one which does credit to the chivalrous feeling of the nation. I find that the whole expenses of the Danish Royal Family, from the time they left Copenhagen, are to be defrayed by our Government. Denmark gives the Princess a dowry of 10,000*l*. The illuminations last night were on a very large scale, and the theatres were opened gratuitously to the public. The crowds in the streets were beyond all precedent, and they were for hours blocked up by vans, and omnibuses, and wagons, and every imaginable vehicle; many remaining for two and three hours, without the possibility of moving. It is almost incredible, but a fact, that ladies and gentlemen of our society actually traversed or attempted to traverse the streets in open vans for hours in a cold, raw, damp night, to see a few gas stars and Prince's feathers, and were sometimes detained in some dark by-street without the power of moving.

Monday, March 16.—The town is engaged in feasting the Danes, who are not very well off in the quarters assigned to them, the Palace Hotel, and are glad to dine out every day. There has been a good deal of talk in the House of Commons upon the shortcomings of the City Police, which may not improbably lead to an amalgamation of the whole force under one head. The Queen has written a letter to the Lord Mayor expressing her grief at the

loss of life which occurred on the night of the illuminations, and also one returning thanks for the loyal reception of the Princess.

The Polish Insurrection is assuming a character of European importance. M. de Flahault told me the Emperor Napoleon had confined himself to impressing upon Russia the propriety of fulfilling the engagements entered into with regard to Poland agreed upon by Treaties. I have reason to suspect there is something in the tone, if not in the matter, of these representations which causes uneasiness both here and in other Courts. The French Government would not be sorry to divert the public mind from their *fiasco* in Mexico, but an intervention on her part in the affairs of Poland could hardly be effected without lighting up an European war. It is certain that nothing short of a reconstitution of an independent kingdom of Poland will satisfy the Poles, and this, in the present state of things, is simply an impossibility. Lord Russell would not allow Cowley, who came for the marriage, to stay a day longer, but has hurried him back to his post.

Goodwood, Wednesday, March 18.—I came here for the first time on Monday. I never saw such a rambling, straggling house, or one in which so much space was wasted. The place is enjoyable from the large extent of downs and woods, and commands fine views of the sea.

There was a debate on Greece in the Commons on Monday, and an attack on the Government by Baillie Cochrane for what he termed ‘the misery which had

fallen on Greece.' The motion (which was withdrawn) was chiefly remarkable for the strong language used by Palmerston on the conduct of Russia in this business, which he declared to have been 'shuffling and evasive,' and that it had been with the greatest difficulty the Russian Government had been made to acknowledge that the Duke of Leuchtenberg was, as he is, a member of the Imperial family. These are strong terms for a Prime Minister on the conduct of the Government of a country with which we are at Peace. It may be true, *mais toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire*, and it is this sort of thing which enrages (and I think justly) foreign Governments against us.

Sunday, March 22.—I came to town on Friday. I was not invited to the Reception held by the Prince and Princess of Wales on that evening at St. James's, but hear from everyone that she looked well and that her manner was excellent. The invitations were made in the Queen's name. The Royal Family entered by the Closet and passed through the Throne Room to Queen Anne's Room, where they stood in a row, and everyone passed by and was named by Sydney to the Princess.

I had a sad letter from Alfred Potocki yesterday from Lemberg, which, he says, is too far from passing events to be an interesting place, although all the young people are leaving the town secretly to join the insurgents. 'Tout cela,' he says, 'ne peut finir que par des grands malheurs, l'incompréhensible incapacité des Russes est la cause de tout cela.' In

the evening, at Lady William Russell's, I heard that a telegram had come stating that Langiewicz, the Polish Dictator, had been defeated by the Russians, and had fled and taken refuge in Austria, so that the insurrection is likely to collapse. Brunnow (Granville said) was constantly receiving telegrams, but put them in the fire, as any fighting on a large scale was impossible in this season, and that nothing had occurred but skirmishing, which was magnified into great battles.

Friday, March 27.—Heard last night that Prince William of Denmark is, on our recommendation, to be a candidate for the Greek throne, and to-day it is announced in a 'leader' of the 'Times,' with a flourish of trumpets, on the rising fortunes of the Danish Royal Family, comparing the same with those of the Coburgs. To-night Falbe (the Danish Secretary of Legation) told me that much annoyance was felt at Copenhagen in consequence of this candidature having been made public here before Prince Christian could have time to consult with his friends and the Danish Government, and which he positively stipulated for, when the proposal was made to him. It turns out that the Danish people object to Prince William being put in nomination, for several reasons, and principally because the succession to the throne is confined to Prince Christian's three sons. I asked Falbe if there were any chance of the Hereditary Prince marrying Princess Helena, and he said the Queen would not hear of any daughter of hers going to Denmark, in consequence of the bad treatment of the Queen of Denmark ninety years ago!

Monday, March 30.—I have a letter to-day from Oliphant from Cracow. He tells me that, owing to the capture of Langiewicz, a change had come over the spirit of the dream there (dream indeed, I fear), and he had arrived just in time for it, and, unluckily for *him*, there was a lull in the operations (no camp in the neighbourhood which he could visit). Langiewicz had from the first been a political necessity. The two Committees at Warsaw could not pull together, and in order to swamp the Revolutionary, or rather, Democratic element, they named a Dictator, and by this means the movement became a national one, and included the aristocracy; but there was no merit in the man to justify his selection, and though honest he had no special capacity. Even if he had, it would have been impossible to operate with 5,000 men unprovided with provisions, baggage train, artillery, or any of the first requisites of a regular army; the consequence was that, although he held the Russians at bay, his fate was certain, unless he could separate his army into bands; this he might have done had he made his friends understand his plan, which was to send off four bands, and then disappear himself, and carry his prestige as Dictator to a new scene of action. However, he disappeared too suddenly, and his army thought itself deserted; one of the bands got through the Russians and are now fighting in the interior. The remnant of the others ‘I saw prisoners in the hands of the Austrians, naked, starving, and foot-sore. Though the capture of Langiewicz was a severe blow, it has not dis-

heartened the people. As a guerilla war carried on very much as brigandage is at Naples, there is no reason why it should not last till winter. If they had an extended seaboard, or no difficulties to contend with from Austria, and could get in arms and ammunition, there is no doubt that the Russians would be driven out of the country in a few months; as it is, there is no seeing the end of it.'

Tuesday, March 31.—Dined yesterday with the Wodehouse Curries. Met the Corks, Lady Augusta FitzClarence, Streletski, Milnes, C. Fox, and Mr. Dasent, who Milnes told me was the person second in importance to Delane of the 'Times' newspaper. Kinglake and his book, as is generally the case, came on the *tapis*, to be violently abused by the majority and manfully defended by Milnes, who maintained that none of Kinglake's statements had been confuted. One of the party declared that although he knew Kinglake, he should consider it his duty to turn his back upon him for writing a book which might possibly involve England in a war with France! What stuff people do talk, to be sure.

Easter Monday, April 6.—The Greek business seems to be settled. The Provisional Government having accepted the condition of the King of Denmark¹ that Prince William (who is to be styled George I.) shall reserve his right of succession to the Danish throne, the difficulty now is to find a Regent. The Greeks would like to have Prince Christian.

¹ Frederick VII. Prince Christian succeeded to the throne of Denmark in 1865.

Yesterday I met Elcho, just returned from Scotland, where he had been to attend the dinner given to Palmerston at Edinburgh. There never was anything so triumphant as his progress, or more marvellous than the vigour which he has shown physically and intellectually throughout all these functions. He had to make two long speeches per day, to attend public luncheons and dinners, visit docks and public institutions, and apparently without flagging, and he is in his seventy-ninth year.

Tuesday, April 14.—I heard to-day from Alfred Potocki, who had received Oliphant with open arms, and had derived great satisfaction from his acquaintance. He says ‘it is positive there will be no rest in Europe as long as the Polish business is not settled, and, now that European Democracy has taken up the question, it has gained a powerful ally—mind, not the Revolutionary party, but the Democracy, which is, in fact, the whole world. It is Democracy *versus* Despotism, which happens to be Russian Despotism, and the fight must and will last long.’

Wednesday, April 15.—I was calling on Clanwilliam yesterday, when I heard from him the death of Cornwall Lewis, which occurred last Monday afternoon. It so happened that I walked with him from the Chapel to the Castle on the day of the Prince’s marriage, when he appeared perfectly well.

I was at Richmond the other day on a visit to Madame de Flahault, when she gave me a curious instance of Prince Talleyrand’s insight into character. When he was here as Ambassador in 1832 or 1833

he corresponded with Madame de Flahault, who was then at Paris, and when writing to her his impressions of the different statesmen, Lords Grey, Melbourne, Holland, and others, and of their respective qualities, he summed up by saying, 'Mais parmi tous, c'est Palmerston qui est le véritable *homme d'état*.' This is curious, because up to that time Palmerston can scarcely be said to have played a conspicuous part, or to have shown the real stuff of which he is made.

Friday, April 17.—Dined with Lady Jersey last night. Baillie Cochrane came from the House of Commons full of admiration of Gladstone's speech on the Budget, which was well received, and gave a flourishing account of the finances. He spoke for three hours with marvellous lucidity.

In the Lords there was a debate on Greece, in which Lord Russell and Granville denied that the English Government had proposed Prince William to the Greeks without consulting or without the sanction of the King of Denmark. I was certainly informed by Falbe that such was the case. It does not appear that the negotiations between the Greek Government and Prince Christian are yet brought to a close, and it is said the latter insists on the formal abdication of King Otho, which under the circumstances is absurd and unnecessary.

Tuesday, April 21.—De Grey's appointment to succeed George Lewis is generally approved. He had every claim to it, for latterly, both under Sidney Herbert and Lewis, he had done most of the work, and done it well; and then the wish is general that

some youth should be infused into the governing body. Hartington's rapid advancement from the Lay Lordship of the Admiralty to De Grey's former post is somewhat of an experiment for a man who has no experience of the labour of office, but if his industry should equal his ability his appointment will have been a very wise one, and I have not much doubt that he will be fully up to the mark. Stansfeld, who is constantly preaching economy in that particular department, succeeds him.

Thursday, April 23.—I heard Fanny Kemble read 'Henry V.' last night. It was absolute perfection. She was particularly in vein, and I seldom have been more delighted. What a glorious play it is! What a clang of arms it has about it!

Friday, April 24.—There were interesting discussions in both Houses last night on the late proceedings of Admiral Walker, and on the passports which Mr. Adams has permitted himself to give to some of our commercial vessels trading from one neutral port to another. The language of the Government was temperate, and with regard to the latter affair Lord Russell declared he had brought the matter before the American Government. There was a good deal of irritation on the subject manifested on both sides of the House. Palmerston proposed a vote of 50,000*l.* towards the Albert Memorial, which it is now decided is to be a sort of 'Eleanor's Cross' erected in Hyde Park. Disraeli supported the motion in an eulogistic speech, and no one made any objection to the vote, which was the

more meritorious since public and private opinion runs much against the measure, for although in the first instance no one would have objected to any sum Parliament might think fit to vote for a national memorial to the Prince, the matter is very different now that almost every town of any importance in the kingdom has erected its memorial, and that 40,000*l.* have already been subscribed in London alone, and that the begging-box had been sent round the country to collect small subscriptions. There was, however, a laudable desire that nothing should be said to annoy the Queen, and the affair passed off satisfactorily. I think if more money be required to finish the monument the Queen will have to furnish it, as the country is beginning to have enough of the subject.

Saturday, April 25.—I called yesterday on Oliphant, who is just returned from Warsaw, and is full of interesting accounts of what he saw and did in Poland. He thinks there is small chance of the insurrection being crushed or dying out. The whole country is in a state of guerilla warfare, conducted chiefly by the middle classes, who are secretly aided by the nobility, and in which all the *employés*, even the police, are engaged. The Administration is conducted by the Central Committee sitting at Warsaw, which the Government does not attempt to molest, probably in the conviction that it would be useless, because it is so organised that if any of the members should be arrested they would at once be succeeded by others named beforehand. The Austrian authorities

at Cracow seem to wink at acts, which formerly they would have strained every nerve to prevent, and are in fact more or less conniving, though not openly, at what is going on. The Poles are persuaded that the Emperor is only waiting for a favourable issue to the Mexican Expedition and to see what happens between England and America, to interfere materially in their favour. Oliphant is not of that opinion, and was much struck by the ignorance of the Poles of what is really going on, and how generally *bornés* the chief people he met were. They read nothing but the French newspapers, and seem to be entirely *gulled* by that wretched lying press. Dined to-night at Palmerston's; twenty people, Clanricardes, Grosvenors, Cowpers, and the family. I sat between Lady Palmerston and Lady Shaftesbury; the former was very uneasy on our American 'relations.' The latter joined with me in lamenting the tone of society prevailing amongst the young men and women, their 'chaffing' and smoking, which latter habit seems to deprive the young of any desire of associating with, or listening to the conversation of, the elderly people, which was far from being the case in our young days.

Sunday, May 10.—I find keeping my journal regularly next to impossible. Nothing very particular has occurred within the last ten days. The reply of Russia to the Notes of the Western Powers has arrived, and is adroit, cautious and courteous. There was a debate in the House of Lords on Poland, in the course of which Shaftesbury made an eloquent and

somewhat violent speech, which elicited a judicious and statesmanlike reply from Lord Russell, and which I expect will have considerable effect both at home and abroad ; and a debate on Italian affairs in general, and the Neapolitan prisons in particular, have been the chief subjects of interest. In the latter debate Henry Lennox made a very good speech, and received many compliments from both sides of the House, and a young Conservative member, Mr. Butler Johnstone, M.P. for Canterbury, made a remarkable *début*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are dining with the Cabinet Ministers and the great Officers of State, and are giving dinners, which are said to be well done. At their first dinner the guests all sat down when the gentlemen joined the ladies, as at private houses, but subsequently the Princess has stood the whole evening, and it is suspected that a hint has been given to her from Windsor to that effect.

Thursday, May 14.—Dined yesterday *en famille* with the Flahaults. He is just returned from Paris, and describes that city as being nothing but one great public and private gambling house. News has just come of the outer fortifications of Puebla being captured after a desperate hand-to-hand fight. . . .

Sunday, May 17.—Yesterday the Princess of Wales held a Drawing-room in the Queen's name, and such a crowd as attended it has not been seen, if ever before, for many years. There were 1,900 ladies and 300 men present, and owing to the difficulty of reaching the palace, the Drawing-room lasted till six

o'clock, and the Royal Family were so fatigued that, what was never done before, they retired for a short time to refresh and repose themselves, and also to enable several hundred people (whose carriages had got entangled in the line of those drawing up to take people away) to reach the presence of the Princess. Rag-tag and bobtail were in immense force; and as everybody of all classes thinks it necessary to attend the Drawing-rooms, and as there appears to be no means of excluding them, it will be necessary that they should be held much oftener, or a new palace must be built.

Wednesday, May 20.—Dined yesterday with the Clanricardes; sat between Oliphant and the man called 'Long Higgins,' whose acquaintance I made, and found pleasant, though with an occasional sting conveyed in a melodious speaking voice. This is the Derby day. Torrents of rain have fallen all day, and it is as cold and dark as in December. Our real winter has set in.

Friday, May 22.—Called to-day on the Duchess of Buccleuch, who told me that their fête for the Prince and Princess of Wales would not come off, the Queen having put a stop to their making any fresh engagements, which I venture to think very unwise, for by accepting invitations from the chief members of the aristocracy they are enabled to make proper acquaintances, and this meddling can do no good. Lady Gifford's¹ play has been acted with considerable success. The plot is ill constructed, but the dialogue clever. Dined to-day with Ebury, who was much

¹ Better known as Lady Dufferin, mother of the Ambassador.—Ed.

elated at the large minority (comprising four Bishops) on his (hobby) motion for amending the Act of Uniformity. The debate also was much in his favour.

Hatchford, May 27.—The death of Stonewall Jackson of his wounds has created a profound sensation in the Southern Confederacy, and was announced to the army in a very pathetic order of the day by General Lee. He was a soldier of the Cromwellian and Puritanic type, and is a great loss. General Hooker has issued a proclamation to his army which is ludicrous from the bombast of its language, and congratulates them on their glorious achievements, which consist chiefly in the skill they have shown in *skedaddling* across the Rappahannock.

London, Sunday, May 31.—I have seen a letter from Mrs. Ponsonby¹ from New York, in which she states that the Northerners ‘are very proud of Stonewall, though he is a rebel.’ She thinks the feeling against England much less bitter than it was, and speaks of the luxury and the gaiety of New York, as well as the other cities of the Union, being as great as if they were in a state of profound peace.

Tuesday, June 2.—Paris has for the last few days been prodigiously excited by the elections, and the Imperial Government will be in a state of high disgust and provocation at Thiers and others of that party having beaten the Government candidates by large majorities—a defeat all the more humiliating

¹ Mrs. Henry Ponsonby, *née* Mary Bulteel. Her husband was the Queen’s private secretary.—Ed.

in consequence of the violent measures resorted to by that ill-judging man Persigny to deter people from voting for them, and from which it might almost be inferred that the safety of the Empire was involved in their rejection. The Emperor may well exclaim 'Save me from my friends.'

Wednesday, June 3.—Dined with the Flahaults. He was evidently annoyed at the result of the elections, but still more with the indiscreet zeal of Persigny, who by his manifestoes had (he said) contrived to convert an accident into an important event. It was true that in the provinces the Government candidates had almost all succeeded, but *Paris* was considered to be *France*, and there the triumph of the Opposition was complete. Lady Holland writes me that the Orleanists are in a flurry, not treating the success of their political adherents as a really important movement, but still 'a *reveil*.' There had been great doubts at one moment whether Thiers would be elected, as he had lost ground for the last two days under the threats of the Government and the cry they had raised against him of being a Revolutionist and a bird of ill omen, but he had a comparatively large majority. Thiers will, however, find himself in a very difficult position. It is said that M. de Maupas made the following answer at Marseilles the other day. Some one said to him that Berryer would carry the vote: 'Prenez garde, c'est un homme d'un grand mérite, il a l'opinion publique.' 'Ah bah, merci,' he replied, 'mais moi j'ai les Urnes.'¹

¹ Ballot-boxes.

Monday, June 15.—The Queen is beginning to show herself a little. She came to London last week twice—once to see the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, and another time to view the Exhibition building. On these occasions she was received by the various officials.

The Duc de Chartres was married the other day at Kingston to his cousin the Princesse Françoise; a great many French people came over to attend the ceremony, and there was a breakfast afterwards at Claremont, to which all our Royal Family went and most of the foreign Ministers. On Saturday the Queen went to Claremont to visit Queen Marie Amelie. I am always so glad to hear of any mark of respect shown to that angelic old lady.

The fall of Puebla has been celebrated at Paris with illuminations, salutes of artillery, &c. This piece of tardy success is a great relief to the Emperor, though the difficulties of the position are far from being at an end. I heard last night that the Queen of Prussia is coming over here on a visit to the Queen, to talk over, it is supposed, the *crisis* in Prussia, which her Majesty deplores as much as anyone, and more especially perhaps the position of the Prince Royal,¹ who in the course of a tour of inspection delivered his sentiments on some public occasion very much in opposition to the proceedings of the King and Government, the consequence of which was that he was ordered to cut short his expedition. The Prince then wrote to the King to offer his resignation of all his

¹ Father of the present Emperor, William II.—Ed.

offices, and proposing to go abroad to any place the King might designate as his residence. Flahault told me this, but he did not know what answer the King had returned to the Prince's letter.

Tuesday, June 16.—I went last night with Fanny Kemble to see Ristori in 'Medea.' She had never seen her act, and was prodigiously struck by her. Her acting was as good as ever, and the large size of the theatre (Her Majesty's) is advantageous to her grand style. The motion for buying the site and building of the Exhibition came on last night in the House of Commons. The vote for the first proposition was carried, but so much opposition was shown to the latter that it was postponed, and I think will eventually be withdrawn.

Wednesday, June 17.—I heard last night 'Faust,' by Gounod, a *capo d'opera*, melodious and dramatic. I was charmed with it. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Oxford was marred by torrents of rain, notwithstanding which they braved the elements in an open carriage, and went unflinchingly through the interminable programme laid down amidst the most unexampled enthusiasm.

Thursday, June 18.—Dined yesterday with the Duchess of Cambridge. The Prince and Princesse de Joinville, the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale, Apponyis, Brunnows, Sutherlands, Dukes of Rutland and Hamilton, Castlerosses, Lady Truro, Pahlen, Quin. A very good dinner, and no form.

Later in the evening I met Oliphant, who told me he had seen a Polish gentleman just arrived from one

of the insurgent camps with the account of Count Platen, a man of high rank, having been *hung* without trial, merely because some arms had been found in his house. Oliphant declares that the atrocities of the Russians are without all bounds. Probably they find a match on the other side.¹

Wednesday, June 24.—On Monday I went with Fanny Kemble to see Ristori in ‘*Maria Stuarda*,’ who thought her finer than Rachel in certain scenes, but inferior on the whole. I prefer Ristori; there is more pathos and more variety in her rendering of the part. Afterwards to a handsome ball at the Buccleuchs’, given to the Prince and Princess of Wales. He was very civil to me and has very *kind* manners. Yesterday Ristori and her husband, Del Grillo, dined with me. The Alfred Sartoris’, George Bentincks, Fanny Kemble, Edward Cheney, Leighton and Quin met them. She was very pleasant, looking very handsome, and there is a great charm in her extreme eagerness and vivacity and total absence of affectation.

The Notes of the three Allied Powers have been despatched to St. Petersburg.

Thursday, June 25.—Yesterday I heard Ristori read the play of ‘*Giuditta*’² (which, being on a Biblical subject, she had not been allowed to act) and the 5th Canto of the ‘*Inferno*.’ It was *splendid*. A sort of canticle in the first-named play was really *glorious*; there is no other word for it. Fanny Kemble, who was with me, was deeply affected by the Dante.

¹ This I doubt.—Ed.

² From the Apocrypha, ‘*Judith and Holofernes*.’

A change of Ministry has occurred in France ; Persigny and Walewski have been removed—the one in consequence of his indiscretion and blundering activity in the late elections, the other because he made a violent speech against Russia, and that it was necessary to show that Power that no *menace* was intended by the Note lately sent to St. Petersburg. The Polish affair causes considerable apprehension and great disturbance in the money market. The mercantile community is less anxious than that of the Stock Exchange, and a general impression appears to prevail that the Russian Government will not reject summarily all counsel, and in that case, looking at the difficulty with which the matter is surrounded, the English public would be unwilling to allow the country to be driven into a war to enforce the immediate adoption of any specific points, excepting such as are absolutely called for in the interests of humanity.

Tuesday, June 30.—At Strawberry Hill on Saturday and Sunday. An enormous party. The Aumales and Comte de Paris dined, and in the house were staying Apponyis, Greys, Corks, Lady Cowley, Cardwells, Lady Truro, Bernal Osborne (who the night before had made a humorous philippic against the Irish Church, and was very proud of it), Milnes, Stanley of Alderley, Stirling of Keir, &c. This party had the elements of being agreeable, but it was too numerous, too *décousu* and tiresome. I walked over to Hampton Court with Delane and others. He told us that the fall of Puebla had been effected by

'dollars' and not arms. The news of the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland arrived on Friday night. It is supposed that this onward move is a *raid* to supply themselves with munitions of war. Delane said the country now invaded is as rich as Belgium. The Militia had been called out, and a force had been sent from New York to defend the invaded States. The next accounts are awaited with great impatience.

The Prince of Wales had a small ball last night. His gaieties must be suspended, owing to the sudden death of the Prince of Denmark, heir to the throne and uncle to the Princess. A great ball was given by the officers of the Guards to their Royal Highnesses in the Exhibition building, to which all London was wild to go. It was a great success, and has even put people in such good humour with the edifice that some fears are entertained that Parliament may consent to buy it.

Friday, July 3.—I went last night to Covent Garden Theatre to hear 'Faust,' splendidly got up, but better sung at the other house. Afterwards at the Club I heard that the proposal of Government to buy the Exhibition building had been rejected in a very full House by a majority of 166. The House presented a scene of uproar and excitement indescribable, and refused to listen either to Gladstone or Disraeli. The whole business was much mismanaged by Gladstone, and the House suspected that undue Court influence had been exercised to obtain the passing of the vote, and they thought that the division of the

motion by which the land was first to be purchased, the question of buying the building being reserved for subsequent consideration, savoured of a *dodge*, and they would have it at no price. I am delighted it is to be pulled down. It is a monstrous building, was run up in great haste for a temporary purpose (which, by the by, it did not answer particularly well), had none of the elements of stability, and would be sure to cost vast sums in repairs and alterations. No new building could be so great an eyesore as this one. Disraeli told us at Lady Jersey's that Princess Helena is to marry the son of Albert of Prussia.

Wednesday, July 15.—There was an interesting debate on Poland in the Lords on Monday night, brought on by Grey, who spoke well, and the principal result of which was a declaration from Lord Russell that the Government had no intention of going to war, if diplomacy should fail to bring about a reconciliation between Poland and Russia. Grey saw no grounds for hope that the last two communications made to the Russian Government would meet with a satisfactory result, and he considered the six points or propositions made to Russia as impracticable, and that our diplomatic interference merely served to foster false hopes and to perpetuate the horrors of the war which we desired to suppress. Russell answered that these propositions, if agreed to by Russia, would be a charter for the Poles, and a guarantee to Europe of a proper government of Poland, and that if anything were obtained for her,

it could only be by the Great Powers insisting that the faith due to treaties should be maintained. Roebuck was induced to withdraw his motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

Thursday, July 16.—I heard last night at Lady Cowper's of the death of the Duke of Hamilton at Paris by a fall down the staircase of a café, where he had been supping with a 'gay' party after the opera. The news of this accident, which occurred last Thursday, reached London on Saturday, when young Douglas was summoned by telegram to Paris, as was the Duchess from Baden. The Empress, on hearing of the Duke's dangerous state, proceeded at once to the Hôtel Bristol, where he was residing, having telegraphed to the Duchess that she would send her railway carriage to fetch her, and that she would remain with the Duke until his wife arrived.

I saw the Duke at a concert at the Duchess of Buccleuch's on the Wednesday, and on Thursday he started for Paris, and on that evening the accident occurred. In former days I saw a good deal of him and liked him much; of late years our intimacy ceased. The sudden removal of so conspicuous a member of society has greatly shocked everyone, and a great gloom was thrown over the concert which took place at Apsley House last night. Hartington, who walked home with George Fox and me, told us a great and bloody battle had been fought between the armies of Meade and Lee, without, as usual, any decisive result.

Sunday, July 19.—Dined yesterday at Holland

House; Bernal Osborne, Quin, Delane, and others. A perpetual 'chaff' went on between the two first-named guests, amusing enough for a short time, but which at length becomes wearisome, and shuts up everyone else.

Saturday, July 25.—I went to Wrest on Tuesday, where there was an immense assemblage of boys and girls, and much dancing and romping; *pas du tout de mon âge*. I caught cold owing to the draughts in the house, and the wet outside, and spent most of the time in my own room. Came back yesterday; dined with Sydney and went to the Olympic to see a well-acted play called 'The Ticket of Leave Man,' adapted from the French by Tom Taylor. All the fashion of London, including many Dukes and Duchesses, were in the stalls, which a few years ago would have been considered very unbecoming their position. Last night there was an animated debate in the House of Lords on Poland, Clanricarde having moved for any reports received from our diplomatic or consular agents of the atrocities committed by General Mouravieff's orders. Of course Lord Russell objected, and entered into the general question of Poland, and said that the present state of the negotiations was, that Austria had declined to accede to the Russian proposal of a Conference between herself, Prussia, and Russia, and had signified her adherence to the policy adopted by England and France. Lord Ellenborough then made a violent philippic against Russia, and considered the reply of Prince Gortchakoff put an end to all hope from diplomacy,

but it had at least this value, that we now knew where we were. It would be for Her Majesty's Government to consider what their next step should be, but he warned them that if it were to be a diplomatic one it would surely fail. Malmesbury very foolishly suggested the propriety of recalling our Ambassador from St. Petersburg, which Granville treated as the most unwise step that could be taken. In the meantime the French press is getting up the war steam, and proclaiming Gortchakoff's Note to be entirely unsatisfactory, if not insulting to France, and the affair is beginning to assume a ticklish aspect.

Wednesday, July 29.—The Session was closed yesterday. The Speech contained nothing but the expression of a hope on the Polish Question. Nothing more could be expected. On going out, I heard that Normanby had died this morning. He was a pleasant, genial man of moderate ability, but such as it was, it had enabled him to fill most of the offices of the State without any discredit. He owed his political position in a great measure to his having embraced Whig politics, though by birth belonging to a race of rabid Tories, and he had just enough talent added to his pleasant social qualities to attract the attention of the leaders of the Whig party when they first came into office after the long Tory reign, and in some degree to justify their heaping on him successively nearly all the honours of the State. He took a very decided anti-Italian line lately, and had much displeased the party he formerly acted with.

The Dowager Lady Foley died on Monday, in her seventy-eighth year. When I first came into the world she was *the* great beauty, and she certainly was very handsome, though her beauty was of the wooden and uninteresting kind. For many years she had shut herself up entirely, living exclusively with her maid, and with the exception of Mrs. Ashburnham saw none of her children, except at intervals. She was, in fact, what is called highly nervous, but which means something more. Monckton Milnes has obtained the object of his ambition, and is created a peer by the title of Lord Houghton. People in general are rather provoked at his elevation, but he is a very good fellow, and I am glad he is made happy.

Monday, August 3.—There has appeared at Paris a pamphlet called ‘L’Empire, la Pologne, et l’Europe,’ which is believed to be semi-official, and to be written by the Emperor’s Secretary, Mocquard, with the object of testing public opinion on the Polish Question, and more particularly with the object of ascertaining what would be the attitude of England and Germany, in case the Emperor should determine on going to war with Russia. Its tone is very menacing to Russia and Prussia. It will, of course, be disavowed by the French Government, which will prove nothing. The ‘Times’ answers for England in the expressed conviction that any Minister suspected of a design to plunge England into a war, for the purpose of partitioning Russia and Prussia in the interest of France, would soon cease to hold office, and

finishes by saying, 'If this pamphlet be a French question, let this be our English answer.' I heard to-day that Lord Mornington, who lately died at Paris, has made Cowley his heir, leaving him his estates, with certain charges thereon. Everyone rejoices in Cowley's good fortune.

Frognaal, Sunday, August 9.—Our Government has declined joining in an identical Note with France to Russia, wishing to preserve its independent action. By many people this is considered a blunder, as it gives France the opportunity she desires of isolating herself from England and Germany, and of uniting with Sweden and Italy in a war with Russia in the cause of oppressed nationalities, which would enable the Emperor to slip out of our alliance. It is just possible the Poles may in the end gain by all this, but hardly probable. The Archduke Maximilian has been invited to accept the throne of Mexico by an assembly of notables, called together by the French General, Forey. Cowley, who is here, told me he did not think the Archduke would accept it, as he made a condition that England, as well as France, should guarantee his throne, which, of course, we shall never do. He said the Emperor of Austria would make no objections to his brother's going to Mexico, and would, in fact, be glad to be rid of him, as they don't agree, and the Archduchess (King Leopold's daughter) was very anxious he should accept. This has long been a hobby of the Emperor Napoleon.

Beauesert, Sunday, August 16.—I slept in town

on Wednesday and came here on Thursday. Found only Lady Dalkeith and the Mount Edgcumbes; Abercorn in Ireland. The place is looking in its greatest beauty, set off by divine weather, and it loses none of its attraction by having fallen into the hands of its present occupants.¹

Lord Clyde died on Friday last after a long illness. The Emperor of Austria is gone to Frankfort to meet the Princes of Germany, whom he has invited to assemble there in order to deliberate on a reform of the German Bund. The Austrian press write very sore articles on the acceptance by the Archduke Maximilian of the throne of Mexico, and express a great distaste at one of their Princes becoming the Prefect of France, and mounting a throne forcibly erected by France upon blood and tears, as a compensation, perhaps, and a poor one, for the 'pearl broken' one of the Austrian Diadem in 1859, or as a present to hold them harmless for future eventualities of a similar sort.

*Keele,*² *August 19.*—I came here yesterday from Beaudesert, and to-day have been all over the new house, which I should suppose to be as perfect in all its details, if not more so, as any that has been built of late years. It appears to me to be faultless, barring a slight over-decoration of the ceiling, and that the bedrooms are a trifle too low. It is a great success. Before leaving Beaudesert I heard from the Duchess Emily of Beaufort that Wilton had

¹ Beaudesert was then let to the Duke of Abercorn.

² Keele, the family seat of the Sneyd family in Staffordshire.

announced his marriage with a Miss Elton Smith, a young lady of fortune, and as he says of accomplishments, without a relation in the world, which latter circumstance may account for her marrying such a man at sixty-four.

Tulliallan, Thursday, August 27.—I slept at Edinburgh on Friday night, at the Windsor Hotel, Moray Place, and came on here on Saturday.

Edinburgh struck me as more melancholy than usual, no one stirring in the streets, though the day was beautiful. I found no one here but M. de Lavalette, Jem Howard and his daughter. On Tuesday Sir George and Lady Grey arrived—he is very agreeable; and yesterday the Edward Russells.

The newspapers are filled with accounts of the Congress of Princes at Frankfort, where everything is reported to be proceeding harmoniously, notwithstanding that the Emperor of Austria's mission to the King of Prussia to invite him to join the Conference has failed.

A horrible and extraordinary murder has been committed by a young man of the name of Townley, a sort of half gentleman, on the person of a Miss Goodwyn, the daughter of a civil engineer, of which the circumstances are most curious. This appears from the account of the examination before the magistrates of Wirksworth, near the spot where the murder was committed. The most extraordinary part of the story is that after Townley had confessed that he had murdered the girl, and had assisted in bringing the body home, he drank tea with her

grandfather. The reason assigned for this is that the old man was so frightened and bewildered he conceived it the safest thing to do would be to offer it to him.

Drummond Castle, September 1.—I came here yesterday in a pouring rain, having been nearly four hours from door to door doing the journey. The Scotch railways are insufferably tedious. I found Sefton and the William Roses.

An interesting letter from Oliphant from Frankfort, giving me his opinion of the meeting of the Princes in that city. He believes them to have nearly arrived at the end of their labours, without attaining any very tangible result, though the move, as far as Austria is concerned, has nevertheless been a skilful one. The Emperor has gained much personal popularity and prestige, and has shown great aptitude for business, and it is possible that his present experience may hereafter stand him in good stead. He has made a bid for popularity, and will go home more liberally disposed. The obstinacy of Prussia will render all his efforts for reform abortive. The other Princes will accept the Austrian project after having modified it to meet their views. The Emperor has been wise enough not to object to their amendments, and majorities have carried each question, but they will only accept conditionally on the subsequent adhesion of Prussia and the ratification of the local Chambers. The next step of Austria will, therefore, be to propose a reconsideration of the project of Prussia, but they will never agree, as their

mutual jealousy will prevent any final understanding, even if a less impracticable man than Bismarck had to be consulted. The result of Prussia's refusal to accept will be that some of the local Legislatures which are the most liberal, such, for instance, as Hesse, Hanover, Coburg, and Baden, will refuse to ratify, and the project cannot therefore become law. Still, the Congress will have done great good; the intercourse of the Princes collected at Frankfort will always hereafter render any new proposal more feasible. It would evidently always be for our interest that it should have succeeded, as it would have given us a strong, united, non-aggressive, non-maritime Power in the centre of Europe, and we owe the failure to Prussia, as really Austria has behaved very fairly in the matter. I still think we are on the verge of a war, and that it is merely a question of months and the approach of winter. I know, however, that this opinion is not shared by the 'best-informed politicians.'

Thursday, September 3.—Mr. Senior has published in the 'Times' a conversation he has had with Mr. Dayton, the United States Minister at Paris, on the subject of the vessels supposed to be building on the Mersey for the Confederates, and which he declares, if our Government does not take measures to prevent, will drive the Americans into such a state of exasperation against us that it will be impossible for the Federal Government to prevent a war between the two countries. Mr. Dayton contrasts the conduct of our Government in this matter

with that of the American Government during the Crimean war, when they stopped a vessel which, it was alleged, was building for Russia in an American port. There have been some able articles on this subject in various newspapers, which go to prove that by the Foreign Enlistment Act a ship is liable to be detained, and its owners are subject to penalties when the ship is armed or equipped for purposes of war, and that its owners intend to use it against any nation or community at peace with Her Majesty, but that such intention and such equipment must be proved, and for this proof it is necessary for conviction in a British Court of Justice to have the evidence of credible witnesses. A memorial on the subject of the Rams in the Mersey was addressed by the Emancipation Society to Lord Russell, who returned a dry and characteristic reply.

Senior would have done more wisely not to publish the conversation, as the matter is thus presented to the public rather in the form of a threat that, unless we alter our law (supposing the present one to be insufficient), war with America will inevitably ensue, which would, of course, make any change on our part next to impossible.

Cawdor Castle, September 7.—I left Drummond Castle with regret on Friday, slept at Aberdeen, and came on here last evening—a tedious journey. I met the John Leslies and Colonel Tower at the station at Aberdeen, and Hamilton and George Fox at Nairn, which is the station for this place. Nobody else here but Mary Ellesmere and (Lord) William

Thynne. The Castle is old and curious, and supposed to be the one in which Macbeth murdered Duncan, but, I believe, is certainly not so. The 'Witches' Heath' is not far off. The Castle is situated on a plain, surrounded by a moat, with a drawbridge, and on the side of a burn, the banks of which are thickly wooded. It rained all Saturday, but held up yesterday, so that we could take a long walk up the burn, the banks of which are very precipitous and rocky and very picturesque. The house is comfortable in a rough sort of way.

I found here an amusing letter from Charles; he had seen Clarendon at Chantilly, who, by John Russell's desire, had been at Frankfort, and had conversed with all the 'great guns' and with the Emperor Napoleon at Paris, and he thinks there will be no war anywhere, unless between Germany and Denmark on the old story of Schleswig Holstein, which he did his best to prevent, but he doubts whether anything will stop it. Cowley takes the same view. The Emperor Napoleon might prevent it, but does not seem inclined to interfere at present. Clarendon doubts the Archduke Maximilian accepting the Mexican throne, not that he is disinclined to it himself, but because the Emperor of Austria is so much opposed to it. What alternative there is no one seems to know. A pamphlet written by Michel Chevalier, urging the immediate recognition by France of the Southern Confederacy, has appeared at Paris. There is a general impression that this *brochure* has been published with a view to pre-

paring the public for the official announcement of the Emperor's decision.

Gordon Castle, Wednesday, September 16.—I came here on Friday. A fine place, more English than Scotch, with very fine trees, not often to be seen in the Highlands. On Sunday we took a beautiful walk through the deer park and Quarry garden, most of which, as well as a *parterre* on a large scale in front of the house, were designed by the Dowager Duchess, and add much to the *agrément* of the place. A large family party.

Charles writes to me from Chantilly not to mind what any pamphleteer writes about the Emperor Napoleon's plans and intentions. He would gladly recognise the South if we would do so, but will not do so without us.

The Queen on her way to Balmoral went from Perth to Blair Athol to pay the Duke and Duchess a visit. This was gracious and kind of her. The Duke, notwithstanding his weak and declining state, made the effort of accompanying Her Majesty to the station. She rejoined her family at the Stanley Junction, and proceeded on her journey.

Tulliallan, Saturday, September 19.—I left Gordon Castle with regret yesterday at a quarter to eleven, and reached this place at the same hour at night. I travelled by Aberdeen, as the mismanagement of the new line is so great, that it is impossible to count upon arriving anywhere at any given time. At Perth I bought a 'Scotsman,' and was much shocked to read

in it the sudden death of Edward Ellice,¹ who was found dead in his bed on Wednesday at Ardoch, a house belonging to him near Glenquoich, where he was accidentally staying. I found them all here much grieved at the loss of so old a friend. A letter had been received from Frederick Grey stating that he had complained of tightness across the chest when out walking, which had gone off, but had returned in the afternoon; some remedies were applied with success, and he went to bed much in his usual state. He was a kind-hearted, sagacious man, and had a large circle of friends who constantly referred to him for advice in any emergency. An article in the 'Scotsman' of this day most truly portrays his character. Mr. Russell, the editor, was a great friend of Ellice's, but his analysis is a very just one. Mrs. Ellice writes that it was the death Mr. E. had wished to die, and two of his brothers had also died suddenly.

The Russian answers to the Notes of the Western Powers have been received, and some of them have been published. They are courteous in tone, but short, and the upshot of this correspondence is in fact, 'Mind your own business, and we will attend to ours.' As far as the despatches go, Gortchakoff has the best of it, and the Western Powers have not taken much by their motion, nor was it to be expected that they would, 'd'après la manière qu'ils s'y sont pris.'

Thursday, September 24. — The memorandum which Gortchakoff appended to the replies he made to the Notes of the Western Powers has been published

¹ Known by his intimates as 'the Bear.'—ED.

in the 'Moniteur,' and is certainly one of the most able diplomatic documents ever written, and very difficult to refute. The French press is much nettled and becoming very warlike in its tone, at least all that part of it which is in opposition to the Government, whilst the Government organ is silent on the subject of the despatches, but, *en revanche*, publishes the letter of the Polish National Society to Prince Czartorysky, the insertion of which has made a considerable sensation, and is considered by many of the newspapers in the light of a political event. Flahault told us last night that the Emperor Napoleon had assured him, and had given him leave to declare to others, that on no account would he go to war for Poland, unless England and Austria would join with him. This was some time ago, and matters have a good deal changed since, and it remains to be seen whether the French will be willing to submit patiently to what they are daily told by their newspapers is an insult from Russia, though the fact that England and Austria are both similarly affronted may reconcile them to their position.

Friday, September 25.—A letter from Alfred Potocki gives a deplorable account of affairs in his part of the world. In three days he had been obliged to pay 8,000*l.* as a fine for his properties in Russia, with a threatened auction of oxen, sheep, farm horses, &c., and he says that matters are getting from bad to worse. He has no faith in 'the humbug' of a Constitution for Russia or Poland, for the simple reason that with the people who govern in Russia it

is impossible. Still less does he believe in their power to put down the *soi-disant* National Government in Warsaw, because it is 'tout simplement la Conspiration, et contre cela, il n'y a qu'un remède, c'est la publicité, qu'ils ne sont pas en état de donner; avec tout cela, la ruine, accompagnement obligé de toute Révolution.'

We have unceasing rain and wind. It has rained every day this month but two. It turns out that the man who was arrested in India as the supposed Nana Sahib is not he. A lengthened trial took place at Cawnpore, which ended in his acquittal. Sir James Colville is inclined to believe the Nana to be dead.

Tuesday, September 29.—The tenants of Madame de Flahault at Meikleour, where Lord Russell is residing, gave him a dinner, whereat he made a very good speech, touching on all the points of Foreign Affairs which are now occupying public attention. With regard to Poland, he said it was his opinion, as he had already stated, that neither the obligations, the honour, or the interests of England require that we should go to war for her; and that as we are not prepared forcibly to resist the assertions of Russia, it would be unbecoming to rail at her; but he was astonished at the line she had taken after several months' correspondence on the subject. The partition of Poland was an event which was the scandal of Europe in the last century, and the reproach of the three Great Powers who were parties to it. But at the Treaty of Vienna, it was thought fit (and considerations of expediency perhaps justified this con-

clusion) to admit, as it were, into the Law of Nations the State of Poland as divided between the Three Powers, and to give a kind of retrospective sanction to the Partition. Thus the Powers of Europe became, to use a legal phrase, accessories after the fact. Austria and Prussia complied with the conditions of the Treaty. Russia had not done so. He considered it as an act of great imprudence on the part of Russia when she had this great advantage, when she had this act of spoliation condoned, as it were, by Europe, to reject the terms on which that sanction was given, to rest, as she now rests, on the title of the original Partition, on the title of conquest, rejecting all those conditions by which, at the Treaty of Vienna, that title was accepted, as it were, by Europe. He concluded by saying, that without these conditions, contained in the Treaty of Vienna, and without those of the tenure, the title itself could hardly be upheld. He entered into the Mexican and American affairs, and spoke on both with good sense and moderation, and with regard to America in a strain which ought, if anything ever did, to show them how unjust are the accusations of either party, of partiality, or breach of neutrality on the part of our Government. He addressed himself particularly to a violent speech lately made by Mr. Sumner, and deplored the prejudiced and jaundiced view he and others took of the whole course of our Government. That as far as the American Government was concerned, he had no complaint to make. They discussed all the questions which arose, and must arise, in a fair and equal

spirit; sometimes we thought them in the wrong, sometimes right, but what he did complain of, were speeches like that of Mr. Sumner and others, which are an epitome of all the vulgar abuse and misconstruction which has been contained in the American Press, and which went far to inflame the minds of the people. This would not prevent his using every effort to keep peace between the two countries, and to do all that was right and just to these two conflicting parties. I sent this speech to Alfred Potocki, as it is well the Poles should know how little they have to expect from us.

Balbirnie, October 5.—I came here three days ago. Found a party of young men. John Balfour returned on Friday from attending Mr. Ellice's funeral. This is a nice habitable place without much beauty, and the Balfours are kind and excellent hosts.

Chillingham, October 6.—I left Balbirnie yesterday at half past eleven, and crossed the ferry to Edinburgh on a cold gloomy day, like most days we have had in Scotland, and after getting out at Belford, and a wild drive across the moor, reached this place at six o'clock. To-day is very fine, and it is impossible to say the pleasure the sunshine affords after such a long spell of rain and darkness. This is a curious and uncomfortable house, with winding staircases, and not more than two rooms on a level. Before leaving Balbirnie, I read in the 'Scotsman' (which publishes the telegrams of the 'Times' of the same morning) that the Archduke Maximilian had received the Mexican deputation and had declined the crown,

unless it were voted unanimously by a *plébiscite* and guaranteed by France and England, which is exactly what I heard he intended to do. Of course we shall do nothing of the kind. There is no doubt that the Archduke is quite willing to accept the throne, and that he has been advised to do so by King Leopold, but the Emperor of Austria and all his subjects are extremely averse to it, and feel the degradation of a Prince of the Imperial Family becoming, as it were, a Prefect of France.

Lord Lyndhurst has been declining for some time, and seems to be in a hopeless state.

Wednesday, October 7.—Yesterday Tankerville took me a walk over the park, which is wild and extensive, with fine views of the Cheviot Hills. We stalked the wild cattle, and got within 300 yards of them, so as to have a fine view of them through a glass. They are white, with large black eyes and white horns tipped with black, very picturesque, but not such fine animals as one sees in the Apennines and on the Maremma, on the road from Nunziatella to Civita Vecchia. The Denisons and Delane came.

The Confederates under General Bragg have had a great victory, and have driven back Rosencrantz to Chattanooga. The siege of Charleston has slackened. Delane thinks the war may last for years, and that it is all the better for us that it should be so.

Coupland Castle, October 12.—I came here on Friday; a long drive, on a most miserable, wet and foggy day, of eleven miles. The weather is despairing. I found here Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson, *née*

Liddell, and he the son of my old friend Lady Williamson. This place, which is hired by Durham, is close to the Cheviot Hills, and does not smile upon me at all.

The Queen has signified her intention of being present at Aberdeen at the unveiling of a statue of Prince Albert. This is announced by a letter from Charles Grey to the Lord Provost, in which he states that the effort will be most painful to Her Majesty, and one to which, in fact, she is unequal (!), but that she cannot allow this monument to her beloved husband to be inaugurated at Aberdeen during her stay in Scotland without wishing to show by her presence her unbounded love and respect, as well as her heartfelt appreciation of this mark of affection of the people of Aberdeen for one who dearly loved their country. He then proceeds to say that the Queen is sure she may trust to his best endeavours, and to the kind feeling of the people, to make her reception in Aberdeen as little trying as possible, so that she may be able to go through her part in what must be a distressing, and yet a gratifying, ceremony. I think all this is highly absurd, and savours of the theatrical, and it is high time these funereal pomps should cease. Whilst poor old Lyndhurst is on his deathbed Brougham has been making a great speech at Edinburgh at the Social Science Meeting. It showed wonderful vigour of intellect in a man of eighty-four, but he was exhausted before he could finish it, and the end of the speech was read by one of the members of the Society.

The King of Greece is in London, and staying at Marlborough House. His parents are also arrived. The Prince and Princess of Prussia are also here, and it is supposed are come to be out of the way of the political troubles at Berlin. The probability of the King's abdicating before long is much discussed.

Howick, Thursday, October 15.—On arriving here I heard of Lord Lyndhurst's death. The Queen went to Aberdeen on Tuesday for the unveiling of the Prince Consort's statue, and was received by vast crowds in respectful silence. After the ceremony she returned to Balmoral. The King of Greece left London yesterday for Paris on his way to his new dominions. The Queen did not see him. He is said to be a nice unaffected boy, and can never keep his countenance when addressed as 'Your Majesty.' The poor young man is much to be pitied.

Bramham, Tuesday, October 20.—I came here on Saturday. At York I went to the evening service in the Minster, which I had not seen for thirty-five years. How gloriously fine it is, though it is much disfigured by some hideous modern monuments stuck up against the walls.

I have a pleasant letter from Oliphant from Bucharest. He had been in Galicia, and says the Austrians are putting all the moderate men into prison, which will throw the direction of their political affairs into the hands of the party of action. He gives a deplorable account of the state of the Danubian provinces, of the rottenness of their political, national and social condition. Oliphant's letters are delightful.

Baron Gros is recalled from the French Embassy in London, and is to be replaced by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, formerly at Rome. Billaut, the Emperor's spokesman in the Chambers, is dead. He was a very able man and a capital speaker, and will be a great loss, especially at this moment, when the Chambers are about to open, and that the Emperor's Polish and Mexican policy require being made the best of before the country.

Wrest, October 27.—I came here yesterday. Found Lady Gertrude Talbot, a beautiful girl, her brother Reginald, Mr. and Mrs. Lowther, Freddy Leveson, and Boyle. Freddy amused me with a story he told me of the King of Greece, and which the Duchess of Cambridge had told him. When the young King went to St. Petersburg the Emperor received him with great ceremony and courtesy, and before taking leave of him, His Imperial Majesty said to the King he had only one piece of advice to give him, which was, to beware of the intrigues of France and England in Greece. From St. Petersburg he proceeded to London, where he remained six days without any one of the Ministers calling upon him. At last Palmerston paid him a visit, and the King expressed his surprise that John Russell should have taken no notice of him. However, before he left London John Russell called on him, and before leaving him said the only advice he would offer His Majesty was to be on his guard against the intrigues of Russia. On arriving at Paris he was lodged at the Tuileries, and treated with great cordiality by the

Emperor, who on taking leave of him said the only advice he had to give him was to beware of the intrigues of Russia and England. The young King is tolerably happy in the prospect of his kingdom, but his German relations, on his mother's side, are angry at his acceptance of the crown, on the absurd ground that Otho has not abdicated.

London, November 1.—I returned here on Thursday after my long peregrination, in the course of which I calculate I travelled more than 150 miles in flys.

Beauesert, November 12.—I came here last week, and met Flahaults, Sneyd, Dalkeiths, &c., and one or two men. The great subject of interest has been the speech of the Emperor Napoleon on opening the legislative session, and the letter he has written to the Sovereigns of Europe inviting them to meet in a Congress at Paris, 'Pour régler le présent, et assurer l'avenir.' These two documents are adroit pieces of humbug, and have been composed, probably, for the purpose of extricating him from the difficulty of his position as regards the Polish question. It is difficult to suppose the Emperor can seriously believe in the possibility of a Congress being agreed to, or to doubt that were it held it must infallibly lead rather to discord than to harmony amongst the parties. The Emperor has no desire to go to war, and if we and the other great Powers decline accepting the invitation to attend a Congress, as we certainly shall do, he will be able to tell his subjects that if the Polish Question is not

settled, it is our fault and not his. This is the sort of blarney and humbug the French swallow.

London, Sunday, November 15.—It is supposed that our Cabinet has replied to the Emperor's invitation to a Congress, that before accepting it, they wish to be informed what the precise subjects are which shall be discussed there. The 'Times' has been writing very cleverly against it, after one or two wavering leaders, having as usual waited to take a decided line until they saw 'which way the cat jumped.' On Thursday dined at Flahaults' and met Palmerstons, Charles Woods, Panizzi, Azeglio, and Charles. After dinner the conversation turned on Napoleon I. and his correspondence, now in course of being published under the direction of a Commission appointed by the present Emperor, of which Flahault is a member, and to whom the proof-sheets are sent before they are issued to the public. As an instance of the extraordinary way in which Napoleon entered into the details of everything, great and small, Flahault adduced a letter which he wrote when at a great distance from Paris, in the middle of one of his campaigns, giving the most minute directions for the education, discipline, and dress of the Demoiselles de St. Cyr. Panizzi remarked how curious it was in his correspondence with his Generals, that he never seemed to leave the slightest thing to their discretion, and Flahault thought this was a great mistake on the part of the Emperor, the result of which was that he had never formed one.¹ Panizzi told us of a curious

¹ A General.—Ed.

autograph of the Emperor, now in the possession of Lord Ashburnham. It is a paper on Geography, written when he was a boy—an exercise—the last paragraph of which, by a curious coincidence, is ‘Sainte Hélène, petite Isle.’ *À propos* of this, Flahault said that at the time of the abdication at Fontainebleau, Caulaincourt and all the *entourage* of the Emperor were very anxious to make an attempt to induce the Powers to consent to the Emperor’s abdicating in favour of his son, and that he, Flahault, then aide-de-camp to the Emperor, was sent to General Berg to try and negotiate the affair. Berg received him very civilly, and said he would make known the proposal in the proper quarter. Flahault went back to Fontainebleau, and whilst he and Caulaincourt, and one or two others, were discussing the result of his mission, the Emperor, who was present, sat scribbling on a piece of paper, while listening to their conversation. When this discussion came to an end, Napoleon rose and left the room, and Flahault took up the paper on which he had been writing, when to his great surprise he found, instead of the plans of fortifications he usually amused himself with drawing, the following words : ‘Louis, par la grâce de Dieu, Roi de France et de Navarre, à tous salut,’ the usual form of the Bourbon decrees. Caulaincourt was very anxious to have this paper, and Flahault gave it to him, saying, ‘Eh bien, vous l’aurez, mais vous êtes le seul homme à qui je le donnerais.’ He was very fond of Caulaincourt. After his death Flahault tried to get t’^l autograph

back, but neither the Duchess nor her son had ever seen or heard of it. Charles observed he never could understand why Napoleon did not make peace in 1813, and Flahault admitted that it was inexcusable his not having done so, and told us a personal anecdote relating to this subject. The Emperor had sent him to demand that a certain bridge across the Oder, to which he considered the armistice had entitled him, should be delivered up. Whilst negotiating the affair, Flahault took the opportunity of sending spies into Bohemia, by whom he learnt that universal discontent prevailed against Austria, in consequence of her not having joined actively against France. He also came to the conviction that the armistice gave no right to the possession of the bridge in question, and when writing to inform the Emperor of this, Flahault ventured to tell him that he had ascertained that not only were the subjects of the Emperor of Austria violently irritated against him, but that he had also good reason to believe that the other Powers were much divided and jealous of each other, and that it appeared to him to be a most favourable moment for making proposals of peace. To this letter Napoleon replied to Flahault that he had received his letter, and that he regretted that by the terms of the armistice he was not entitled to the bridge. That with regard to his other observations, he desired that in future he would confine himself to the business with which he might be particularly entrusted. Palmerston said that Sovereigns did not like to be advised against a system of policy they thought fit

to adopt; he remembered that Louis Philippe, just before the Revolution of 1848, had by desire of Madame Adelaide¹ met Marshal Sebastiani in her apartment that he might repeat to the King what he had already said to her, and what she considered very important, against the policy of his Government. After the Marshal had stated his views and had given his opinion as to the very critical state of affairs, the King merely said, 'Savez-vous, mon cher Maréchal, que vous baissez beaucoup?' Flahault said no revolution was ever more entirely brought about by the blundering of Ministers than that of 1848. 'Very true,' said Palmerston, 'but revolutions are more often produced by the faults of the governing than by those of the governed.'

Friday, November 27.—Called on Lady Cawdor, where I found old Lady Grenville—an extraordinary woman; she is ninety-one, and is as active in mind and body as if she were sixty. She was on her way to the train to go to Dropmore, and was shortly to go to Torquay. The King of Denmark is dead, and Prince Christian succeeds him. The Prince of Augustenburg, however, disputes his rights to the Duchies, and has issued a proclamation declaring himself to be the rightful heir, on the plea that his father's abdication did not bind him, and that the Treaty which gave the Duchies to Denmark was not ratified by the Diet. The Duke of Coburg, who is a firebrand, has at once recognised the Prince of Augustenburg.

¹ Sister of King Louis Philippe, and a most remarkable as well as admirable and charming woman.—Ed.

Hillingdon, Tuesday, December 1.—I have been a week at Hatchford, with Mrs. Craven the only guest; two nights at St. Anne's Hill, and came here yesterday. The answer of our Cabinet to the invitation to the Congress was despatched on Thursday, and on Saturday the correspondence between the French Government and our own was published in the 'Times.' John Russell's concluding despatch, giving all the reasons for declining to attend, is, I think, unanswerable, and meets with universal approbation. The French press attacks England violently for her refusal, and lays at her door the responsibility of all the disasters which may occur in consequence of the non-assembling of the Congress. On the same day appeared a telegram announcing Elgin's hopeless state and resignation. Mrs. Ponsonby, who is here, told me Lady Elgin had telegraphed to say he was fast sinking, and that her family were not to be uneasy about her, as Dr. McCrea would accompany her home. Subsequently to this telegram another came from poor Elgin, saying that he was dying, and desiring that his duty might be presented to the Queen, and touching on some political matter. Charles Mills told me Sir John Lawrence had already been appointed, and had agreed to start on the 9th. This is, of course, the best appointment that could be made. The 'Times,' with rather indecent haste and before the news of his actual death has reached England, publishes a sort of obituary notice on poor Elgin.

The Schleswig-Holstein Question seems to be in a better train. We have addressed a Note to the

Diet, stating that we expect that the parties who signed the Treaties of 1852 will abide by its conditions, and it is probable that Austria and Prussia will do so on condition that the King of Denmark fulfils his part in the Treaty, and withdraws the Patent by which Schleswig is incorporated constitutionally as well as dynastically in the Kingdom of Denmark.

December 2.—The Queen was much upset by the accounts of Elgin's illness and at the sad necessity of appointing a successor to an office, which seems like signing the death-warrant of the holder of it. It may, however, be hoped that Sir John Lawrence, who has passed the greatest part of his life in India, is proof against its climate. Thiers said rather a good thing in speaking of the Congress, 'Qu'il avait souvent entendu parler d'une consultation de médecins, mais jamais de malades.'

Cassibury, December 9.—I came here on Monday. My first visit to this place since I was a boy, when I used to come with my parents on a visit to the late Lord Essex, and my first introduction to the new Lady Essex (*née* Lady Louisa Boyle), an amiable woman, who showed her kindness of heart by the great concern she felt on the occasion of a dreadful accident which occurred in Essex's carpenter's shop, where a man was caught up by the steam engine and frightfully injured. One of his legs has been amputated, his other foot terribly crushed, and his ribs broken. It is said that the poor fellow was carried round by the engine nearly a hundred times before

it could be stopped, as it makes two hundred revolutions in a minute, and the man at the wheel lost his head and turned it the wrong way.

A few days ago Fould produced his great financial statement, which discloses a deficit of ten or eleven millions sterling, and the necessity of an immediate loan. Some vague hope is held out that Mexico at some time or other may pay the expenses of the war, but evidently with very slender grounds for the same. I heard to-day on good authority that the Emperor Napoleon is greatly disgusted by the tone of John Russell's despatch refusing the invitation to the Congress. It certainly presents a marked contrast with that of the other Governments, which are for the most part a tissue of fulsome flummery, by no means creditable to them. There was a strong article from the 'Times' on the proposed Congress (November, 1863).

There is a report at Paris that the Emperor is about to draw closer to Russia, and that in return, some acts of grace are to be accorded to the Poles, for which they will not thank either Sovereign. The Russian alliance, however, would be more popular in France than the English one.

There has been a curious robbery of jewels to the amount of nine millions of francs, belonging to the mad Duke of Brunswick, by his English valet, Shaw. Thanks to the telegraph, the robber was arrested at Boulogne with most of the booty on his person. I have often seen this Prince, painted up to his eyes with white and red and black, with enormous diamonds

in his shirts. He spent all his money on these gew-gaws, and kept them in an iron chest in his bedroom. The trial of Townley for the murder of Miss Goodwyn, which took place last August, has been going on this week. A plea of hereditary insanity was put in for the defence, and the proof of it rested on the testimony of Dr. Forbes Winslow, who deposed that he examined him three months after his imprisonment, and found that he denied the existence of the Deity, and would not acknowledge that he had committed any crime, and repeatedly maintained that as Miss Goodwyn was betrothed to him she had become his property, which he had a right to reclaim at any cost. These ideas entertained by Townley convinced Dr. Winslow that he was of unsound mind last November, but Baron Martin, who tried the case, ruled that if Townley knew that the act he was committing would probably cause death, and that the doing it would subject him to legal punishment, there was criminal responsibility. A verdict of guilty was accordingly brought in, and he was condemned to death.

Frognal, Sunday, December 20.—I came here with my sister three days ago. Her first visit here, and like the rest of the world she was greatly struck by the comfort and luxury of this place.

Two days ago I had an interesting letter from Oliphant, from Frankfort, where he had just returned from visiting the Duke of Augustenburg. He gives an alarming account of the ferment on the Schleswig Holstein question, which from dynastic has become

national, and he thinks it by no means improbable that Germany may be in a state of revolt before six weeks have passed over our heads, and hopes that we shall confine ourselves to diplomatic action, which I think pretty certain. It is believed that France is with us on this question, and that General Fleury had orders to ascertain from Lord Wodehouse, at Copenhagen, what his instructions were, and to hold the same language. In the meantime, Federal execution has begun, and the King of Denmark has issued a proclamation announcing the withdrawal of his troops from Holstein, behind the Eider, simply to avoid the chance of a collision.

Bowood, December 24. — I slept in town on Monday, and came here on Thursday. Found Granvilles; and yesterday the Flahaults and M. and Madame de Lavalette came. She was a Mrs. Wells, an American beauty, when I was living in Paris. To-day we took a walk with Lavalette, who has lately been at Compiègne, and gave us some amusing details of his *séjour* there. He says nothing can be more perfect than the management of everything regarding the living and the comfort of the guests, which is confided to General — (whose name I forget). The magnificence of the Establishment, *Écurie, Chasse*, quite *incroyable*. The toilette of the ladies is to the last degree extravagant both in taste and expense, and it is a problem where they find the money to pay for it. The Emperor and Empress appear at breakfast at twelve, and at this meal no form is observed; they each select anyone they fancy to come

and sit by them, without regard to rank. Immediately after breakfast,¹ carriages and horses without end come round, and the Empress invites some lady or gentleman to accompany her in a sort of *char-à-bancs*, and off she sets, followed by an immense *cortège*. The Emperor generally shoots or rides. At five there is tea in the Empress's apartment, to which special invitations are made. The Emperor does not appear. At dinner, if there is no Imperial Highness present (Princesse Mathilde, when there, always sits by him), the Emperor names a lady as the Empress chooses a gentleman to sit by her, always supposing no ambassador to be present. The dinner, generally of eighty people, seldom lasts more than an hour and a quarter, after which the Emperor retires to smoke and transact business until half-past ten, when he returns to the *salon*, and remains there till they all disperse. Lavalette, who adores the Emperor, evidently does not like the Empress, but said : ' Elle ne manque pas d'un certain esprit, mais elle est emportée et ne sait pas se gouverner : elle aime beaucoup à disputer.' None of her *entourage* like her, which is exactly the reverse as regards the Emperor, who is very good-natured, very considerate, and never impatient. The Empress and Princesse Mathilde detest each other, ' mais elles commencent toujours la journée en se donnant un petit baiser de Judas. L'une est extrêmement agitée, ne peut rester en place, et veut tout faire, tandis que l'autre a horreur de se remuer.' The *ton* of neither is much to be admired.

¹ This of course is the French 'déjeuner' at 12 o'clock.—Ed.

The Empress made Lavalette get into her pony-chaise, light his cigar, and smoke by her side. She is a great mistress in the art of dressing herself, upon which, on one evening, Princesse Mathilde remarked in the following elegant terms: 'Regardez donc cette Martine (or Mâtine) comme elle s'arrange bien.' The Emperor's reply to the Address of the Senate is very pacific, and it is generally admitted that there is no desire for war in France at this moment. Poland is *enterré*. Dupin's speech against a war in behalf of the Poles was vociferously cheered, and the press has almost entirely dropped any allusion to the revolt.

Christmas Day, Friday.—This was one of the loveliest days I ever saw in England at this season. The 'Globe' announces the death of Thackeray. He was found dead in his bed yesterday morning. I believe he was a kind-hearted man, much beloved by his friends; but though at times entertaining, he was too restless and susceptible to be a very pleasant member of society in the long run. 'Vanity Fair' will, I think, be the work by which he will be remembered.

Sunday, December 27.—I walked with Lavalette. He told me that he had said to the Emperor Napoleon, with whom he is, or affects to be, on terms of intimacy, that he did not understand his diplomacy, or could perceive that it had produced any good fruits. France, he said to the Emperor, had made war with Russia and had beaten her, and then had made with her a hasty peace. 'Elle s'était moquée de nous.'

She had fought with and conquered Austria, and had again made a hasty peace. 'L'Autriche avait complètement joué la France.' The fact was, peace with these Powers had been made too soon, and he did not understand why. Late in the day of the Battle of Solferino, General Mellinet sent his aide-de-camp to the Emperor to tell him his division was in capital case, and had only to advance to *écraser* the Austrians, who were in complete *déroute*. The Emperor took out his watch and said, 'Non, dites au Général que la bataille est finie.' Upon which the aide-de-camp said to one of the Emperor's attendants, 'Sacrebleu, le Général va être joliment dégoûté de ce message.' The Emperor, seeing how disconcerted the aide-de-camp was, asked him what he was saying, when he was obliged to repeat the sense of what he had said, but in more respectful terms. 'C'est égal,' said His Majesty, 'la bataille est finie.' I said, if the Emperor had made peace too soon, it was by no fault of ours, which he fully admitted, and said he could not understand the policy, when once it was deemed necessary to go to war, not completely to beat your enemy.

Monday, December 28.—The Schleswig-Holstein affair is assuming daily a more serious aspect, and unless Denmark succumbs, I do not see how a war can be averted. The King wished to convoke the 'Rigsraad' to obtain its sanction to his revocation of the Constitution, which course is supposed to have been recommended to him by England and France, but his Ministry refused their consent to the measure,

and resigned. The King, by the last account, after many failures, had succeeded in inducing General Oxholm to form a Government. In the meantime, the Federal troops are advancing, and permit the Duke Frederick to be proclaimed under their very eyes.

Wednesday, December 30.—We had a *mauvais quart d'heure* to-day. About five o'clock Clanmaurice¹ was brought home from hunting, having had a baddish fall. The doctor accompanied him, did all that was necessary, and assures us that with care and quiet he will do well. This was one of the most glorious days I ever beheld. I walked with Lavalette, who made a great *éloge* of Rouher, the Ministre d'État; he says that from his extraordinary knowledge and power of speaking he is sure to play the first political part in France. He said that if Thiers ventured to attack him, he would be *écrasé* by Rouher in no time.

Thursday, December 31.—There is published in to-day's 'Morning Post' a letter to the Emperor Napoleon from Duke Frederick of Augustenbourg, couched in terms of the most loathsome flattery and servility, craving the support of the Emperor in his present enterprise, and the Emperor's reply is very adroit and commits him to nothing. In the meantime Austria and Prussia have summarily required of the Danish Government that the Constitution shall be suspended, and the refusal is to be a *casus belli*. Lavalette truly said that if France and England were really *d'accord* all this would never have happened.

¹ Present Marquis of Lansdowne (1905).

The refusal on our part to join in the Congress has mortally offended the Emperor and his Government, who consider 'accord' to mean submission to their views.

The murderer Townley is respited. The judge, who concurred in the propriety of the verdict, recommended that an enquiry into his state of mind should be instituted by the Commissioners of Lunacy, who, after examination, pronounced him to be insane. He has been conveyed to a lunatic asylum.

Savernake, Sunday, January 3, 1864.—I came here yesterday, leaving Bowood, where all are so kind and everything so comfortable, with regret. I found Lady Ailesbury (Maria), the Henry Byngs,¹ Admiral Gawen,² and Charles. Winter has set in somewhat suddenly and severely. The Emperor's speech to the *Corps Législatif* on New Year's Day is very pacific, and expresses the hope that notwithstanding the complications in different parts of Europe, by the conciliatory spirit of the Sovereigns, peace may be preserved. It is not impossible that the Danish affair will be submitted to a Congress or a Conference, composed of the signatories of the Treaty of 1852.

Sunday, January 10.—Yesterday, when I went to breakfast, I found that Lady Ailesbury (Maria) had received a telegram from Granville from Windsor, announcing that the Princess of Wales had been con-

¹ Col. Henry Byng, second son of George Stevens, second Earl of Strafford. Married Countess Henrietta Danneskjöld Samsoë.

² Admiral Gawen. An offshoot of the Pembroke family.

fined of a boy, and that both were doing well. Knowing what tricks are constantly being played on this good-natured credulous soul, and although such a trick might be considered (and particularly played by Granville) as rather *inconvenant*, I concluded the message was a hoax, as did everyone else of our party; however, an hour later, Ailesbury got a telegram from Colonel Maude, stating that the child was born two minutes before nine on Friday night. Ailesbury immediately telegraphed his congratulations to the Prince, who returned thanks by the same channel, adding that Princess and child were perfectly well. This morning letters came from Granville, General Knollys, and Robert Meade. Granville had arrived at Frogmore on Friday evening at seven, and found the house in great confusion. The Prince had given a skating party at Virginia Water in the morning, which the Princess had joined at luncheon, and remained till four. At half-past four she felt rather unwell, and Dr. Brown, of Windsor, was sent for, who thought it possible labour might be coming on. Telegrams were immediately sent to the Queen and to the London doctors, the nurses, and Sir George Grey. They none of them arrived until eleven o'clock, two hours after the birth of the child, which was ushered into the world by Dr. Brown and the Princess's Danish physician, assisted by Lady Macclesfield, who fortunately was in waiting, and from her large experience in such matters was invaluable. Nothing of any kind was ready; clothes for the baby had to be borrowed, and in the mean-

time the child was wrapped up in cotton-wool and in that guise was presented to Granville. The child is said to be healthy, though born two months before the expected time. The Princess, on being told (to comfort her) that John Russell was a seven months' child, went into a roar of laughter.

At one o'clock yesterday the Queen arrived at Frogmore. A telegram was sent to the King of Denmark, and his answer received in less than three hours.

It looks as if our proposition for a Conference would be agreed to by the *signataires* of the Treaty of 1852, but in the meantime the Pretender has been allowed to establish himself in Holstein, under the eyes and protection of the Federal troops, and it seems probable that unless they march into Schleswig, which would be resisted by the Danes, the affair may be compromised by the Duke of Augustenbourg assuming the government of Holstein, and his being recognised by the other Powers. I gather this merely from the tone of the press, both foreign and English.

Great dissatisfaction has been created by the respite of Townley, and the Commission which was appointed to enquire into his state of mind has been attacked by a large number of magistrates assembled at the Derby Quarter Sessions, and who have signed a remonstrance to Sir George Grey, urging him to institute an enquiry into the constitution and proceedings of the local Commission from which the certificate of insanity was received. 'A Commission,' says the remonstrance, 'was sent down to you

to enquire into the state of the prisoner's mind. Subsequently to the enquiry by these Commissioners the prisoner's professional adviser caused another enquiry to be made by two magistrates, aided by two medical men. The value of that enquiry can only be estimated by a full and open investigation into its origin and conduct. This appears to us to be called for.'

London, Thursday, January 14.—I came here on Monday for two or three days, and found London looking as dreary and foggy as usual. I passed one evening in reading Thiers' speech on the Budget, in which he reviews the whole domestic policy of France. It was very able, and was listened to with profound attention and closed in a tumult of applause, not unmixed with disapprobation, for it concluded with a suggestion to the Government to yield at once to the respectful demand for reform rather than wait until it were exacted, and this called forth loud murmurs. Rouher replied in a speech of great power. This debate seems to have occupied the Parisians much more than the conspiracy which has been discovered against the life of the Emperor—a Mazzini plot. I had an amusing account of Paris life the other day in a letter from a lady of the society, though not a Frenchwoman. She says, 'Nous avons eu bien froid ici. On patine au Bois de Boulogne. Toutes les Dames du monde, les filles et l'Impératrice sur le même petit lac, tout près de "Bagatelle,"¹ et on y voit des costumes incroyables de luxe. Jupe, velours clair, courte, Jupon, en satin rose, ou autre couleur,

¹ Bagatelle, the famous villa belonging to the Marquis of Hertford.

dessous. Paletôt velours, tout cela garni de zibeline, chinchilla, ou autre fourrure. Jugez des prix que cela doit coûter. Les femmes y vont à une heure et s'amuseut jusqu'à 5 heures, vont au bal le soir, et se portent bien. L'Impératrice fait la même chose, ainsi que l'Empereur et le petit. Vous n'avez pas d'idée ce que c'est que Paris. Aux "Italiens," les Loges sont occupés particulièrement de femmes entretenues très peu vêtues dans des toilettes tapageuses. Les femmes du monde, c'est à dire les Cocodettes comme Mesdames de Galifets, Pourtalès, Morny, Sagan, sont si décolletées, qu'elles ne laissent rien à désirer. Je trouve que tout cela prouve la décadence, et il n'y a que de grands malheurs qui pourroient remédier à ce scandale honteux. Les hommes sont enchantés, parlent filles ouvertement, et il n'y a plus pudeur ni retenu.'

Savernake, Sunday, January 17.—I returned here on Friday; found Flahaults, Lansdownes, Enfields, Blanche, Miss Vesey, Somerton, Cowper, &c. Drouin de l'Huys' despatch on the proposed Conference is published. It expresses no great desire for the measure, but does not refuse to agree to it, but desires to wait until the opinion of the several Governments is known on the subject, and at all events objects to its assembling at Paris. Flahault said he believed Austria wished the Emperor Napoleon to mediate between the conflicting parties, and he thinks that if he would consent to undertake the task in a fair and honourable spirit it would be a very good card for the Emperor to play and add much to his

prestige and character for good faith. The debate in the French Chamber is proceeding with great acrimony, and Morny finds Thiers, Berryer, and Jules Favre very tough morsels to deal with.

London, January 24.—I returned from Savernake yesterday. I was confined to my room there by lumbago and sciatica a great part of the time.

The Danish affair is looking a little better. The Danish Government has asked for time before giving a reply to the Ultimatum of Austria and Prussia, in order that they may assemble their Parliament and ask permission to agree to the proposal of the two Powers.

Monday, January 25.—By the telegrams in the 'Times,' and the leading article, I was led to suppose that the Danish affair might be peacefully settled, but to-night at the Travellers' I met Charles Wood, who was dining there by the side of the Duke of Cambridge, who told me the news was bad, and that the two Powers had declined to suspend the march of their troops on the Eider, notwithstanding the joint request of France and England that they would do so. Charles Wood considered this very serious, and our Government was evidently much surprised by this refusal. C. Wood indeed said that he and Palmerston were walking together last night in the full hope of a peaceful solution. I told C. Wood that I had received letters from Germany which stated that a strong suspicion existed there that the Emperor Napoleon is in fact, though not ostensibly, backing up the minor Powers, and thus hoping to create an

opportunity for carrying out his own objects. C. Wood thought there was probably much truth in this, and that Austria must be quite insane to act as she did, and that Germany deserved to be revolutionised. Oliphant writes to me from Berlin that he considers the pernicious influence of Bismarck will ultimately bring ruin on the Prussian Royal Family in particular, and on the country in general, and that the result of the Austro-Prussian invasion of Holstein will be the loss of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark and the Rhine provinces to Germany. He tells me he sees much of our Princess Royal, and he is greatly struck by her cleverness, good sense, and wide information.

Sunday, January 31.—A catastrophe of the most appalling description has occurred at Santiago, in which two thousand people, principally women and mostly of the upper classes, perished. The church in which the feast of the celebration of the Immaculate Conception was being carried on was burnt. The edifice is described as having been a blaze of wax candles and hung with muslin draperies. The fire is said to have begun by the ignition of the trappings which were hung round the image of the Virgin, and rapidly spread through the building. There were only two doors of egress, which immediately became blocked by the people endeavouring to rush out, and falling *pêle-mêle* over each other, whilst the wooden roof which had caught fire poured down masses of fire on the unfortunate people below. Such a scene of horror has rarely been witnessed.

London, Wednesday, February 3.—I came to town

on Monday; met Freddy Leveson, who told me the first shot had been fired on the Eider. To-day news has come of an attack by the Prussians on the position of Missunde and of their repulse by the Danes. At the Flahaults' last night there were a good many people; the general opinion prevails that our Government will not stir in the matter at present; Austria and Prussia declare they only seize upon Schleswig as a national guarantee for the fulfilment by Denmark of the conditions of the Treaty of 1852, and this being accomplished they will retire and give over the Duchies to Denmark; but it remains to be seen whether they will be strong enough (even supposing them to be sincere) *vis-à-vis* of Germany to take this course. As I presume England and France could hardly tolerate the severance of the Duchies from Denmark, the chances of war depend upon the will and the power of Austria and Prussia to keep their word. Sir George Grey, with the consent of the Chancellor, has ordered a fresh enquiry into the state of mind of the murderer Townley, and the result is he is pronounced to be sane. It has, however, been decided that, under the circumstances, it would not be proper that he should be executed, but that the sentence should be commuted to penal servitude for life.

Friday, February 5.—Parliament began yesterday. Denmark was, of course, the principal topic. Lord Derby made an onslaught on the foreign policy of John Russell, and elicited roars of laughter by styling it as a system of 'meddle and muddle.' John Russell, however, answered him skilfully, and with regard

to the Congress denied that any discourtesy had been used towards the Emperor, to whom all credit had been given for his motives, but said that England was quite justified in considering whether the Congress were likely to promote the peace of Europe or not, and had a perfect right to pursue her own policy and consult her own interests. Having minutely described the reasons for negotiating the Treaty of 1852, he characterised the anxiety of Austria and Prussia to rush into a war as inexplicable and melancholy. Forty millions of Germans wished to be a great and united people, and this they thought they could not be without attacking Denmark. Prussia and Austria had not repudiated the Treaty, and he read a despatch from Berlin containing the reply to a distinct question on the subject. Other expressions (which appear to me very hazy and ambiguous) relating to this subject he would not examine, but the Government had never advised Denmark to give up anything it was not right she should yield, nor had she expected any material aid from this country. Both England and France earnestly desired to maintain peace, and that being the case the war could not be of long duration, and the Government had not committed itself to any policy which would be likely to bring calamities on the country; that it was not their duty to seek a policy from Parliament, but seriously to consider the situation of the country; and having made up their minds as to the policy to be adopted, to lay it before Parliament, and to stand or fall by the event.

I called on Lady Palmerston in the afternoon, and

she told me the Emperor Napoleon had got into good humour again; and in a conversation with Bulwer had told him he was ready to do anything we wished in the German question. Palmerston said in his speech that our relations with France were now perfectly cordial. Mr. Goschen, M.P. for the City of London, made a speech which was very remarkable, and is considered to be full of the highest promise. The Duchess of Parma (Mademoiselle de France)¹ has lately died at Venice. I saw a good deal of her when she was in England with her worthless husband, who was afterwards assassinated. She was a round, fat little woman, with a pleasant face and sweet voice. Decidedly clever and agreeable, and in the short administration of her son's Principality showed great courage and ability. Few women have had a harder lot from her infancy to the day of her death.

Sunday, February 7.—Dined yesterday at Palmerston's. A large dinner, consisting chiefly of family. On going into the room, for a wonder, Palmerston was already there, dressed and alone. He told me the Danes had evacuated Schleswig, and he supposed the fighting was over. He seemed sanguine that the Allies would keep their word and restore to the King of Denmark his dominions, whenever he had revoked the Constitution, and in answer to my remark that they had not been strong enough in Germany to resist the cry for the invasion of Schleswig, and that it was not impossible that they might feel equally weak when it became question of their retiring from

¹ Sister of the Duc de Bordeaux (Henri Cinq).—Ed.

the Duchy, he said time might do much, and he thought they would see that it would be wiser and safer to do what was right, that their conduct was entirely without excuse, and that both Austria and Prussia had shown great cowardice, and ought to have taken the whole affair, as regarded Germany, with a much higher hand, and to have defied the popular clamour. Palmerston seems in high feather.

February 11.—Yesterday we heard that the Danes had been defeated on all points, their Commander-in-Chief, Mesa, had been recalled, and another sent in his place; that the agitation and discontent at Copenhagen were very great, and fears entertained of serious disturbances, and a suspicion prevailed that the King had some secret understanding with Prussia, which is, of course, absurd. To-day there is a report that the King of Denmark has abdicated and the King of Sweden been proclaimed; this merely shows how agitated the public mind is. Everybody here in society, almost without exception, is Danish. The Queen and her Court are German, but Her Majesty, whose family is so divided in its interests and affections on this question, is, above all, anxious for a settlement of some sort or other, and that an end may be put to the war. Lord Robert Cecil asked Palmerston if it were true that he had received information to the effect that in the opinion of the Prussian Government the Treaty of 1852 had no further validity, in consequence of war having broken out between Denmark and Germany. Palmerston replied that it would be a preposterous

doctrine if it were once established that any strong Power, having a treaty with a weak one, would have nothing to do for the purpose of freeing itself from its engagement but to make an unprovoked and unjustifiable attack, and then to say war has broken out, and war puts an end to treaties, and therefore for our own unjustifiable conduct we have freed ourselves from the engagements which we entered into. 'That is a doctrine,' said Palmerston, 'which I am sure no Power which had any respect for itself, or any regard for good faith, could seriously uphold. It would indeed be utterly disgraceful for any civilised country to stand on such a position.' This speech, delivered with much animation, was vociferously cheered.

February 12. Oliphant came to see me to-day, straight from Holstein. He seems more than ever convinced that all our policy is wrong, and has no chance of success. Prussia, he says, cares only for military glory, and hurried on the crossing of the Eider as soon as she became aware of our offer to guarantee the revocation of the Constitution by Denmark. How we could guarantee it Oliphant could not understand, as it could only be effected with the consent of the Rigsraad. He says the Prussians are hated only one degree less than the Danes in Holstein. We are abhorred equally by Danes and Germans; by the first because, after many fair words, we leave them in the lurch; by the latter because, contrary to our principles, we are forcing on the Duchy a King who is obnoxious to

them. Oliphant believes our diplomatists to be very ill informed—and gave me several instances that were striking of their being so—and are generally inclined to attach little credit to information which is not in unison with their own opinions and those of their Government, and therefore frequently, though unintentionally, mislead it.

Dined with and took leave of the Flahaults. He goes to Paris to take possession of the Chancellerie of the Légion d'Honneur.

Sunday, February 14.—Called on Oliphant, who told me that the Prussians had refused the armistice proposed by England, France, Russia, and Sweden, as he had felt sure they would do. I afterwards met Lord Russell at Lady Georgiana Bathurst's, who confirmed this news, by which his spirits did not appear to be in any way dashed. He said the Emperor Napoleon was 'going in' for extreme moderation, and was anxious to prove what a calumny it was to suppose he coveted the Rhine frontier. What I believe he does want is the old hobby of the 'old Rogue' his uncle, a Confederation, and for this object he is blowing the coals amongst the minor States of Germany. Dined with Oswald; met Granville, Bessborough, Quin, and Landseer, who was very droll in his imitation of D'Orsay and Lady Blessington; his memory is capital. He told a story of a boy of seven years old who was taken up for picking pockets, and who, upon the Judge's ejaculation of horror at one so young being so depraved, said: 'Please, your Worship, it was so very cold, I couldn't help putting my

hands into the gentleman's pocket.' After dinner I went to Lady William Russell's, where I found a Prussian gentleman who had been sent over by the Duke of Coburg to advocate the Duke of Augustenbourg's claims. The Queen consented to receive him, but on arriving at Osborne for his interview, he was told by Grey or Phipps he was on no account to allude to the subject of Holstein or the War! Palmerston and John Russell declined to receive him. The Duke of Coburg sent another Embassy to the Emperor Napoleon, who received him very civilly, and the Prince of Augustenbourg told Oliphant he was quite satisfied with Her Majesty's language.

Thursday, February 18.—It was expected that news of the attack on Düppel would have reached us to-day, but it did not. Wherever one goes, one hears only the most violent abuse of Prussia, and I believe, at this moment, nothing would give the English more pleasure than to hear that the French would soon march upon the Rhine. Dined at Lady Waldegrave's: a banquet for the Duc d'Aumale, who is certainly a most captivating and agreeable Prince; he told me that the Princess the Comte de Paris is about to marry (daughter of his uncle the Duc de Montpensier) is very pretty. I met the Lord High Chancellor there for the first time, and was astonished by his extremely 'niminy-piminy' ways, which do not often accompany a high intellect, such as he is supposed to possess.

Friday, February 19.—A grand *service funèbre* has been celebrated at the Church of the Madeleine

for the repose of the soul of the Duchess of Parma, which was attended by an enormous congregation. Application had been made to the authorities for its performance at Notre-Dame, but it was refused.

Sunday, February 21.—Dined yesterday with the Duchess of Cambridge; a pleasant party of twelve. Princess Mary told me she felt very anxious about the position of the King and Queen of Denmark, and gave an account of the scene which had taken place in front of the Palace at Copenhagen, when, in the King's absence, the mob made a demonstration. The Queen showed great courage, and instead of listening to the entreaties of her attendants that she would leave the city, declared she would have order maintained, desired one of the equerries to fetch a company of Guards, which she posted in a back court of the Palace, and then sent for the Chief of the Police and told him that if he did not immediately disperse the mob, she should order the troops to act. This officer, who is a creature of the democratic Minister Halle, pretended to obey Her Majesty's orders, but did nothing, whereupon the Queen ordered the troops to charge at once, and some few of the mob were wounded. Two days after this, the King returned, and was very well received, and the pluck shown by the Queen evidently produced a good effect. Princess Mary, however, said that the Queen had again been insulted on her return from church, and that the King had a most difficult part to play. In the meantime, 'the Allies' have entered Jutland, which Palmerston, in reply to a question

asked in the House of Commons to-night, stigmatised as 'an aggravation of that violent outrage and injustice which, in our opinion, they have committed in entering Schleswig, a measure involving great sacrifice of life and shedding of blood, for which these two Governments are deeply responsible.' This language, which is strong from a Minister (who has no intention of following it up by acts), was vociferously cheered by the Opposition. Grey, whom I met at Lady Clanricarde's, said that no one detested war more than himself, but he thought the policy of our Government was just that which was calculated to bring it on, rather than to avert it. I asked him how he would have acted so as to prevent it. 'I should have sent,' he said, 'a strong English force to help the Danes to defend their frontier, and you may depend upon it, no Austrian or Prussian would have dared to attack it, because without any *overt* threat, I would have had inserted in the "Times" an article to this effect: "We understand that on the first shot being fired on the English and Danish forces, the British Fleet will have orders to sail up the Adriatic," and we might depend upon it, the war would never have taken place.' He admitted that such a course would entail a risk, but no great policy could be followed without a risk of some sort.

Wednesday, February 24.—Called on Lady Palmerston. We spoke of the Conference, which England has proposed shall take place in London, on the Danish affair, and, it is said, with the concurrence of

France. Lady Palmerston, as is her wont, was very sanguine that it would meet and solve the difficulty, but the Allies have declined to agree to an armistice whilst it is sitting. In the meantime the internal state of Germany grows more and more confused. The minor Powers, who have met in conclave at Würzburg, openly declare their mistrust of the Allies, have voted that they are to take up 'an united attitude,' and threaten to mobilise their armies.

Friday, February 26.—Dined yesterday with Madame de Flahault. The Charles Woods were of the party. I asked him if any progress had been made towards the Conference. He said it looked rather more promising. I asked if France would join in it? He said she had first ascertained that the Allies would not agree to an armistice, and then said she would come, though without one a Conference would be useless. Charles Wood spoke much of the extraordinary sagacity with which the Emperor Napoleon had played his cards, and of how completely he was the arbiter of Europe; that he possibly might be without the genius of his uncle, but he had in reality put himself into an equally great position by better means. He thought the power of France, already enormous, would reach a proportion that would be appalling for the rest of Europe, which by its perpetual blundering had played into the Emperor's hands. Russia, he said, was resolved not to separate from Prussia on the Danish Question. The minor States were all quarrelling with the larger Powers, and would end in falling a prey to the

Emperor Napoleon, who was bent on a Confederation of the Rhine. Sweden was disposed to go with France and to enter into the Emperor's idea of a Scandinavian Empire. Austria was so weak that of herself she was powerless, and with Hungary behind her, and Venetia, had more on her hands than she could deal with. The conduct of Germany was suicidal, and left the Emperor *beau jeu* for getting the Rhine or anything else he happened to wish for. This would ultimately have to be resisted, and our *rôle*, as in the old war, would be to 'pay the piper.' Lady Holland writes to me a good story of the Emperor Napoleon. Some time ago when walking in the Tuileries, a child thrust his hoop between his legs. The Emperor took it and gave it to the child, and patting him on the head, said, 'Tu est très gentil, mon enfant. Dis à ton papa que l'Empereur t'a trouvé charmant.' 'Ah non,' said the child, 'certes je ne dirai pas cela à papa.' 'Mais pourquoi donc?' said his Majesty. 'Non, je ne dirai pas cela, car quand on nomme l'Empereur papa dit toujours que c'est un gredin.' 'Ah!' said the Emperor, 'et que fait ton papa?' 'Ce qu'il fait,' said the child, 'mais rien; papa est Sénateur.' 'Ah!' The aide-de-camp then whispered to his Majesty, 'Demandez son nom.' 'Ah, fi donc!' said the Emperor, 'il est défendu en France de rechercher la paternité.' *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

The Emperor is greatly pleased at the approaching arrival of the Archduke Maximilian and his wife at the Tuileries, and at being helped out of his

Mexican difficulty by this Prince who plays so undignified a part.

Monday, February 29.—Dined at the Apponyis'. The Saxe-Weimars, Prince Gustavus, brother to Prince Edward, and some diplomatists. Wimpffen told me he did not believe in there being any Conference. The trial of Greco and his associates for conspiring to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon concluded yesterday, and the prisoners were condemned to transportation and the *travaux forcés*. The Procureur-Général, M. Cordoin, in the course of his speech for the prosecution, made a violent attack on Mazzini, and endeavoured to prove that this plot had been hatched by him in April last; and whilst alluding to a certain letter which had been addressed to a Mr. Flower, 35 Thurloe Square, Brompton, he said that on referring to the London Commercial Directory in order to discover the person who was thus placed in correspondence with Greco, he had found the name of a Member of the British Parliament residing there, who already, in 1857, had been appointed by Mazzini treasurer to the Tibaldi Plot which had been concocted against the Emperor's life. Mazzini had written to the 'Times' to disavow all connection with these conspiracies, but M. Cordoin was not convinced by this disclaimer, and all his arguments went to prove that Mazzini was the chief promoter of these plots. I am told that at Paris no one believes that there is any sufficient evidence against Mazzini. The Member of Parliament alluded to is Mr. Stansfeld, who is now one of the Lords of

the Admiralty. We shall hear a good deal more of this business, I suspect.

Tuesday, March 1.—Last night a question was put in the House of Commons to Mr. Stansfeld on the subject of M. Cordoin's statement to the jury on the trial of Greco and his accomplices. This affair has shocked people a good deal, and it is considered an unpleasant circumstance that a member of the Government should admit that he has lived on terms of close intimacy with a man like Mazzini, who has notoriously been connected with every conspiracy that has been on foot all over Europe for the last twenty-five years. It is feared that much bad blood will be made at Paris by this incident. I went to-day to the Austrian Embassy to hear Countess Apponyi and Baron Blome sing, and there met the Cambridges. The Duchess told me the King of Denmark was the least ambitious of men, and had been forced to accept the Crown very much against his inclination. I asked Wimpffen if there was any truth in the reported insurrection in Galicia, and of martial law having been proclaimed. He said that it was true, but he thought it would easily be put down.

Wednesday, March 9.—There was a warm discussion in the House of Lords last night. Derby asked for papers on the Denmark affair, and Grey and Ellenborough made very pugnacious speeches, which were much cheered. Ellenborough hoped the Austrian Fleet, if it went to the Baltic, would be watched by ours, and Grey said he felt deep humiliation when reading the despatches. Lord Russell said the papers would be laid

before Parliament in due season, and that the English Fleet would be a match for the Austrian if it were sent, which no one disputed and which was not the question. I heard that the feeling of the House was warlike.

The Archduke Maximilian and his wife are now staying at the Tuileries, and much made of by the Emperor. It is said that one of the reasons for the Archduke being so anxious to go to Mexico is the enormous amount of his private debts, which are said to amount to four or five millions, a great part of which has been spent on his Château of Miramar and in entertaining the Milanese during his Viceroyalty there.

Thursday, March 10.—To-day the infant Prince Albert Victor was christened at Buckingham Palace, it being the anniversary of the Prince of Wales's marriage day. I had taken Stephens' waiting for this month, and was therefore present at the ceremony. It was conducted in the same form as the christening of the Queen's children. A procession was formed in the round room on the ground floor, consisting of the Royal Family, the Royal guests, and the Household. The sponsors were previously conducted to the chapel, and just before the ceremony began, the Queen, accompanied by King Leopold, was conducted to the chapel, where the Cabinet Ministers and the *Ministres de famille* (the only people invited) were already assembled. The Queen was dressed in black, and wore a sort of Mary Stuart cap decorated with diamonds. She seemed rather nervous on entering the chapel, but soon

regained her usual composure and laughed when the Royal baby began howling, which it did lustily throughout the service ; so loudly indeed did it shriek as completely to drown the voice of the Archbishop. I am told this is considered to be a lucky omen ; if so, this Prince should be the most fortunate of men. At the conclusion of the service the Queen and King retired as they came, and the rest of the company proceeded—the Royal Family to one of the drawing-rooms, and we to the gallery, to wait until the collation was ready, and which was served in the supper-room. There was a horse-shoe table, at the middle of which sat all the Royal people. It was handsome enough, but the room itself is decorated in the worst taste and looks horribly bad by daylight.

St. Germans gave the toasts, with which the function concluded. The sponsors were the Queen, the Queen of Denmark represented by the Princess Helena, the Duchess of Glucksburg by the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the King of the Belgians, the King of Denmark, who was represented by his brother, Prince John, a good-looking young fellow, and the Landgrave of Hesse by the Duke of Cambridge. The child was baptized with water from the river Jordan. Just before the procession moved to the chapel a telegram brought the news of the death of the King of Bavaria. Vitzhulm told me he had fallen a victim to the Schleswig-Holstein affair, for he had been ordered to Rome for his health, and when the business became complicated his Ministers

insisted on his return to Munich. He at once obeyed their summons, but with the conviction that the climate would be fatal to him. He was seized with erysipelas shortly after his return, and died last night. I never enter Buckingham Palace without wonder at the execrable taste which has prevailed throughout the whole decoration, which is exactly such as is or was to be seen in the second-rate cafés or 'kursaals' of France and Germany. It is to be regretted, as the rooms are well proportioned and spacious, and if they had been hung with silk of a single colour and decorated with white and gold would be handsome and befitting the residence of the Sovereign. They are full of the most magnificent *meubles* and Sèvres china, the effect of which is lost by their being framed in such a confusion of incongruous colours and surrounded by such heavy and hideous *ornaments* (?).

Saturday, March 12.—To-day at the Levee held by the Prince of Wales the Madagascar Envoys were presented. They were escorted by an interpreter, who looked like a missionary. They are two flat-nosed men, who were dressed in modern blue-and-gold uniform, and had a very civilised appearance.

Sunday, March 13.—An incident which occurred, or was supposed to have occurred, at the Royal collation for the christening has made a great noise. On the health of the King of Denmark being proposed it was remarked that Bernstorff, the Prussian Ambassador, did not drink to the toast. This circumstance (with some additions) was immediately

spread all over the town, and everyone was ready, if not eager, to believe in the story. I was seated too far off from Bernstorff to see what he did or did not, but I never for a moment believed that, whatever might be his sentiments, he would allow them to get the better of his interests, for if he had so insulted the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Queen's table he could not have remained here as Ambassador. It turns out that the whole thing is an invention. The Prince spoke to Sydney about it, and the matter reached the ears of the Queen. This being the case, the Saxon Minister, Vitzhulm, took upon himself to tell Bernstorff the impression that had got abroad. Bernstorff at once indignantly denied the imputation, and wrote to the Prince declaring that the story had arisen from an entire misapprehension; that it happened that he had been unwell and obliged to take opium to enable him to attend the christening, and that he really did not recollect what he had done with his glass when the toast was given, but that nothing was further from his intention than to be wanting in respect on the occasion. This disclaimer, of course, satisfied the Prince and the Queen, who was much annoyed, and said that the relations with Prussia were quite uneasy enough without any additional matter to embitter them more, and desired that the story might be contradicted.

Henry Cowper has been beaten for Hertfordshire by a Mr. Surtees, who was put up by the farmers on a cry for the repeal of the Malt Tax. Henry Cowper was injudicious in going 'the whole hog'

against Church Rates, which, of course, lost him the vote of every clergyman in the county.

Tuesday, March 15.—Last night there was some further conversation on the Stansfeld and Mazzini affair in the House of Commons. Sir Laurence Palk inquired if any further correspondence had passed between Her Majesty's Government and that of the Emperor of the French with reference to the statement made on the occasion of the late State trials by the Procureur-Général, and, if there were, whether it might be laid on the table. Layard replied that it was quite unworthy of Her Majesty's Government to take notice of such a charge. Mr. Hennessy then took the opportunity of proving by Mazzini's own writings that he was an 'advocate of the dagger,' and Disraeli called attention to the real point for their consideration, and contended that it was a very grave matter that a member of the Government should boast of his intimacy with a man like Mazzini, who professes an organised system of assassination, and that Sir Laurence Palk was entirely justified in making the inquiry he had done, and that Layard's answer was very unsatisfactory. This affair has made a very bad impression, and damaged this already weak Government. There is a very good article in to-day's 'Times' on this case. I have heard, but know not if it is true, that Mr. Stansfeld married Mazzini's niece.

Thursday, March 17.—Dined at Charles Wood's. Amongst others I met Lord Stanley, who speaks English with a strong Lancashire dialect or accent.

Everyone was full of an awful catastrophe at Sheffield, of which I subjoin the details from the 'Times.'

[I do not, as a rule, publish in this book the extracts from newspapers, but in elucidation of the last paragraph I quote the opening sentences from the 'Sunday Times' of March 20, 1864: 'In our latest edition last week we gave a brief account of a dreadful catastrophe which had occurred at midnight on the preceding Friday at Sheffield, where a reservoir, situated among the hills west of the town, nearly a hundred acres in extent, a mile in length, and calculated to hold 114,000,000 cubic feet of water, suddenly burst its embankments, and the water, rushing down the narrow gorge of the neighbouring hills, overwhelmed the valleys beneath, and, pouring into Sheffield itself, destroyed in its way 250 lives and property valued at more than half a million.'—Ed.]

All the members of the National Party in Denmark and those who are favourable to the continuance of the war have been re-elected, which leaves little hope of a Conference, though Ben Stanley¹ said last night the prospect of it was rather more favourable.

Friday, March 18.—The Government had a bad night in the House of Commons. First of all, Gladstone gave some explanations on the British Provident Society, with reference to certain statements he had made in the debate on Monday, the correctness of which had been disputed by Mr. H. B. Sheridan, who made out a very good case and showed much ability in making his counter statement, which was loudly cheered by the House. I am informed that *au fond* Gladstone was in the right, but that he showed great indiscretion in his manner of dealing with the case before the House, where his unpopularity was made manifest. The next disagreeable

¹ Lord Stanley of Alderley.

affair was Sir Henry Stracey's motion 'that the statement of the Procureur-Général on the trial of Greco, which implicated a Member of Parliament and of the Government in a plot against the life of the Emperor Napoleon, deserved the serious consideration of the House.' Stansfeld's defence was not happy, and Palmerston made one of his swaggering speeches, which displeased the House and gave Disraeli the opportunity of making one of his cutting, sarcastic speeches,¹ and finally, the House in a great state of excitement divided, and Government only won by ten, the numbers being 161 to 171. Several of the people who go with Government abstained from voting. Palmerston on this occasion showed *le défaut de ses qualités*, the admirable one of standing boldly by his friends, but in this case he overshot the mark. It is said Stansfeld tendered his resignation before the debate, but that Palmerston would not accept it. This was not stated to the House. Altogether it was a very damaging night, and the House has not often been more excited.

Saturday, March 19.—There was more talk on the Stansfeld and Mazzini affair last night in the House of Commons. Palmerston, in reply to a question of Elcho's, said that Mr. Stansfeld had through a friend offered to resign his office, but that he (Palmerston) had refused to accept it. Bernal Osborne made a good speech in defence of Stansfeld, and it

¹ It must have been in this speech that Disraeli startled the House by his question, 'Who, Sir, are the right honourable gentleman's chosen associates? Why, Sir, *the assassins of Europe*.'—Ed.

was evident the House had had enough of it. Many people are of opinion that Palmerston had better have accepted Stansfeld's resignation.

The other day I heard a very fine trait of the Duc de Luynes.¹ It appears that the Duchesse de Berri, either by her own extravagance or by that of her husband, has become so *criblée de dettes* and is in such distress, that everything she possesses has been on the point of being sold. The amount of what she owed was said to be five millions of francs. She applied to her son, who had not the means of assisting her. A subscription was set on foot, and the Duc de Luynes has given 500,000 francs, saying that he and his family owed to the Bourbons everything they possessed, and he considered it his duty to show them that he was grateful. Such traits are indeed refreshing after the meanness one sees in these days.

Monday, March 21.—I met Robert Meade at dinner yesterday. He was just returned from Sheffield, and gave me an awful account of the effects of the inundation. He saw several dead bodies taken up. Money is pouring in in large sums for the relief of the sufferers.

Thursday, March 24.—Garibaldi is on his way to England and will probably be lodged at Stafford House. When Stafford² saw him in Italy, he invited him to come to England that he might consult

¹ Grandfather, I presume, of Honoré, the present Duc de Luynes (1905).

² The third Duke of Sutherland.

English surgeons for his wounds, and proposed to him to come and live at Stafford House. A great ovation is preparing for his arrival, trades processions, &c., all very absurd. Ashburton died yesterday. He had long been in a precarious state of health.

Paris: Hôtel de Paris, Place de la Ville Evêque, Friday, April 1.—Crossed over with Sydney from Dover to Calais last Friday night (March 25). I slept at the Hôtel du Buffet and came on here next day. Dined on Sunday with Cowley, who is all kindness; met Layard, who left Paris after dinner in consequence of Hammond's illness and the approaching Conference, now fixed to open on the 12th. People here are much occupied with the Stansfeld affair, which has had the worst effect.

Went to the Vaudeville, where I saw a disgusting piece capitally acted, called 'Les Lionnes Pauvres.'

On *Tuesday, March 29*, Morny having sent me his box at the Opéra Comique, I and Sydney went to hear 'La Fiancée du Roi de Garbes,' composed by Auber in his eighty-first year, inferior perhaps to his earlier works, but sparkling and melodious.

There is a hitch in the Mexican affair. Maximilian is alarmed at the financial difficulties, and there is a suspicion that the Emperor of Austria insists on the Archduke renouncing his right of succession to the Austrian throne, in order to give him a loophole to escape from the dilemma in which he finds himself; be this as it may, the Emperor has despatched General Foissard to demand from the

Archduke a prompt decision. This matter excites great curiosity.

Went on Wednesday evening to the 'Bouffes Parisiennes' to see 'Les Georgiennes'—capital fun, with clever light music by Offenbach.

Yesterday (*Thursday, March 31*) assisted at the christening of the Royston baby. Service done by the Bishop of Oxford. In the evening to the Théâtre Français to see 'Il ne faut jurer de rien,' charmingly acted by Madame Lafontaine, Gôt, and Delaunay.

Dined at the Embassy to-night; twenty-eight people, all English, several members of Parliament, Seymour Fitzgerald, Hennessy, &c., and Bishop of Oxford. Before dinner I heard that in consequence of what has passed here on the trial of Mazzini (*par contumace*) Stansfeld had again tendered his resignation, and that it had been accepted. A relief to the Government, which would not easily have resisted the attack about to be made upon it on this subject.

Wednesday, April 6.—Passed the last day or two in calling on old friends. Dined one day with young Mouchy; the last time I was in his house, was dining with his grandmother, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, twenty years ago, since which the whole family has been swept away, excepting Sabine Standish. I heard that Clarendon joins the Ministry, succeeding Cardwell at the Duchy; he taking the Colonies, vacated by the Duke of Newcastle. The Opposition is much disappointed by Stansfeld's resignation. The Government is considered safe for the present.

Thursday, April 7.—Dined with Morny in his

private apartment, which is *au premier*, very luxurious and full of fine things, particularly of *Chinoiserie*, which I don't care for. It was a family party, four Lavalettes and the Flahaults. Madame de Morny (*née* Troubetskoy) is *très bizarre*, not very gracious in her manner, nor as refined as she looks. Immediately after dinner she lighted her cigarette and puffed away all the evening. After dinner I went to Madame de la Ferronnays', where Braga played, and Madame de Brézé sang to perfection.

Friday, April 8. — I dined with the Duchesse d'Istrie, a *maigre dinner*, quite excellent. The party consisted chiefly of her own family, and the Curé. Afterwards to Morny, where there was a *Proverbe* written by him, and acted by the *premiers sujets* of the Théâtre Français. I came late, had a bad place, and heard nothing. I knew next to nobody in the room, which was full of women extremely un- and over-dressed, and nearly all with their hair dyed bright red, which is now the fashion. The apartment is gorgeous, and was a blaze of light. Morny's collection of pictures is charmingly arranged in a gallery adjoining the apartment.

The English papers and private letters are full of accounts of Garibaldi's arrival in London, and of the absurdities people (who ought to know better) are committing, partly to do him honour, but still more for their own glorification. Garibaldi had an interview with Mazzini on his arrival. He has accepted Stafford's invitation to stay at Stafford House.

People here, who know more about Garibaldi's

antecedents than the English, and who, *au fond*, have little sympathy with the Italian cause, and who look upon Garibaldi as simply an adventurer, and as by no means entitled to the ovation he is now receiving in London, are infinitely disgusted, and attribute to our love of revolution abroad and to our hatred of Catholicism in general, and the Pope in particular, all this enthusiasm ; whereas, if they understood us better, they would know that it is founded chiefly on the conviction that Garibaldi is a true-hearted patriot, and one of the chief instruments in bringing about the unity and independence of Italy, and is partly owing to their intense love of anybody in the shape of a ' lion.' They probably forget that in the affair of Aspromonte he acted the part of a rebel to his Sovereign. However, the whole thing smacks of the ridiculous, and has a very bad effect here.

Sunday, April 10.—Called on the Duchesse de Galliera, where I found Thiers, General Changarnier, and M. Viennet. They immediately attacked me on the reception of Garibaldi. Thiers said he admired England so much that he was pained to see her receive a ' fellow ' like Garibaldi with such honours as were only due to a real hero, and which he could not but think discreditable to the country. I admitted that it was overdone and ridiculous, but that the English people connected the name of Garibaldi with the unity and independence of Italy, which was one of their favourite hobbies, and they were ignorant of the antecedents of the man's life, and considered him, moreover, as a military hero. ' Héros,'

said Thiers, 'c'est un chenapan,' and then, turning to Général Changarnier, said, to earn the title of hero, 'il était nécessaire d'avoir combattu et vaincu dans de vraies batailles, et non seulement d'avoir tué quelques misérables dans les Pampas, et d'être entré à Naples dans un fiacre.' I said (what I then believed to be the case) that this ovation had been got up by the lower classes, and such people as the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, for their own self-glorification, and that as for Stafford, he held no official position, and no one attached any importance to anything he did. However, he went away reiterating his expressions of disgust, and he will be in some degree justified, when he learns, as I did to-day, that the whole town of London is gone mad after this man, and that all the Ministers, and even Lord Derby, are to meet him at a great dinner at Stafford House, and to give him banquets, and that he is to visit the Opera House in a sort of semi-state; this is really too absurd.

[On the subject of Garibaldi I add here an amusing extract from a letter written by my late brother, Admiral Hon. Francis Egerton, when he was Flag Lieutenant to the Commodore Sir Thomas Herbert on board H.M. frigate 'Raleigh,' on the River Plate Station. It is dated from Monte Video, November 10, 1847:—'Since writing the above, I have been in the most horrible fright. Last night I was ordered to embark in a steamer which was to go immediately and ferret out a gentleman named Garibaldi, who in a brigantine, which properly belongs to us, but is lent to the Monte Videan Government, had been committing some acts of mild piracy, and in case he refused to come back, I was to bring him, which, considering the brigantine had five guns, and sixty or seventy men, and the steamer one gun and forty men, would have been rather fishy. I was debating whether I could get up a case of severe illness or any other excuse, when Mr. G. saved me the trouble, and restored my wandering intellects by coming quietly in of his own accord. Garibaldi is a queer fellow, and has done some dashing things. He was outlawed from Sardinia

(in the navy of which country he was a boatswain, or something of the kind) for a murder, or something equally genteel, and is, they say, the only foreigner who has not tried to enrich himself at the expense of his allies, the Montevidean Government. He commands the Italian legion here, about six hundred strong, which contains in its ranks about one Italian to ten ragamuffins of all other nations under the sun, and has a delightful band.'—Ed.]

General Changarnier, whom I never met before, is a courteous old gentleman, and, some say, old woman. He thinks the Prussians will delay coming to any agreement on the Danish Question in conference, until Düppel is taken, and that then they will be very accommodating, and that Austria will be too happy to make peace as soon as possible. Viennet is eighty-six, a wonderful man for his age. In the evening with Frank to the 'Variétés' to see 'L'Homme n'est pas parfait.' Capital fun. The Emperor and Empress were present; he looks more bloated than, and as *sinistre* as, ever. To-night to the 'Italians' to hear Fraschini, in the 'Ballo in Maschera'; he has a fine hard voice, sings well, but without charm. I dropped into the Club of the Union afterwards, and there met Kisseleff, who amused me with his account of Rome and the Papal Government. He is persuaded that whenever the French army leaves Rome the whole fabric of the Papal Government will *écrouler* at once, and on that account he has little doubt but that they will remain there. He said when he was minister there Antonelli had boasted to him, 'Qu'on avait beau dire que notre Gouvernement est vermoulu, pourri, tout ce que vous voudrez, mais tandis que tous les autres changent perpétuellement, celui du

Pape reste intact depuis 18 siècles.' Kisseleff said this was no doubt true, and that notwithstanding all the entreaties and menaces that had been resorted to to induce the Pope to make reforms, the only ones which had been conceded were two edicts, one respecting 'Les Fiacres,' and another concerning 'Les Mendiants,' both of which had already fallen into disuse. He said the organisation of the 'Sociétés Secrètes' was marvellous, and that, in fact, there was no secrecy about it. They gave their orders and they were executed. The only thing that was not known and which baffled enquiry was, who the people were who directed this extraordinary Government, which in fact ruled Italy. The Archduke Maximilian received the Mexican deputation to-day, and is to start forthwith. It is said he reserves his Austrian rights for five years, at the end of which time he is to renounce them formally.

Monday, April 11.—Our English letters and newspapers are filled with accounts of the ovations offered to Garibaldi, and of the prodigious enthusiasm he excites, particularly amongst some of our foolish ladies of fashion, all which excites the greatest ridicule here.

Wednesday, April 13.—Having heard that the Nuncio, whom I knew years ago and lived a great deal with in Italy, had called on me, I went to the Hôtel Soult, where he is living, and he received me *à bras ouverts*. I had not seen him since he took orders. He spoke very kindly and unaffectedly of old times, alluded to his former life, on which he seemed to look

back with pleasure, but without regret. He is very popular here. He was horrified at the way in which Garibaldi has been received in England, but said 'Però, amo meglio, che tutto questo sia per Garibaldi che per Vittorio Emanuele,' of whom he spoke with horror.

Thursday, April 14.—I was asked to dine at the Embassy to meet Clarendon, who arrived last night on a mission to the Emperor, and to try to come to some understanding as to the preliminaries of the Conference. I was, however, engaged to the Flahaults. Lady Abercorn arrived from Cannes.

Friday, April 15.—The first fine day since I have been here; drove about the town and Bois de Boulogne with Lady Abercorn. There were crowds of equipages, for the most part tawdry and in bad taste. Lunched with the Cowleys, where I found Clarendon. I was rather surprised to hear him rather defend the Garibaldi nonsense. He told me he was satisfied with the Emperor's reception.

London, Monday, April 18.—I left Paris in company with Lady Abercorn on Saturday. At Creil the engine broke down, and after creeping to St. Just we had to wait two hours for another machine, reaching Boulogne at half-past six instead of four, and crossed on a swelling sea and on a boat full of ill-mannered Americans and low English people, and got to London at twelve.

Dined with Sydney. The few people I have seen talk only of Garibaldi, who dined with Palmerston on Saturday, when the Cabinet, Lady Palmerston's

family, and the two Duchesses of Sutherland and the Duchess of Argyll met him. Their three Graces, as I am told, made themselves very ridiculous by their worship. I met Charles Wood, and told him the bad effect produced at Paris by all this nonsense, and that they were especially shocked at our Ministers treating such a man with so much respect who declines going to the house of the Minister of his own country. He admitted the impropriety of it all. I saw Mario last night, who told me that even Mazzini had advised Garibaldi to call on Azeglio, as Palmerston also had done, but Garibaldi answered that he could pay no visits to the Minister of a despotic Government such as that of Italy now was. The fact is, the man is a goose. The Queen is considerably disgusted at all this business.

Friday, April 22.—The Garibaldi fever has gone on increasing during the week. Breakfasts, luncheons, dinners are given him, freedom of the City, and the most fulsome addresses are presented to him. All the fine ladies run after him, and the whole town seems bent upon making itself ridiculous. The Corps Diplomatique is filled with disgust at this demonstration, and it was reported that the Emperor Napoleon had declined sending anyone to the Conference as long as Garibaldi remained here, and in some quarters it was believed that the latter had suddenly given up his provincial tour, not on account of his bad health and the advice of his doctors, which had been given as the reason, but in consequence of some pressure put upon him by our Government at the desire of the

French Government. Palmerston and Clarendon made a formal denial of this rumour in the two Houses, and said that if such a suggestion had been made, they would have met it with a firm but civil refusal ; but so far from it, the Emperor had expressed to Clarendon his admiration at the manner in which Garibaldi had been received in this country, and that Garibaldi had withdrawn from his provincial engagements solely because he could only have fulfilled them with great risk to his health.

Clarendon, at his first interview with the Emperor, at once broached the subject of Garibaldi by saying that just before leaving London he had assisted at a very imposing spectacle. The Emperor asked to what he alluded. Clarendon replied, to the reception by half a million of people of a man who had risen from the lower orders, and had become celebrated, and that notwithstanding their prodigious enthusiasm, they had preserved the most perfect order. The Emperor said this was very creditable to the masses, and that such a spectacle could only be witnessed in England. I don't imagine His Majesty felt or expressed any admiration for all the extravagancies committed by the Cabinet Ministers and great people of the London society. It is settled that Garibaldi is to depart on Saturday, and Stafford is to convey him in his yacht to Caprera.

Düppel fell on Monday last, and the Danes sustained a heavy loss ; that of the Prussians was considerable, at which most people rejoice. The meeting of the Conference has been postponed from

the 12th to the 25th, in consequence of Beust not arriving, the representatives of Austria and Prussia having been forbidden to attend without him. In the meantime the Prussians are not satisfied with the fall of Düppel, but are renewing their attack on Fredericia, and are preparing to take possession of the whole northern part of the peninsula, and hope that before the Conference has time to deliberate upon an armistice, it will have been obtained by the total subjection of all the districts which the Allies desire to control.

Wednesday, April 27.—Garibaldi is at last gone. The crowds and excitement at Plymouth, and wherever he passed, were quite as great as in London . . . The Queen is very bitter on this subject, and says she will now know how to appreciate at their *juste valeur* enthusiastic demonstrations, and exclaims, ‘Oh, these women! these women!’ I think she has a good right to be displeased with her Ministers. Last night I met Houghton at Lady William Russell’s; he is just returned from Turin, where he describes the indignation of the King and of his Government to be very great. They complain that it makes their task as a Constitutional Government to be doubly difficult, when such a lift is given to the Revolutionary Party by such ovations to the man who may be considered as its very life and soul. The King will not allow Prince Humbert to come here now, as he had intended. Houghton thinks that Cavour, had he been alive, would have affected to consider the ovation to Garibaldi as a compliment to Italy, in-

stead of grumbling at it. This would certainly have corresponded with the rest of Cavour's policy.

Hatchford, Wednesday, May 11.—I came here yesterday with the hope of finding a better climate than in London. The weather has been diabolical for the last fortnight. There has been nothing to record. On Monday news came of a Danish victory at sea over an Austrian¹ squadron off Heligoland, and on its being narrated to the House of Commons, it was received with loud cheering from all parts of the House. The Conference had again met that morning, and an armistice was agreed upon, each party retaining the ground it now holds, and the blockade to be suspended. The Danes preferred this arrangement to the evacuation of Jutland by the Allies, or to their own surrender of Alsen. This will be a disappointment to the Opposition, which had rather founded its hopes on the probability of the Conference breaking up, and the consequent discomfiture of the Government.

On Monday I met Lady Clanricarde at dinner at F. Leveson's, who told me they had sent above 9,000*l.* to the Danes. The Garibaldi subscription has ended in smoke, as he declines accepting it.

Friday, May 13.—Gladstone has been annoying his colleagues by a democratic speech on the lowering of the Franchise, with a view, it is supposed, of ultimately becoming the leader of the ultra-Liberal Party. Palmerston, who is just now laid up with the

¹ Query Prussian.

gout, is extremely annoyed by this oration, on which he will probably be questioned in Parliament, as to whether he endorses the opinions broached by Gladstone.

Meyerbeer died lately at Paris. His remains, by his own direction, were conveyed to Berlin, but a magnificent ceremony was got up for their removal to the station at Paris, at the expense of the French Government, which was attended by the most distinguished persons of all classes. He is said to have left one finished opera, 'L'Africaine,' and several uncompleted.

Saturday, June 4.—I was at Hatchford from Monday till Wednesday. The cold which has prevailed during these last days has been almost unexampled. At Birmingham and in other places the thermometer has marked nine degrees of frost. During the last week we have had news of tremendous battles in America, in which the Federals have sustained great losses and made no real progress. The Conference drags its slow length along, and the probable result will be the dismemberment of Denmark, and our complete failure to obtain anything in her favour. Oliphant always told me this would be so, and he was prevented from telling the Queen when he saw her.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been at Cambridge, and were of course received with enthusiasm, and the usual marks of favour and disapprobation were shown by the undergraduates towards the different persons of note who were present, as their names were called out. Palmerston was hailed with

enthusiastic cheering, whilst John Russell was saluted with deep groans.

Monday, June 6.—Immense excitement has been caused in the sporting world of France by the defeat of the Derby horse, 'Blair Athol,' by a French horse called 'Vermuth,' in 'Le grand Prix,' run at Paris. This victory was received with transports by the assembled crowd, who (including the Emperor) uncovered as the horse passed by the tribunes on his way to the stable.

Hatchford, Wednesday, June 8.—There was an angry debate on Monday in the House of Commons on the Denmark affair. Bernal Osborne asked Palmerston whether the Conference had arrived at any decision respecting the maintenance of the Treaty of London, and whether he would communicate such decision to the House, and also whether the armistice had been prolonged; to the part of the question referring to the London Treaty, Palmerston declined to reply. With regard to the armistice, he said there was reason to hope that at the next sitting of the Conference, some arrangement for that purpose might be made. This answer by no means satisfied Disraeli and others, who alleged that the proceedings of the Conference found their way to all the papers, whilst the House of Commons was kept in the dark, and after recapitulating the principal incidents and the conduct of the Government throughout this business, he asked if it were true that the policy of the Government was changed, and they themselves were participating in the partition of Denmark, which only five

months ago they were stirring up an European war to prevent, and if this were so, it was a mockery of the House of Commons, under such circumstances, that the Government should be silent. Palmerston angrily declined giving any further explanation or information. The House was a good deal excited and displeased, and as later in the evening the Government project for removing the National Gallery from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House was lost by a majority of fifty-two, they may be considered as having had a bad night.

London, June 15.—On Saturday I dined at Lady Marion Alford's to meet the Cambridges. The Duchess told me the Apponyis had offered to give her a ball, but that she had declined, as she really 'could not go to their house whilst they were killing my poor Danes.' The Queen came up from Windsor on Monday to see the Duke of Newcastle. He had forty-two fits in forty-eight hours, and his recovery is hopeless.

Monday, June 20.—There was an interesting discussion in the House of Lords on Friday, brought on by Lord Ellenborough in a beautiful speech, on the Danish question. He was answered by Lord Russell, who said that in a few days matters in the Conference would be brought to such an issue of one sort or another as would enable their being brought before Parliament. On Saturday the Conference sat for an unusually long time, and on that evening it was reported that it had collapsed; but subsequently it became known that definite propositions had been introduced and discussed, a distinct refusal to some

of them and an acceptance of others, *ad referendum*, had been given. The Conference is to meet again on Wednesday, when it must be determined whether hostilities are to be resumed on Sunday, on which day the armistice expires. In the House of Lords Lord Russell said that whilst he disclaimed all threatening language he might declare the Fleet to be ready for any service which might be required of it.

Tuesday, June 21.—The Confederate ship the ‘Alabama’ was sunk by the Federal ship ‘Kearsage’ on Sunday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are being entertained by all the great people. The Queen held a ‘Reception’ on Tuesday, after which for the first time she drove in an open carriage through the Park to the station. There was an immense crowd of carriages and people collected along her route, to whom she bowed very graciously.

Saturday, June 25.—On Thursday Palmerston announced to the House that the Conference had come to an end, but would meet once more, *pro forma*, and that he would lay the proceedings before the House on Monday and make a statement. Everyone is asking ‘What next?’ The general impression seems to be that we shall confine our hostile proceedings to giving notice that if any attack is made on Copenhagen we shall defend it with our Fleet. From the language now held by the Opposition it is probable that they will defer any serious attempt to turn out the Government until after the next General Election, which cannot be long deferred.

Monday, June 27.—The Conference sat for the last time on Saturday. All yesterday rumours were flying about the town: that the Emperor Napoleon had at the last minute proposed a solution, that the Danes had agreed to the renewal of the armistice, that our Fleet was under orders to sail immediately. All these reports of course turned out to be false. In the afternoon I met Van der Weyer, who told me he was persuaded the Government would have so good a case to-night that the Opposition would be baffled in their attempt to upset them. It is certain that the tone of the House of Commons is generally pacific. The Tories have of late abated the violence of their language and are less eager to turn out the Government.

The King of Wurtemberg, *le Doyen des Souverains*, died on Saturday. He was a very clever man.

Tuesday, June 28.—Last night Russell and Palmerston made their statement in their respective Houses. On the whole they both did it well, though it would have been better if Palmerston had omitted a menace that in the event of an attack on Copenhagen, or of the King running any danger of being taken prisoner, England might see fit to change her policy. This was ill received by the Houses. Derby and Disraeli announced they should give notice of a resolution when they had read the papers, and to-day the Conservative Party is to meet at Lord Salisbury's. The weather is deplorable; we have not had one really summer day during the whole of this month.

Tuesday, July 5.—The debate on the vote of

censure began last night. Disraeli spoke for three hours—his friends say very well; his opponents, very tediously. He was answered by Gladstone very eloquently, and the latter dealt some heavy blows on Dizzy, though he rather blinked the question. The best speech of the night was Lord Stanley's. The House was crammed and much excited. A majority for Government is expected, and a dissolution threatened and believed in. Oliphant told me to-day that there is bad news from Copenhagen. The people are in despair and the army much demoralised. The debate is expected to go on until Friday, on which day Malmesbury, in consequence of Derby's illness, is to move a resolution identical with that of Disraeli.

Saturday, July 9.—The debate on the vote of censure, which began last Tuesday in the Commons, ended last night in a majority for Government of 18, the numbers being 313 to 295. That in the Lords, which began on Friday evening (the resolution being moved by Malmesbury instead of Derby, owing to his severe attack of gout), ended in the defeat of Government by a majority of 9. The divisions in both Houses took place nearly at the same hour in the midst of immense excitement. I met Malmesbury to-night at Lady Jersey's, and he described the scene as most curious. The crowd was immense both inside and outside, and in Westminster Hall there had been going on a regular debate on the same question by the people who were waiting for the decision, simultaneously with those of the two Houses. Malmesbury said the speaking had not been remarkable, and the same

accusations and retorts had been bandied backwards and forwards *usque ad nauseam*.

This affair, unsatisfactory as it is from every point of view, has ended probably in the best manner it could, under the circumstances, and I suspect no man is better pleased with the result than Lord Derby himself.

An atrocious murder has been committed on the person of a Mr. Briggs in one of the carriages of the North London Railway, which I think must lead to some legislation on the question of establishing means of communication between passengers and guards, for which the public has long been calling in vain.

Thursday, July 14.—I called to-day on Lady Palmerston, who seemed to think peace was probable, but from what she said, I suspect the Government is under some doubt, and uneasy as to what the Emperor Napoleon is about just now.

Thursday, July 21.—We have had a great heat during the last few days, with east wind. There is *said*¹ to be a comet about to appear.

Dined yesterday with Granville, Argylls, Manchesters, Gladstones, and a very handsome Mrs. Maxse, who was once a German actress, very pleasing and said to be very clever; singularly like Lady Conyngham² when young, and was once taken for Lady Churchill, who also dined there. After dinner there

¹ My uncle was *not* an astronomer. When discussing the assertions or predictions of the great astronomers, he used to say, 'Well, we have only their word for it.'—Ed.

² Jane, Marchioness of Conyngham, daughter of the first Lord Anglesey.

was a discussion between Gladstone and William Harcourt on Lord Eldon. Both admitted him to be the first lawyer of our time, but Gladstone denied his claim to the reputation of being a great statesman, and said he was the great champion of all that was 'most stupid' in politics, and had always opposed the progress which Lord Liverpool, he believed, sincerely but feebly advocated. An armistice has been signed between Denmark and Germany. It is believed that the murderer of Mr. Briggs has been discovered in the person of one Müller, a German tailor, who has escaped to America. It is expected, however, that he will be caught by our detectives, who have been despatched after him, on his landing at New York.

Wrest, Monday, July 25.—I came here on Saturday. Found Clanwilliam, Mr. H. Wyndham, Lord Leconfield's son, and Richard Doyle.¹ The latter has much dry fun, which is exhibited in his drawings. He showed me a very droll one he had just finished for the frontispiece of the 'Owl' newspaper.

Warneford, August 9.—I returned to London on 28th. The heat for the last three weeks has been intense, and the drought so great that in many places the wells have been dried up, and people have been obliged to sell their cattle or to transport them to other places. I scarcely remember so long a continuance of hot weather, without east wind; truly enjoyable.

¹ Better known as 'Dickie Doyle.' He was the son of the famous political caricaturist, 'H. B.'

Since I last wrote, Parliament has been prorogued, and peace signed between Denmark and Germany, on conditions disastrous to the former.

Hatchford, August 15.—Carlisle has left Ireland, owing to his health. The Government can find no successor. They have tried Lansdowne and Bessborough in vain, and Wodehouse is talked of. They had better seize the opportunity of abolishing the Viceroyalty.

Saturday, August 20.—There have been serious riots in Belfast, arising out of the late inauguration at Dublin of a statue of O'Connell, which seems to have exasperated the Protestants. The mobs of the two creeds assailed each other with stones and bludgeons, and at last with musketry, and many lives have been lost, as well as property destroyed, recalling the worst times of the old Roman Catholic and Protestant animosities. The military were at last called in, and obliged to fire on the mob. The riot still continued when the post last left Belfast. Neither the Viceroy nor the Irish Secretary are at their posts.

Admiral Farragut has gained a great naval victory over the Confederates after a desperate engagement with the Forts Morgan and Gaines, and, with his fleet, has passed on to the city of Mobile with fourteen ships and three monitors. Mobile is said to be well prepared for defence.

Raby Castle, August 27.—I came here yesterday, and am greatly struck by the grandeur of this place. Its size is prodigious, and the interior a

perfect labyrinth. Its late owner did his best, with the assistance of Burns, the architect, to spoil the exterior, and its present occupants seem bent on changing all that has been done, and restoring it as much as possible to its original state. Were it placed on an eminence, instead of in a valley, not to say a hole, the effect the castle now makes would be tenfold. I walked all over the place with William Rose; the day was lovely. The extent is considerable, but there are no very striking features in the park. I found here Lady Powlett, Mrs. Locke, Miss Sylvia Doyle, Canterbury, &c. I found the Duke unwell when I came here, and he kept his room all the time I stayed. It turned out that Fort Gaines was delivered up by treachery. The whole Confederate Fleet is said to be destroyed after a most gallant fight; above all, the 'Tennessee' distinguished herself, and is said to have engaged the whole Federal Fleet for an hour and a half.

Chillingham, Wednesday, August 31.—I left Raby on Monday. The Duke was still very ill when I left.

Tulliallan, September 3.—I came here yesterday, and found no one but young Courval. At Edinburgh I met Lady de Grey and Robert Meade on their way to join the Prince and Princess of Wales at Dundee, where they were to embark for Copenhagen. It is settled that Princess Dagmar¹ of Denmark is to

¹ This Princess was first betrothed to Nicholas, the eldest son of the Czar Alexander II., and after his death from consumption at Nice, was transferred to his brother, the late Alexander III.—Ed.

marry the Cesarewitz. . . . I heard to-day from Lady Bessborough that B. had been urgently pressed to take the Viceroyalty, but after much consideration had declined it. I think he did wisely for many reasons.

Some slight symptoms of a desire for peace are beginning to show themselves in America. There have been some 'Peace Conventions,' and as every day seems to show that neither party is strong enough to conquer the other, it may be hoped some good result may arise from these manifestations.

Monday, September 5.—A bad account of the Duke of Cleveland. I have a presentiment he will not recover. The Emperor Napoleon's health is said to be in an unsatisfactory state. He was unable to ride when at the camp at Chalons, and it is believed he has some affection of the spine.

Wednesday, September 7.—Miss Doyle writes to me from Raby that the Duke was sinking. Müller, the supposed assassin of Mr. Briggs, was arrested at New York last week. The watch and hat were found in his possession. He denied his guilt, and said he could prove an *alibi*. Proceedings for his delivery under the Extradition Treaty were going on, but had not been brought to a close, when the steamer left New York on the 27th.

Thursday, September 8.—The Duke of Cleveland died on Tuesday afternoon. Lady Abercromby and her son came yesterday and went away to-day, as did Colonel and Mrs. Erskine. The Colonel has been thirty-three years in India, with the interval of one

year. He is the cousin of Lord Mar, who in consequence of a quarrel he had with his sister on account of a marriage he disapproved, and whose son nevertheless must succeed to the title of Mar, sent for Colonel Erskine and announced to him that he had appointed him heir to his estates, and in the meantime presented him with a draft for 70,000*l.*, to enable him to relinquish his appointment in India, and to take up his abode in Scotland. Colonel Erskine told me he had obeyed the summons not without regret, and that though he was now beginning to be reconciled to his change of life, he should certainly not have abandoned India had it not been out of consideration for his children. He told me that in all these thirty-three years he had never had a day's illness, and at fifty-five he has not a grey hair. He saw a great deal of the Cannings, and spoke of them in the warmest terms of praise, saying that no one had ever been more admired and respected than Lady Canning had been.

Tuesday, September 13.—I was rather alarmed on Saturday at hearing from Lady Cawdor that Charles was very unwell, and that Meryon, who was away on his holiday, had returned to town in consequence, and had not considered him well enough to leave him. I therefore telegraphed to Meryon to ask how he was, and late at night received for answer that 'he was better, but very weak.' This did not remove my uneasiness, so I wrote on Sunday to beg Meryon to telegraph again on Monday, and to write details by post. The answer was, 'Better and

stronger.' To-day I heard from Meryon that he had found poor Charles in a deplorable state last Tuesday, and for three days he had been very uneasy about him in consequence of his great prostration. He fed him with egg and brandy, which he thinks saved his life, and he is sanguine that now he will soon be up again and about.

Meryon should have telegraphed to me at once. I have been struck of late by poor Charles's increased feebleness, and consequently the first telegram I got filled me with apprehension. I have postponed my journey to Gordon Castle, where I was due to-day, until to-morrow.

MacClellan has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention on a peace cry and restoration of the Union by compromise and conciliation. In the meantime both sides are fighting bloody battles, with immense loss and small results. The capture of Atlanta, however, is a serious blow to the Confederates.

Gordon Castle, Monday, September 19.—Having had reassuring news of Charles, I settled to come here. I slept at Perth on Wednesday night, and came on by the new line, by Dunkeld, Blair, Killiecrankie, &c. The day was perfect for seeing the scenery, with which I was in no way disappointed. A sad tragedy has happened in the death of Lady Hardinge,¹ née Bingham, one of the most beautiful

¹ Lady Hardinge died in her confinement a fortnight after the birth of her eighth child, now Lieut. Hon. George Arthur Hardinge, R.N.

women I ever saw. She leaves eight children, the eldest of whom is seven years old. It is curious that she was supposed to be dead some hours before she expired. The intelligence of her death was sent to her brother, (Lord) Bingham, who went off to South Park, and on arriving found that she had just awakened from a trance and still breathed. Bingham at once sent for his sister,¹ stating what had occurred. She set off immediately, but on arriving at the station was met by a note telling her that all was over about half an hour before she reached it.

Balbirnie, Tuesday, September 27.—I came here with George Fox on Saturday; no one here, and John Balfour away. A treaty has been concluded by the Emperor of the French and the King of Italy, by which it is agreed that the French troops shall be withdrawn from Rome within two years, or sooner if the Emperor considers it desirable. The Pope's dominions, as at present constituted, are to be defended from all attack by the King of Italy, and the Pope is to be allowed to raise an army composed of any Catholic troops he may think fit to enrol sufficient for his own protection, provided always that such army should not be allowed to become a menace to Italy. The capital of the Italian Kingdom henceforth to be Florence.

I suspect this treaty will be extremely difficult to carry out, and it is very doubtful whether the Pope

¹ Lady Augusta Bingham, married in 1853 to Gerard Sturt, afterwards created Lord Alington.—Ed.

will be induced to acquiesce in any arrangement by which he would have to admit the loss of his dominions as *un fait accompli*, and I shall not be surprised to hear that he will prefer to leave Rome. Two years in these times is a long period, and many things now unforeseen may convert this treaty into waste paper. In the meantime the determination to change the capital, which was arrived at by the Minghetti Ministry, for 'strategical reasons,' and which, though not actually forming part of the Convention, was probably the consequence of it, has given rise to serious riots at Turin, in which many lives have been lost. The Minghetti Ministry resigned, and La Marmora has been commissioned to form a new Government, and the Chambers are to be convoked that the terms of the Convention, the change of capital, and the reasons for making it, may be submitted to them. By some (sanguine) people the change of capital is considered as a step towards the acquisition of Rome, by others to be an attempt to accustom the country to the hopelessness of ever obtaining it. I am inclined to the latter belief. In the meantime Naples is indignant at the preference being given (most wisely) to Florence.

Tulliallan, Thursday, September 29.—I returned here yesterday; found the Lansdownes, Belhaves, Lady Georgiana Grey, and Mrs. Villiers. Flahault thinks the Convention will be unpopular in France, and I have no doubt he is right. Matters are looking badly for the Confederates. Early has sustained a signal defeat in the Shenandoah Valley, and such

dissension has broken out in the camp of the Democrats, that it is thought Lincoln's re-election is certain.

Saturday, October 1.—I read to-day a curious letter written to Lady Holland from Turin, which gives the following account of the fall of the Minghetti Ministry. ‘Ce pauvre Ministre a montré de l’énergie. Il a agi comme il lui a été intimé de Paris, et par le Roi Victor Emanuel. On l’a sacrifié pour sauver la popularité du Roi et la Convention. Le Roi ne s’est résigné à l’abandon de Turin qu’après une longue hésitation. “C’est le dernier sacrifice que je fais à l’Unité Italienne,” a-t-il dit, “mais j’ai fait serment de faire l’Italie, et je le tiendrai. Seulement, lorsque je conduirai les Italiens à Rome, j’abdiquerai, et je viendrai me faire bourgeois de Turin.” Cependant la translation de la Capitale ne résout aucune difficulté. C’est un changement de position. Une fois à Florence, on pourra dire au Roi d’Italie, Organisez-vous et restez tranquille. Les uns prétendent que la France et l’Italie réclameront la Vénétie à l’Autriche. J’en doute. Car l’opinion en France ne serait pas disposée à faire la guerre pour donner la Vénétie à l’Italie, et sans la guerre, l’Autriche ne cédera pas un pouce de terrain en Italie. On fait espérer aux Libéraux, que Florence sera une Étape pour Rome, mais si les Puissances Catholiques garantissoient au Pape ses possessions actuelles, l’Italie pourroit être forcée de les respecter. C’est toujours un grand évènement et qui donnera à la Diplomatie un vaste champ de manœuvres.

Les Chambres ratifieront la Convention, car le Gouvernement promettra aux Chambres de n'opérer le changement que successivement, et en laissant à Turin des grands Etablissements et les Corps Constituants, comme la Cour des Comptes et même le Conseil d'Etat.'

Flahault told me he had said to the Emperor that he never would have sent French troops to Rome, but once there, neither would he remove them. He had suggested to Thouvenel that the best plan would have been to invite all the Catholic Powers to furnish a certain number of troops for the defence of the Pope, and that France should take her share. This course would, at all events, have done away with the jealousy excited by the sole French occupation.

London, October 21.—On leaving Tulliallan I went to Drumlanrig, where I passed a week pleasantly. The Duchess was unfortunately absent in London, but the Dalkeiths, Walter Scotts, others of the family, and Mr. Richmond, the painter, made a good-sized party. The weather was beautiful the whole time, and the place looked glorious. The ever-changing lights as seen from the croquet ground (the old bowling green) were a never-ending source of enjoyment to me. On Saturday the 15th I came to town. On Friday last the Duke of Newcastle died at Clumber. Few men have had a more unlucky life. An extraordinary drought prevails throughout the country; nothing like it has been known since the year 1826.

Saturday, October 29.—Interesting letters from

Turin from Lady Holland and Oliphant. The discussion on the opening of the Italian Parliament had passed off satisfactorily. The Convention of September and the change of capital will be voted by large majorities. Oliphant does not consider the Convention so much in the interest of Italy as the British public seems to imagine it to be, but all must depend on the good faith of the Emperor. He will not leave Rome without insisting upon the change of capital, and this can only be important to him for some ulterior purpose. People at Turin suspect this to be a further annexation of some part of the Riviera.

Tuesday, November 1. — Müller's trial for the murder of Mr. Briggs terminated on Saturday, and he was condemned to death. I happened to see one of the jury (the landlord of the house where Mademoiselle Binda¹ is residing), who told me they were perfectly unanimous, and did not take five minutes to decide on the verdict. The Chief Baron Pollock summed up with great ability, and decidedly against Müller, and Baron Martin, who passed sentence, told Enfield the chain of evidence was complete, and he did not think anyone had ever been more justly sentenced. Müller displayed great courage throughout the trial, but at the end burst into a flood of tears. He is a small fair man, and it is difficult to understand how he could have managed to commit the

¹ Mademoiselle Binda (known on the stage as 'Mademoiselle Beatrice'). My uncle knew her father, and befriended his daughter, who had been left destitute, at his death.—Ed.

crime in so short a space of time, single-handed, and yet no one believes he had any accomplice.¹

I met Robert Meade, just returned from his expedition to Denmark and Sweden (with the Prince and Princess of Wales). He said he was glad to have done it, but, as was usual in such cases, *bore* predominated. He describes the King of Sweden to be a rough, but jolly, fellow, and he lives with great magnificence.

Beaunesart, Wednesday, November 9.—I came here on Monday; found the Richmonds, Bagots, Wharncliffes, and Probys. Lady Wharncliffe told me that the Mrs. Greenhow I met at her house, and who was an active agent of the Confederate Party, was drowned when running the blockade. The boat she was landing in was swamped, and as she had a large sum of money round her neck she sank at once.

London, Saturday, November 12.—Travelled to town with the Richmonds. A dinner was given the other day by the English Bar to Berryer, the famous French advocate, who is here on a visit to Lord Brougham. On the following day he dined with the Lord Mayor, when he made a speech in very good taste.

Tuesday, November 15.—Yesterday Müller was hung at Newgate. He deferred making his confession until the drop was about to fall, when in answer to the adjuration of his priest, Dr. Capellan, that he would speak the truth, he said, ‘I did it.’ There is a detailed account of this hideous spectacle

¹ Müller no doubt struck the blow with his ‘tailor’s’ shears.—Ed.

in the 'Times,' and it makes one feel that if we were to fall upon revolutionary times, there are the elements in that mob for producing the same horrors as were enacted in France. I met Mary Ponsonby, who had lately dined *en trio* with the Queen (Mrs. Bruce being the other person present), and she told me Her Majesty was greatly disconcerted by the petitions which had been presented to her to spare Müller's life, and above all by telegrams which the King of Prussia and the Duke of Coburg had thought fit to send her to the same effect. An enormous impertinence, as it appears to me, and betraying gross ignorance of the Queen's constitutional position.

Sunday, November 20.—Called on Oliphant, who is just returned from Turin, and who read me an interesting article he is about to send to Blackwood on Foreign Politics. He thinks, and I agree with him, that the Convention of September may ultimately prove a benefit to Italy, and that experience *may* reconcile them to Florence as the capital. The treaty, however, is in fact a mystification, which the Italians are not slow to discover, and a majority of the Chambers have voted for it, not because they do not see through it, but because, at the present time, it is the only thing they have to do.

The Grove, Wednesday, December 7.—On taking up the newspaper this morning I read the death of poor Carlisle. Another link with the past broken. My memory reverts to the happy days we passed together in my early youth at Oxford, and subsequently at various times, when he always appeared

to me to be one of the happiest as well as the best people I ever knew, and I have even thought he was the only man with whom I would have changed existences. His life for the last three months had become a burthen to himself and to those who surrounded him, for he had lost all power of motion and of speech, and all means of giving expression to his wishes.

I find here Lady Cowley, Lady Caledon, the Skelmersdales, and Charles. Clarendon is in his usual delightful spirits. We walked together to Cassiobury. Speaking of Bismarck, he said there could be no doubt but that he was a bold, ambitious, and unscrupulous man, whose whole soul was set on the aggrandisement of Prussia, and he had no doubt but that all through the Schleswig-Holstein affair Bismarck had had a sort of understanding with France, and that whenever the time and opportunity were favourable she should be allowed, as far as Prussia was concerned, to take the Rhenish Provinces, *moyennant* acquisitions in some other quarter. Clarendon does not think that the Emperor Napoleon exactly lent himself to this proposal, but that it had just weight enough with him to make him lukewarm in the Danish quarrel. Talking of the Prince Consort, and *à propos* of my saying that he had no desire to live, Clarendon said that the Queen, whom he had seen shortly after the Prince's death, had constantly repeated to him that he did not regret life, but that it never seemed to occur to her that this might possibly have been because he was not

happy. He said he had been much and painfully struck by the Prince's consciousness of how little he had been understood by the country in a conversation he had held with him one day at Osborne. It occurred at the time when the panic of invasion was rife. The Prince took him into his room and showed him a map, pointing out the places which he thought ought to be fortified, and spoke at great length and very wisely on the whole subject. Clarendon, who did not then belong to the Government, and was ignorant on strategical matters, said, 'Surely, Sir, your Royal Highness should discuss these matters with those who are more competent to judge of them than I am'; to which the Prince replied, 'I was anxious to talk them over with you, in the hope that you might adopt my views, and with the conviction that you would not quote me as the author of them, as I am well aware that if it were known that they were advocated by me it would be fatal to their being properly considered; every day I am more and more aware how necessary it is that I should keep myself in the background.' I think it was his conviction how entirely he was misunderstood and little appreciated, notwithstanding his earnest endeavour to do what was right by the Queen and country, which gave him that sensation of weariness of his life, which he undoubtedly felt and betrayed during his last illness.

Longleat, Tuesday, December 13.—I came here yesterday, having travelled in company with Richelieu, and found a large party—Abercorns, Ailesburys,

Enfields, Percy Feildings, Lord Annesley, Clanwilliam, Streletsky, &c. I have not been in this dear old place, where I passed so much of my childhood and youth, for forty years. Two generations have passed away, and yet there is so little change in the aspect of the place it all seems as familiar to me as if I had only left it a week ago. Streletsky made me laugh by a story Palmerston had told him *à propos* of Prince Napoleon and the Pope. The former was very angry with the Archbishop of Paris for declining to christen his son on the plea that his intended godfather, King Victor Emmanuel, had been excommunicated. On the Prince remonstrating with the Archbishop, His Eminence declared that if the Pope's permission could be obtained he would perform the ceremony, whereupon application was made to His Holiness, who replied that if the King would restore to the See the provinces His Majesty had robbed it of, the Archbishop might at once christen the infant. This, Palmerston said, reminded him of what had occurred to one of his servants in Ireland, who took his livery to the village tailor to be mended, who said he would make the necessary repairs on condition that his master would give him a plot of land. 'I need not tell you,' said Palmerston, 'that the coat was not mended.' Streletsky thinks the Emperor Napoleon will recall his troops from Italy at the appointed time, and he founds his belief on the certain fact that the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope has been the constant *idée fixe* of the Emperor from the time he was a boy. When

he was living at Rome, quite young, he had the audacity to address a letter to the Pope, in which he set forth that it would be for the glory and advantage of the Church to rule here on earth by spiritual arms alone. The reply to this epistle was a visit on the following morning of a Commissary of Police, who ordered him to *faire ses paquets* and leave Rome instanter. Louis Napoleon accordingly betook himself to Florence, from whence he immediately fired off another epistle to His Holiness to exactly the same effect as the preceding one, whereupon His Holiness directed his Minister at Florence to inform the Grand Duke that he was harbouring in his dominions a young conspirator, and the Grand Duke at once ordered him to leave the country. He then took refuge in Switzerland, from whence he fired off a third missive to the Pope. Streletsky said the only man in this country who had appreciated Louis Napoleon at his *juste valeur* was Van der Weyer, who from his very first acquaintance with him formed a high estimate of his ability. One day, at the time Louis Philippe was visiting our Queen at Windsor, and at the time when everyone was talking of the admirable way in which the sage monarch was governing France, Louis Napoleon said to Van der Weyer, 'You may talk as much as you please of the wisdom of Louis Philippe, but I tell you that before four years have passed over our heads he and all his family will have *écroulé*, and by his own faults and mistakes, the greatest of which is the having brought back to France the body of my uncle, which

he thought such a *coup*, and by which no one was taken in. I tell you now that in four years' time I shall have returned to France and be on the throne, and shall have restored my family to their rank and position in the country.' Van der Weyer was rather startled by this *franchise*, and said, 'Mais, mon Prince, rappelez-vous que c'est au Ministre du Roi des Belges que vous tenez ces propos?' 'Oui,' said Napoleon, 'cela m'est égal. Écrivez, si vous voulez, tout cela au Roi.' And, in fact, Van der Weyer did write a despatch on that very day, detailing the conversation, and which is now in the Belgian archives.

London, December 17.—Yesterday afternoon, just before post-time, I was sitting in the library at Longleat with Alice Enfield, Lady Ailesbury, and Lady Louisa Feilding, when a telegram was brought to me containing the following message: 'From Arthur Greville.—Our poor father died last night after three or four hours' illness.' Having heard that Charles had been again seized with gout whilst staying with the Sturts, and had gone to London, I thought, before I opened it, that it was probably a summons from him, and never was more shocked when I read the contents. I had not only heard nothing of his being ill, but had met Talbot the day before I went to Longleat, who told me he had just left him remarkably well. This morning I received two letters from Georgy,¹ one giving the account of his seizure when riding near Harefield and of his being suddenly

¹ The unmarried daughter of Algernon Greville.¹

paralysed up to the waist, and brought home; that Dr. Burrows had been sent for from London, who considered the case serious, but did not apprehend any immediate danger. The second letter stated that ten minutes after the doctor had left the house, poor Algy was seized with sickness, and died in their arms whilst they were endeavouring to lift him up. The doctor thinks the paralysis must have reached the heart. Poor Georgy says that, great as the blank is to her, she cannot but be most thankful that he was spared a life of helplessness which must probably have been his lot.¹

[I omit the succeeding passages in my uncle's diary, and the record of his grief at the loss of the brother to whom he was so much attached, as being too private for publication. I only mention the facts because of the strange likeness in this attack to the new epidemic of spinal meningitis which is now occupying the medical profession. Many of the symptoms seem to have been almost identical.—Ed.]

Hatchford, December 24.—I came here on Wednesday, having attended the funeral early in the morning at Hillingdon.

When at Longleat I received a letter from Charles Howard, informing me that his brother Carlisle had desired him to select from his library certain books to be given to the friends he makes mention of, and that I being of the number, he had chosen 'Duke

¹ My uncle was the well-known private secretary to the Duke of Wellington, and after the death of the Duke devoted himself to country pursuits and to a life of usefulness in Uxbridge and its neighbourhood.—Ed.

Cosmo's Travels ' to be sent to me. It is, he says, a curious volume, much referred to by Macaulay in his history, and in good condition. 'I know, however,' he adds, 'that the value of the book will be that it was a mark of Morpeth's regard for you.'

Poor Carlisle has made a very amiable will, remembering all his old friends, and leaving annuities to his nephews, nieces, and aides-de-camp.

Thursday, December 29.—The Pope has just issued an Encyclical Letter, which at this time of day is a real curiosity and a document more fitting the Dark Ages than the nineteenth century. It was referred to the 'Conseil d'État,' and after that body had reported upon it to the Emperor, His Majesty deemed it advisable to allow its publication in France. The whole French Press, with very trifling exceptions, are loud in their disapproval. One paper, the 'Roman Journal,' says: 'On perusal of what here emanates from the Roman Court, we know not whether to be most bewildered by the barbaric style or the mental blindness that dictates such pages. Is it seriously maintained that folks are still found bent on resuscitating the Santa Hermandad and the holy league of Santo Barthélemy? Are we come to such a pitch, that a wink from Rome can annihilate all the conquests of mankind's intelligence, put out the lights of science, and fling back society into the gloom of bygone centuries?'

Disastrous news for the Confederates reached London yesterday. Sherman had succeeded in getting to the sea, after a battle in which Hood's army

was routed, and Savannah was about to fall into Sherman's hands.

A correspondence between Seward and Adams has been published, wherein the former, in a very violent despatch, refuses indignantly to permit any Federal agent to distribute to the Confederate prisoners the money which was gained at the Liverpool Bazaar, and declares the whole affair to be an insult to America. Wharncliffe has written a letter to the 'Times,' enclosing his correspondence with Adams (who is more courteous than Seward), and disclaiming any political object or animus in this act of charity.

The affair has, I think, been conducted without tact, and it was idle to suppose that the Federal Government would have any hand in the matter, for obvious reasons.

Warneford, Saturday, January 7, 1865.—I came here on Friday. . . . The Pope's Encyclical has made a great sensation in France, and is almost universally condemned. The appointment of Prince Napoleon to the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council is supposed to be a sign of the Emperor's displeasure with the Pope. His Majesty is greatly afflicted by the death of his old friend and private secretary, Mocquard, and at the dangerous state of Bacciocchi. It is thought probable that Walewski will be put at the head of the Imperial Household.

London, Friday, January 13.—I returned here on Monday, and found Charles unwell and looking unusually ill. He told me he had some fluid formed

near the heart, which affected his breathing, and which he believes to have been the consequence of a bad cold he caught at the inn at Marlborough.

To-day I had a long talk with Meryon about him, when he told me that on his arrival in town he found he had so much fluid at the pericardium as to endanger his life, but that this was now nearly absorbed. He would not, however, conceal from me that he could not but consider his state as very precarious, and that any exposure to cold might at any time reproduce this fluid, which, as we must all know, would be very dangerous.

I saw Charles after this conversation, and it was evident to me that he is fully aware of his state. Indeed, of his own accord, and *à propos* of poor Algy's death, he said he did not think he should live long; indeed, he felt he might die any day; and then he proceeded to point out to me the cabinet in which his testamentary papers were deposited, and he told me he had made up his mind to consign his Diary to Henry Reeve, together with his correspondence, that he would examine it and see what part of it might ever be published. He showed me the place where it was kept, said there were ninety books of it, that it was almost entirely political, and the greater part of it he believed to be worthless, but that it contained some things which hereafter would be curious and entertaining. He spoke of all this without emotion, but evidently with a strong impression (which, alas! I cannot but share) that he is in a critical state. He cannot, however, contemplate any immediate danger,

for he is intending to visit the Fulke Grevilles¹ at Mimms to-morrow, which is extremely imprudent.

Savernake, Sunday, January 15.—I came here yesterday; found no one here but the family, Pahlen and Granville. The latter is just returned from Paris, where he describes society to be more than ever broken up, and each party more bitter than ever against the other. The Pope's Encyclical Letter has been generally condemned. The appointment of Prince Napoleon, however, to the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council, was not intended as a demonstration against the Pope, and had been for some time in contemplation. The Prince had complained to the Emperor of being put *hors des affaires* when His Majesty proposed to him to accept this office, which at first the Prince declined on the plea that he wanted to go abroad. On his return the Emperor (on the ground that if anything happened to him Prince Napoleon would be of the Council of Regency) thought it best to renew the offer, which 'Plon Plon' condescended to accept.

Auber, the composer, who is eighty years old, said a droll thing the other day. A friend of his was lamenting, 'Quelle triste chose c'était de vieillir.' 'Oui, mon ami,' said Auber, 'mais jusqu'à présent c'est la seule manière reconnue pour vivre longtemps.'

Hatchford, Friday, February 3 (early in the day). On Wednesday, the 18th January, I was sitting

¹ Fulke Greville married Lady Rosa Nugent, daughter of Lord Westmeath. He was subsequently raised to the peerage as Lord Greville.—Ed.

reading in the library at Savernake, when I was roused by the sudden return of Ailesbury and Granville from shooting, when the latter took me aside, and with much emotion, put a telegram into my hands announcing the death of my poor Charles—that he had been found dead in his bed that morning. Although I might have been in some degree prepared to lose him at no very distant period, the shock was awful. Every kind of sympathy was shown to me by the Ailesburys, who were deeply affected, and felt they had sustained a severe personal loss.

Granville and I went up to town by the evening train, where I found my sister had arrived at Lady Cawdor's, and I learnt from various sources that poor Charles had gone to bed at half-past ten on the previous evening, neither better nor worse than he had been during the last two days, and having received his friends up to seven o'clock. Reeve was the last person who saw him, with whom he had had a long conversation respecting his Journal. In the morning, when his servant went to him at the usual hour, he found him lying in his accustomed posture, his eyes closed, and evidently having passed away in his sleep. On the following day I took my last look at his dear face, lying shrouded in his coffin, the picture of peace.

He is an immense loss to me, for ever since I was a boy he has been more like a father than brother—my counsellor, friend and mainstay in any difficulty or doubt, always ready with his aid and advice. And now, to whom can I turn? Thus within five weeks

has the grave closed suddenly over two brothers; one snatched from a happy and useful life, the other (and this is my consolation) removed from a world which, owing to his physical infirmities, had long ceased to have any attraction for him. I believe he contemplated his end as not far distant, and with a mind undisturbed. I passed all my days at Bruton Street in the melancholy occupation of looking over letters and papers (of which there is an enormous mass, in inextricable confusion), until last Monday week, when I came here. On Tuesday we consigned him to the earth, already hallowed by the remains of my blessed mother, by whose side he sleeps. From all quarters and all classes (the Queen at the head—she has sent a very kind message of condolence on our double bereavement, and speaking with peculiar kindness of Charles) letters of condolence pour in, all teeming with expressions of regret and respect for his character, and nearly all speaking of kindnesses received at his hands. The Press has contributed gratifying articles. In the ‘Times’ there is an admirably written notice by Reeve, which appeared on the day after his death. Other papers, including the French ‘Moniteur,’ have contributed articles, paying a just tribute to his character.

Everything, barring some legacies, is left to me. I have been much occupied with the affairs, which are complicated by the racing concerns, but thanks to Harvie Farquhar, who is my co-executor, and to poor Charles’s confederates Ailesbury and George Payne, all will be satisfactorily settled. The two last

feel deeply the loss of so old and valued a friend, in Payne's case of forty years' standing.

Saturday, February 11.—I have been engaged daily in reading and sorting poor Charles's correspondence. It is enormous, and left in the greatest disorder and confusion. The great bulk of it consists of letters from the Duke of Bedford (of which there must be many hundreds) and from Clarendon. I am about to propose to Clarendon to give up to his charge this correspondence, which will be better in his hands than in mine, and which I do not destroy, because Charles said to me that he thought hereafter, if his Journal or parts of it were ever published, many of these letters would be elucidatory of it, and that they had better be preserved.

I have destroyed all the private correspondence of people no longer living (amongst whom were masses of letters from De Ros), and have restored the letters to the writers who survive. On Thursday I called on Reeve, and had a conversation with him respecting the Journal, and nothing could be more fair and gentlemanlike than all he said and seemed to feel on the subject. He considers that Charles intended him to have the Diary, absolutely, and to deal with it as he should think fit. I have my doubts on that subject. He is of opinion that a very long time must elapse before it can see daylight, probably not in my lifetime,¹ and we agreed that as considerable anxiety is felt in several quarters as to the

¹ This prediction was verified. My uncle, Henry Greville, died in 1872. The first volumes of the Journals were published in 1874.—Ed.

chance of its being published, we should lose no opportunity of setting people's minds at rest on the subject.

Wednesday, February 22.—The Duke of Northumberland died yesterday morning. He will be a very great loss in his county, where he spent enormous sums in improving the condition of the labouring classes, in building churches and cottages, and in various useful charities. For some years he has been employed in restoring and adorning Alnwick Castle, under Salvin, the architect, and every one agrees that it is admirably done. I knew the Duke formerly, when Lord Prudhoe,¹ and at one time saw a good deal of him ; but for a certain resemblance to his brother, who was, without exception, the greatest bore I ever came across, he would have been agreeable. Of late years I had entirely lost sight of him.

Hatchford, Saturday, February 25.—The Duke of Northumberland is to be buried to-day in Westminster Abbey with great pomp. A great funeral ceremony was got up the other day for the interment of Cardinal Wiseman, who died last week after a long illness. There was an immense gathering of Roman Catholic bishops and clergy, foreign diplomatists, and the English Roman Catholics. After the celebration of High Mass an immense procession passed through the streets—a regular demonstration. Some doubts were entertained by the authorities how this would be taken by the populace, and a body of three thousand

¹ Lord Prudhoe married my cousin, Lady Eleanor Grosvenor, who still survives.—Ed.

police was appointed to keep order. There was, however, no sort of disturbance. It is supposed that Manning, who preached the funeral sermon, which lasted an hour and a half, will be the new English Cardinal.

Foreign Tour : Marseilles, Friday, March 10.—On Sunday night George Fox and I slept at the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover, and crossed to Calais on the following morning in a French boat called ‘La France,’ one of the best and swiftest I ever was in. I had a private cabin on deck for the first time, which deprives the passage of much of its annoyance. We stayed at the Hôtel Bristol, which is comfortable but enormously dear. I went to the Flahaults’ in the evening, and found them in much anxiety about Morny’s health. He has been for some time ailing, and is now very seriously ill. I dined with them on Tuesday, and on Wednesday with Cowley, who told me that if Morny dies, he will be an immense loss to the Emperor and the Empire. He had, he said, great firmness and courage, which would be quite invaluable in an emergency, and he is the only man who can manage the *Corps Législatif*, with which, by his tact and temper, he has made himself very popular; and he was perhaps the only man in France who was at his ease with the Emperor, and who told him the truth. The Emperor, though by no means blind to his faults, is very much attached to him.

On Thursday we left Paris at 11 and got to Lyons at 10 at night, a desperately cold journey; slept at a large gloomy hotel (de l’Europe) a long

way from the station, and left it this morning at 7, and reached this place (Marseilles) at 3.40. The hills near Dijon were covered with snow, and also the vicinity of Avignon. Here we have a broiling sun and a cutting north-east wind. I am struck by the grandeur and opulent aspect of the town, which I never saw before. We had a *coupé* to ourselves, and by dint of hot water contrived (not without difficulty) to keep ourselves warm.

Cannes, Tuesday, March 14.—Left Marseilles at 12.40 on Saturday. A desperately cold day. Snow, sleet, rain, and wind until within twenty miles of this place, when it suddenly became milder. A tedious, slow, stopping train brought us here at 6 o'clock. In our carriage we had a Roman Catholic Bishop lately returned from Cochin China, on his way to Rome to get the Pope's blessing before he returns there. Also a Frenchman who never ceased talking one moment, and who asked me if it were true that 'La Reine Victoria était mariée de la main gauche,' which he said had been told him as a fact by 'une Personne très haut placée.' Opposite to him sat a lady who informed us she had had the misfortune to lose her husband six months ago, 'un homme d'une grande intelligence, qu'il avait conservée jusqu'au bout.' The gentleman, on the other hand, told us that his wife was at Cannes, ill of a mortal disease which obliged him to send her every year to some better climate, 'loin de ses terres,' with various other details on his most private affairs. On getting into the train I read of the death of Morny, which took place the

day before. The Emperor and Empress had been with him up to a very few hours before his death. All the Imperial and official parties had been put off, and all the newspapers are filled with eulogies and biographies. This event seems to have produced a considerable effect in France. This is a very pretty place, with charming views. We are lodged in a new inn called the Grand Hotel, close to the sea, and almost unbearable from the bad smells which pervade it. We have dined and spent most of our time with the Mount Edgcumbes and Abercorns, who are living in a charming villa high up on the hill, above Lord Brougham, and commanding views of the Esterel on the right, and Sainte Marguerite on the left, where the *Masque de Fer* was confined. The inns are all extremely dear, and barring the beds, which are excellent, very uncomfortable. Gorgeously gilt and furnished, but with none of the things one wants.

[I pass over the description in the Journal of the journey to Rome, as it is hardly more than an itinerary. The Corniche Railway was in process of construction. After describing his journey through Italy in the most wintry weather, and his arrival at Rome, the narrative proceeds.—Ed.]

Naples, March 31.— . . . George and I drove off in the snow to St. Peter's and the Coliseum, and took a walk on the Pincio, which, since I was here, has been much embellished. In other respects Rome appeared to me totally unchanged. In St. Peter's people of all sorts and ages were constantly flocking to the statue of Jupiter to kiss and rub their heads against St. Peter's toe, and carpenters

were hammering away at tribunes in preparation for the ceremonies of the Holy Week, whilst here and there squalid-looking people were kneeling on the pavement by the side of well-dressed persons, seemingly absorbed in their devotions. I met a priest and asked him a question, in Italian, as to where the Pope sat during the ceremonies, which he could not answer. 'Inglese?' he asked. 'Si, Signore,' said I. 'Cattolico?' asked he. 'Eretico,' I replied. 'Ah,' he rejoined, 'Speriamo,' and went on his way.

I called on Grey, who is living in the house on the Piazza di Spagna, which poor Francis,¹ my sister, and I occupied in the year 1823. The next morning we came on here by rail in eight hours, a wretched day, as every day has been. We found a most affectionate reception from Lady Holland, and I am lodged *en Prince* in this most delightful apartment, which consists of seven magnificent rooms *en suite* luxuriously furnished, overlooking a great terrace, due south, with a boudoir at the end opening into a charming garden full of orange and lemon trees and flowers of all sorts. I arrived very tired and unwell. To-day it has been so bitterly cold I could only go as far as the Palazzo San Teodoro to see the Sant' Arpinos.

Tuesday, April 4.—Yesterday was the first tolerably warm day we have had since leaving London. We spent it on Capo di Monte, and anything more beautiful than the views from the grounds of the palace it is difficult to imagine. It is a pity that the park, which is shady and extensive, should not be

¹ My father and mother—Ed.

open to the public, and all the more, that the King never lives in the palace. On Sunday I dined with the Sant' Arpinos, and made acquaintance with the young Duchesse di Rignano, *née* Doria; she is very pretty and captivating. I have also become acquainted with Princesse Giracci, *née* Forli, called La Tittina, a handsome, jolly woman with a hoarse voice. In the evening there come a lot of people who are generally called by their *abbreviati*,¹ Filipetto Gabrielli, an old fellow of sixty, Bacciucco Giracci, Peppino Colonna, and so on. Last night Mario Mattino, whom I knew thirty years ago, came. A pleasant fellow and a Liberal. This house being *terrein neutre* both parties meet and scream violently at each other, but apparently without losing their tempers. Various embellishments of the town are projected, but the improvement most called for is the drainage of the streets and shore, and the watering of the roads. The dust is intolerable and really a serious drawback to one's enjoyment. The news of Cobden's death came by telegram on Sunday.

Monday, April 10.—The whole English Press as well as that of France is teeming with panegyrics on Cobden. The weather continues delightful here, and I enjoy the drives in the environs. It seems to me that the natives do not care for the beauties of their country. They seldom go beyond the precincts of Chiaja, up and down which they rattle in clouds of dust for two hours in the afternoon, and never think

¹ *Petits noms*, shortened or pet names.

of driving on the exquisitely beautiful road 'Vittorio Emanuele,' which has been lately constructed.

Tuesday, April 18.—The weather is perfect summer, but I am feeling very unwell and cannot enjoy it as I otherwise should do.

A few days ago I read in the 'Galignani' the death of Pasta. She was, I am persuaded, the greatest lyrical actress that ever lived, and to her I owe the greatest musical delight it was possible to enjoy. I knew her intimately. The great simplicity of her character, combined with an instinctive love of all that is beautiful in nature or art, made her extremely attractive.

Rome, Hôtel des Îles Britanniques, April 30.—We came here yesterday. . . . I called to-day on Odo Russell, who is comfortably established in the Chigi Palace. On my telling him that Persigny had come to Naples much disgusted with his intercourse with the Roman Government, Odo said the Pope had been told that Persigny had no official mission, but that the Emperor had authorised him, if he had the opportunity, to tell the Pope that the September Convention would certainly be carried out, and to add that His Majesty was willing to allow any French soldiers who desired it, to enlist in the Papal Army, and that he would even supply His Holiness with French officers. Odo asked Antonelli if this were true, and he answered, Yes, but that as Persigny admitted he had no *official* mission, he had not thought it advisable to take any notice of the matter.

Great events have taken place in America since

I last wrote : the total defeat of the Confederates, the surrender of Lee, and the assassination of President Lincoln, and the attempted murder of Seward and of his son. These last events were at first said to have happened at Richmond, but did take place in Washington.

Hatchford, Monday, May 29.—Before leaving Rome, where, feeling much better than at Naples, I enjoyed myself very much, the weather being perfect, I went to the Palace of the Cæsars (Orti Farnesiani), which the Emperor Napoleon has lately bought of the King of Naples, and saw the late excavations which have been done under the direction of M. Rosa, a learned man, who has turned his attention chiefly to topography, and has cleared up a great many doubts and difficulties respecting the Via and the geography of the Palace of the Cæsars. I was taken there by Cartwright, and introduced by him to M. Rosa, who was very civil and obliging, and explained everything very clearly. The day was exquisite and the views transcendent. The day before, Lady Grey took me to the Villas Volkonski and Pamphili. I also saw a curious old church, San Clemente, said to be the oldest in Rome, belonging to the Irish College, under which some curious frescoes have been found, supposed to be 1,200 years old, and which are in a wonderful state of preservation. I also went to see San Paolo (*fuori le Mure*), which has been finished, and is very gorgeous, but is more like a splendid café than a cathedral. . . .

Since I have been here the news of the capture

of President Davis has reached England, and much anxiety is felt as to the manner in which he will be dealt with by President Johnson and his Government.

In France there has been a commotion owing to a very indiscreet speech made by Prince Napoleon at Ajaccio, on the occasion of unveiling a statue of the first Napoleon. It has given great dissatisfaction at the Tuileries, and has not been inserted in the 'Moniteur,' which amounts to a disavowal, and it has since been denounced by the Emperor, in a letter to his cousin, which has been published in the newspapers, and which contains very strong expressions of disapproval, and of a determination to imitate his uncle in maintaining strict discipline in his own family.

Persigny has published a pamphlet stating his views on the Papal question, and his opinion of the *personnel* of which the Government is composed, and which he describes as obstinate and ignorant, and decidedly hostile to France, and he proposes that in case of the Pope leaving Rome, a Provisional Government should be formed, which should act in his name, and he believes that the departure of His Holiness would be viewed with perfect indifference in France. Persigny is probably right as to the obstinacy and ignorance of the Papal Government, but quite wrong as to the indifference that would prevail in France, in case of His Holiness leaving Rome.

Madame de Flahault in writing to me on this subject, says: 'Priests, women, and all the unreasonable

people form a very powerful and dangerous party in a country, and especially where there are so many hostile coteries, who always cling together for mischief. When Thiers and Guizot are *both* advocating the Papal interests unblushingly, where can you expect the light of reason to penetrate through the obscurity of political passion and prejudice?'

Wednesday, May 31.—Prince Napoleon returned a laconic answer to the Emperor's letter, resigning his place as Vice-President of the Council and the Presidency of the Universal Exhibition which is to be held in Paris in 1867. The Speaker and his wife,¹ the Duchess of Argyll, and Richard Cavendish have been here. The Speaker wears well, and is always good company. Palmerston has been very ailing of late, and it is generally admitted he is not the man he was; he spoke well, however, the other night on our relations with America. The news of President Davis's capture reached England a few days ago. Much anxiety is felt as to the manner in which the United States Government will deal with him. The trial of the prisoners accused of the assassination of Lincoln is proceeding. It had been reported that there was strong evidence implicating Davis in this crime, but hitherto nothing has transpired to warrant such a suspicion.

London, Monday, June 5.—The event of the last week has been the victory of the French horse

¹ John Evelyn Denison, afterwards Viscount Ossington. He married Lady Charlotte Bentinck, sister of the eccentric Duke of Portland.—Ed.

Gladiateur. He won the Derby in a canter, having previously won the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. The excitement amongst the racing world was prodigious, and to their credit be it said, very little ill humour was displayed on the occasion. At Paris the enthusiasm was so great that the cafés were illuminated in honour of the event.

Morny's pictures were sold last week, and more than a million of francs were realised by the two first days' sale. Hertford bought some of the best of the collection.

The Princess of Wales attended Hallé's concert on Friday, and on Saturday morning produced a fine healthy prince. This event was not expected until the beginning of next month. Parliament is to be dissolved as soon as possible, and the Government hopes to be ready for it by the 12th of July. Palmerston has had a long fit of the gout, and is said to be breaking, though his family do not admit it.

Wednesday, June 7.—At the Levee to-day I had some talk with Apponyi. He said he had never been so hopeful of a settlement of the Hungarian Question as at this moment; that a conciliatory spirit was manifesting itself on both sides; that the Emperor having consented to be crowned King of Hungary was very important, as the ceremony was not a barren pageant, but entailed certain oaths and obligations by which the Emperor had hitherto been unwilling to be bound.

St. James's Palace has been furbished up a little

and wears a more decent appearance than it has done for a long time.

Sunday, June 11.—Yesterday poor Charles's stud was sold at Hampton Court, and fetched the large sum of 17,509 guineas, nearly double what I had been led to expect. Everyone has been very kind to me on this occasion, particularly Colonel Maude and George Payne.

Hatchford, July 12.—A large gap. I find it irksome to keep a journal, and a conviction that it is not worth while. The chief events of the last weeks have been the resignation of the Chancellor Westbury and the appointment of Lord Cranworth, and the dissolution of Parliament. Lord Westbury made a statement in the House of Lords, the chief point of which was that after the Edmunds case he had tendered his resignation more than once, because he considered that no Chancellor should be *suspected*. This resignation had been refused by Palmerston. But now that the House of Commons had passed what must be considered as a vote of censure, he could no longer hold the office, and Palmerston, concurring in this view, had accepted his resignation. Lord Westbury did this with dignity. The elections absorb everyone, and it is expected Government will slightly gain on the whole.

The Queen of Holland is here, going to the house of everyone who will invite her. The Prince of Orange is also come, it is supposed with the object of trying his chance again with one of our Princesses. The Queen received the Queen of Holland at luncheon

at Windsor, and returned the visit at the Clarendon Hotel. The infant Prince George was christened on Friday in the private chapel at Windsor.

This is the finest summer in my recollection. I never remember so long and uninterrupted a season of hot and delightful weather. Flahault told me the other day that the meeting between Prince Napoleon and the Emperor at the Tuileries had left the matter of the Ajaccio speech just as it was. The Prince tried at first to treat the business lightly, but the Emperor was very grave in his manner. Flahault said the Emperor considered the only fortunate part of the affair was that the Prince had made the obnoxious speech in his absence, as this had given the Emperor the opportunity of writing and publishing his letter expressing his disagreement with his cousin's views, which, had they been together, would have been difficult.

Hatchford, Wednesday, August 2.—I came here on Monday. The elections are over. There were more contests than were ever known before, and many of them carried on with great personal bitterness and with a good deal of rioting in various places. The result is supposed to be a gain to the Government of about twenty-five seats. The Parliament is considered to be Palmerstonian, and if anything were to happen to him the majority would in all probability dwindle and become unmanageable. Palmerston is said to be very well, but there is no doubt that he is not the man he was, and that it is very problematical whether he will be equal to conducting

the business of Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons in the new Parliament, as he could not spare himself there as he has lately done in the expiring one.

Several new promising members have been elected—Mill for Westminster, Hughes for one of the Metropolitan Boroughs, Oliphant for the Stirling Boroughs, Fred Cavendish for one of the Yorkshire Ridings, Henry Cowper for Herts. Gladstone's rejection for the University made a sensation, and is more discreditable to them than disadvantageous to him.

Saturday, August 12.—I have passed three days at Hinchbrook for the Huntingdon Races. I had not been on a racecourse for many years, and could not help feeling what a wretched misspending of life is the *métier* of the Turf. The noise, the faces of the blacklegs, and the whole aspect of the scene was a sort of pandemonium; and this is not the worst part of it, for one sees on all sides young men, and, I may add, young women, whose sole aim is to *do* each other. There was Westmorland, who has a larger stable and who bets deeper than most men, to be seen with his cigar in his mouth, pursued and almost smothered by a crowd of filthy and offensive blacklegs, bawling their offers of bets in his ears, whilst the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Westmorland, and other fine ladies in gorgeous attire, derived (apparently) satisfaction from sitting in a broiling sun and surrounded by people puffing their tobacco in their faces for hours together to witness such a scene of blackguardism.

Public attention has been occupied with the failure of the Atlantic Cable. The mischief appears to have occurred about 1,050 miles from Valentia. I am one who does not feel sure that a telegraph between the two countries will be without very serious drawbacks, especially at any time when our relations happen not to be in a satisfactory state. It seems to me it will serve as an additional vehicle for conveying with rapidity all the insolences and impertinences which are sure to be uttered in moments of excitement, which will put up our backs and add to the difficulty of reconciliation. The cattle plague is rapidly increasing and likely to produce the most serious results. The Queen has taken herself off to Coburg with all the Royal Family for the purpose of unveiling the Prince Consort's statue. Prince Alfred has been solemnly declared of age in the Coburg Assembly and heir to the Duchy. At one time he was very anxious to give up this succession, but on going there last year on a visit to his uncle, he changed his mind. He is less popular than the Prince of Wales with the *entourage* of the Court.

Wednesday, August 30.—The newspapers are full of accounts of the function which took place at Coburg on the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birthday, when the Queen unveiled the statue (by Theed) in the Market Place in the presence of all the German branches of the family, and the whole population. It seems to have been a very theatrical affair, and it is to be hoped it may be the last of the ceremonies which, from their constant repetition,

become ridiculous and call forth expressions from the public and the press of 'Ohe! jam satis,' and of hopes that the Queen will put an end to her seclusion and resume the exercise of her public duties; which, however, she has no intention of doing.

Langholm Lodge, Friday, September 1.—I came here on a visit to the Dalkeiths yesterday. On Wednesday I dined at Holland House and met Delane. The conversation turned on Italian brigandage, and the release of Mr. Moers, who has for many months been in the hands of Neapolitan brigands, and has just been ransomed at the cost of 30,000 ducats. Nothing can be more monstrous than that such a state of things should be possible in any country which pretends to have a regular Government, and it would be well for Italy, if instead of bawling for Unity, and for the robbery of Venetia from Austria, she would employ her energies in attempting to put down this crying and disgraceful evil of brigandage. Delane said, and I agree with him, that this never will be accomplished by the troops, and that the only way of eradicating brigandage is by establishing a constabulary and police similar to that which is employed in Ireland, and to 'proclaim' and levy a rate on all the villages where these ruffians are harboured.

This is a frightful house in a pretty situation. No one here but the Duke and his two girls. I always think him a perfect specimen of a *grand seigneur*, simple and cordial in his manner, gay and

friendly, and inspiring respect by the unpretending zeal with which he fulfils all his duties.

Tulliallan, September 9.—I slept at Douglas's Hotel on Monday and came on here on Tuesday. I received a note to-day from Granville, in which he tells me that it was to a chance observation of mine in the Chancellerie at Paris, that he owed twenty years of uninterrupted happiness, and he then proceeds to inform me that he is going to marry Miss Castalia, Campbell of Islay's youngest daughter; that whilst I may regret the incongruity of age, he thinks I shall like the person. He is fifty, she eighteen.

The terrible cattle plague occupies almost exclusively public attention. This pestilence is spreading in every direction, and is as mysterious in its nature and as difficult to cure as the cholera, which is also steadily advancing. Granville has lost an enormous number of cows at his dairy farm at Golders' Green. Lady Elgin and Lady Durham came over here to-day, the one looking so sick and sad, the other so bright and gay. The weather is delightful, but the heat intense, and this has prevailed throughout Europe to a far greater degree than has been known at this season for years.

Thursday, September 14.—Lady Gifford came yesterday; her society is delightful. Palmerston, who was to have gone to Bristol to inaugurate an exhibition, has been obliged to excuse himself owing to an attack of gout. Lady Gifford tells me that Delane and Lowe, who have lately seen him, are much struck by the change in him. The French papers are very wroth

at the Gastein Convention, and our press has also taken it up very warmly. It is asserted that John Russell has written a Circular Despatch to our diplomatic agents, applying very strong language to the conduct of Austria and Prussia, and declaring that the characteristics of the Convention are violence and conquest, and the only basis on which it has been established.

Wednesday, September 20.—Lady Gifford and Mrs. Russell left us and are succeeded by my sister, Lord and Lady Grey, the Erskines of Cardross, and the Lord Advocate. We are startled by hearing of the arrest at Dublin and in other parts of Ireland of various members of the secret society of Fenians, which had lately attracted the attention of the local magistracy, and ultimately of the Government. The Lord Advocate, who is shy and does not talk much, thinks the Government wise to strike the blow now, and with vigour, before the conspiracy can assume formidable proportions. He also spoke with great despondency of Palmerston being able to meet the next Session.

Sunday, September 24.—My sister left us yesterday, delighted with the hospitality she has met with here, which she justly says combines the warm-heartedness of the English with the courtesy of the French.

The newspapers are filled with accounts of arrests of Fenians, but as yet nothing is known as to the real nature or extent of the conspiracy; at present its centre appears to be in America, and its members to

be low Irishmen who are furnished with money and arms by the Irish established in America.

Balbirnie, Wednesday, September 27.—I came here on Monday. Yesterday I drove to Wemyss Castle to see Lady Amelia Blackwood, who is staying with Mrs. Wemyss, widow of Hay Wemyss, and daughter of Lady Augusta Hallyburton. She inherits the melodious voice for which her grandmother, Mrs. Jordan, was so remarkable. Wemyss Castle is a bad house, but pleasantly situated on an eminence washed by the sea. I heard to-night from my sister the account of Frank's¹ marriage, which was quite a 'function'—volunteers, escort of tenants, and splendid presents from the Duke's tenants, as well as from the upper and lower servants. Granville was also married yesterday. The weather is indescribably beautiful and very hot for the time of year. The cholera has made its appearance at Southampton.

London, October 8.—I went from Balbirnie back to Tulliallan and from thence to Drumlanrig, where there was an immense party, consisting chiefly of the Duke's family. My sister and Blanche were also there. The weather was so hot that it was almost impossible to shoot, as the dogs would not hunt.

The place was looking beautiful, as it has been greatly improved by thinnings of the woods. I must say it is pleasant to be under the roof of such kind, cordial, and simple hosts; and there is no establishment that I am acquainted with, which is carried on

¹ My brother, Admiral Egerton, married Lady Louisa Cavendish, at Holker Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's Lancashire home.—Ed.

with so much magnificence and comfort and so little ostentation.

Tuesday, October 10.—Prince Amadeus, second son of the King of Italy, has been travelling in England and Scotland, and the Italian Legation and their Government are greatly disgusted at the little courtesy shown to him by the Queen, who on his proposing to pay his respects to Her Majesty was informed, and without any expression of regret, that there was no room for him at Balmoral. It may be, perhaps, the fault of the person who was charged to convey this message that it was couched in churlish terms, but it is much to be regretted that whereas our Princes, wherever they travel, are everywhere treated with the greatest respect and cordiality, the Princes, and even the crowned heads, who visit England, should meet with so little civility and attention.

Bowood, Friday, October 20.—The news of Palmerston's death reached us just as we were going to dinner on Wednesday. From what I had heard privately in London, I considered his recovery as quite hopeless. Although on enquiring at Cambridge House on Tuesday morning, I was told he was better, a sudden change came on in the evening of that day, and at 11 A.M. on Wednesday he expired. I have known Palmerston all my life. Of his political career it would be idle to speak in this Journal, but of his social qualities I may say that, although he was a most cordial and courteous host, he never struck me as an agreeable man; he was always good-

humoured and ready to talk, but his style was too jocose, and his jests were for the most part flat, and one felt in his society a constant disappointment that the conversation of a man who was playing so important and conspicuous a part in the world, and who must necessarily have so much of interest to communicate, should be made up of puns and bad jokes. In his family he was perfectly amiable, and by his great kindness and sweetness of temper he had entirely conquered the aversion to him which was at one time entertained by *her* children. His devotion to Lady Palmerston was to the last moment of his life like that of an ardent lover, and she sufficed to him for all other ties, for it is remarkable that Palmerston had no intimate friends, nor, I believe, did any other human being than his wife share his confidence. His career has been one of extraordinary success, partly owing to his own abilities, partly to his temperament, and to the accidental circumstances of the times, and for his own fame he could hardly have died at a better moment. Already the entire press is engaged in the universal chant of his praise and in lamenting his loss, and meetings are called in all the great towns to propose addresses of condolence to Lady Palmerston, at the head of which is the Common Council of London. The 'Times,' besides a leading article, has according to its custom issued a long obituary notice of his life, both of which are fairly done. An article in the 'Pall Mall' is, however, the best and least common-place of those I have read.

Here we have, of course, been guessing who the Queen will send for. I thought it not unlikely that if she sent for John Russell, as I think she is sure to do, on the principle that it is desirable the head of the Government should be in the Commons, he might propose to Her Majesty to give to Gladstone that post and retain the Foreign Office for himself. This, however, was not thought likely by the majority here, but I see the 'Times' of to-day, whilst mentioning the possibility of John being called upon to form a Government in virtue of his undoubted claim to that honour, and whilst hinting at the possibility of Clarendon or Granville being sent for, declares Gladstone to be the proper man, and in a tone which makes me think they have some grounds for supposing such an arrangement to be likely. Palmerston would have attained his eighty-first year to-day.

Saturday, October 21.—It was known in London yesterday that the Queen had desired Lord Russell to form a Government. It is supposed that he will offer Clarendon the Foreign Office. I heard to-day that Palmerston's end had been quite without pain, which had been a great consolation to Lady Palmerston, as, no doubt, will be the universal homage paid to his memory by the whole of the respectable press of England and (what is remarkable) by that of France also. He is to be buried at Romsey. Flahault told us to-day, *à propos* of an allusion in the obituary notice in the 'Times' of Palmerston, to John Russell's Mission to Vienna and its failure, during the Crimean War, that he (Flahault) was

aware that he was being bamboozled, and that he had told the Emperor, who at that time was very much inclined to make peace, and not disposed to attend to those who thought differently, that he would advise him, if he did so without having taken Sebastopol, not to pass any review of the French troops for some time to come, to which His Majesty replied, 'Eh bien, il y a quelque chose dans ce que vous dites là.'

The Emperor asked Flahault: 'Quel espèce d'homme était M. le Duc d'Orléans?' 'Charmant! surtout charmant!' replied Flahault, and moreover, that if he had been alive and on the spot the Revolution of 1848 would not have ended as it did. Flahault said that as long ago as 1834, when there was an *émeute* at Paris and when he rode through the streets by the King's side, he came to the conclusion that on any great emergency His Majesty would lose his head, just as he had done in 1848. He said he never believed that Louis Philippe had conspired against Charles X. and his Government, but that he (Louis Philippe) was persuaded that the Bourbons would fall by their own fault, and he was resolved not to be obliged to leave France again, and his object therefore was to keep well with all parties, and for that reason he received everyone who would go to him. The Grand Duchess Stéphanie told Pahlen that when she went to Paris in 1827 or 1828 (I forget which), she, of course, went to the Palais Royal, and was shown all over it by the Duc d'Orléans, and that she remembered that on her expressing her

admiration of all she saw, she added. 'Un tel établissement vaut bien mieux qu'un Trône,' and that the Duchesse d'Orléans seized her hand, and said with great earnestness : 'N'est-ce pas ? C'est ce que je ne cesse de répéter,' which proves that the question must have often been discussed.

Sneyd and Pahlen are here, and Mr. Twopenny, a very agreeable man and old friend of this house—a conveyancer of eminence.

London, Thursday, October 26.—I returned here on Tuesday. At dinner at the Travellers' I found several Cabinet Ministers. Ben Stanley told me that, in consequence of the funeral being postponed until Friday, the Cabinet would not meet until Saturday, after which John Russell would see the Queen, who only returns from Scotland on Sunday morning. They would then meet on Monday, after which the Cabinets would be suspended for three weeks, in order to give John Russell time to look about him. It was supposed that Lowe would have been invited to join the Ministry but for his anti-Reform speech at Calne. I observe that the press generally take for granted that a Government presided over by John Russell must necessarily produce a Reform Bill. It is reported that Horsman is to be in the Cabinet.

Lady Palmerston was averse to a public funeral, and only consented on condition that a place should be reserved for her by his side in Westminster Abbey. Cambridge House is to be given up, and it is said to be the intention of its proprietor, Sir Richard Sutton, who some time ago became a Roman Catholic, to

build a large Roman Catholic Cathedral on its site. This would indeed be a *changement de décoration* with a vengeance. The funeral, which is to take place to-morrow, has assumed gigantic proportions, and is to be attended by a representative of the Queen, by the Prince of Wales, and deputations from all the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I heard last night with great pain of the sudden and dangerous illness of Laurence Oliphant at New York, and of the departure of his mother for that city.

Friday, October 27.—At the St. James's Club I met Henry Cowper, who told me that Palmerston's funeral had gone off to-day wonderfully well. There were immense crowds in the streets, all extremely respectful and orderly. In the Abbey the ceremony was very solemn. Just as the coffin was being lowered into the vault a sudden darkness came on, which was shortly succeeded by a ray of light, which produced a great effect on all present. He told me the whole of Palmerston's property is left to Lady Palmerston for her life, and then to William Cowper. His heir-at-law, a nephew, is half mad.

Last night at Lady William Russell's I met Lacaita, who told me the elections in Italy were going very well for the Government—too well perhaps, for what was to be desired was a strong '*Ministeriabile*' Opposition, and such as would contain within itself elements out of which future Governments could be formed; he said the mediocrity of public men in Italy (and he might have added everywhere else) was quite deplorable, and he was not

aware that there was a 'master mind' in any country.

I understand that Clarendon, feeling himself much out of health, declares himself unwilling to resume the labours of the Foreign Office, and I believe his reluctance to be well founded, though it is not credited by the world at large, or his 'dear friends' in particular, though I feel sure that he himself thinks himself unfit for office *à l'heure qu'il est*.

Wednesday, November 8.—The newspapers abuse Lord Russell, and Society, such as there is here at this season, croaks and foretells that the Ministry cannot be of long duration. Reports are rife that the Duke of Somerset has resigned, some say because he will not have Reform at any price; others (more likely to know) affirm that he has merely put his office into Lord Russell's hands to make what use he pleases of it. He would decidedly be a loss at the Admiralty, for he is considered by naval men of all parties to have been a most just administrator of the Office. Lord Napier (a clever man) goes to Madras as Governor. Gladstone has been making some splendid orations at Glasgow and Edinburgh, and one he delivered at bidding farewell to the University was especially admired for its eloquence, whilst his philosophy is much criticised as false.

Saturday, November 11.—At the Lord Mayor's Dinner Lord Russell and Gladstone spoke well, and were well received, but both confined themselves to asking for time and fair play.

Lady Theresa Lewis (*née* Villiers) died on Wednes-

day night at Brazenose College, at Oxford, where she was staying on a visit to Dr. Cradock, who had married her first husband's sister. In her youth she was very pretty, and was endowed with much of the quickness of *esprit* of her family. She was addicted to literary pursuits, and, besides other *opuscules*, wrote a *catalogue résumé* [?*raisonné*.—Ed.] of the pictures at the Grove, and more lately edited the Diary and Correspondence of Miss Berry, with notes, which I have heard the friends of both parties say she had better not have done.

I went on Thursday to Manchester House to see Hertford's famous collection of pictures, porcelain, &c., for which he had sent me an order, with a very civil letter. I took Prince and Princess Orloff, with friends of Percy Ffrench, who are passing through London. It is a collection of surpassing beauty, and particularly rich in Sir Joshuas. They are well hung and cared for, the house being always kept ready for its owner in case he should wish to arrive at any moment. The housekeeper told me he had never seen the collection since it had been arranged, and has not set foot in the house for nine years. He is in bad health.

Wednesday, November 22.—I feel every day more reluctant to continue this stupid Diary, if Diary it can be called, and yet I feel a sort of reluctance altogether to abandon a habit of so many years' duration. Nothing can, in fact, be more uninteresting than my *gestes et faits*, and of all other matters of interest the newspapers tell much better than I can.

However, I go on.

During the last few days the chief topics of interest have been the Ministerial changes: Peel's retirement, which gives general satisfaction, and the appointment of Chichester Fortescue to succeed him, which is viewed with mixed feelings of approbation and distrust of his ability. Goschen's appointment to the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade is universally praised by the Press. Granville has by rumour been sent to Ireland, and to Berlin vice Lord Napier appointed to Madras, but without any sort of foundation. There has been a rebellion in Jamaica, with frightful atrocities committed by the negroes, which, however, by the last accounts had been suppressed by Governor Eyre. War has been declared by Spain against Chili.

A reduction of the French army had been announced with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, but ends in simply lopping off 10,000 men. These are the principal public events. Of private events, that which is of most interest to me is Blanche's marriage to Sandwich, one likely to conduce to the happiness of all parties.

Thursday, November 23.—Dined yesterday with Miss Gabriel, Lady Molesworth, Mrs. Procter,¹ Dr. Bence Jones, Leighton, and Browning. The latter, *à propos* of Miss Berry's Diary, and of diaries in general, told us he had seen a letter of the poet Waller, in which he says that a poem had just

¹ The wife of Bryan Waller Procter, better known by his pseudonym of 'Barry Cornwall.'—Ed.

appeared by a young schoolmaster of the name of Milton, called 'Paradise Lost,' which, if it showed any merit, certainly sinned by reason of its length. He told us also that there are poems of Lord Byron's in existence which have never been published, but which he thinks Murray will probably bring out before long. He said he knew the real history of Byron's married life, which some day would also come to light. Dr. Bence Jones said he had been with Lady Byron at her death; she had never spoken of Lord Byron to him, but much of the undoubted insanity of some of her grandchildren. She has left her papers, to be published at some future time, to a Miss Montgomery, Miss Carr (sister-in-law to Dr. Lushington), and to a third person whose name I forget. In the evening there was music, and a singer, by name Whiffen, who asked to be presented to me, said he knew my face intimately, and had always believed me to be 'a celebrated doctor.' Why?

Friday, November 24.—I had a dinner party at home yesterday, consisting of Ailesburys, Spencers, Duchess of Beaufort, Quin, Pahlen, and Hartington; the latter is very good company, shrewd and droll, with a *fond* of good sense. All this, aided by his great social position, will, I think, ensure his playing hereafter a great part in the political world.

Saturday, November 25.—Dined yesterday with the Dufferins. Sat between Lady Gifford and Lady de Grey. Heard there of the escape of Stephens, the Fenian chief, from Richmond Gaol,¹ which it is

¹ Richmond Gaol, Dublin, now converted into the Wellington Barracks.—Ed.

supposed must have been effected with the connivance of the officials. Government has offered a reward of 1,000*l.* for his apprehension. He is said to be a well-educated man, and to be strikingly handsome. I had heard in the morning that the Dowager Lady Listowel, who lives almost entirely in the county of Cork, and who has just arrived from thence, was full of alarm at the state of her neighbourhood, and declared that there was hardly a person in the county who was not a Fenian and disaffected to the Government. I asked Lady Gifford, who was also just come from Ireland, but from the north, whether she believed this to be the case. She said she thought it was a gross exaggeration, and that no reasonable person felt any alarm on the subject. Dufferin, however, acknowledged that Fenianism did the great harm of adding to the feeling of insecurity and of preventing the only thing which could be of use to Ireland—the importing of English capital. There has also been some talk on the Jamaica affair, and there is a disposition to accuse Governor Eyre and his subordinates of illegality in their treatment of the prisoners. It is very easy for us, sitting at home over a good dinner, and with very imperfect information, to find fault and accuse of cruelty men who have had to deal with a murderous rebellion by black fanatics, and to settle exactly how much or how little severely they should be dealt with.

Wrest, November 29.—I came here on Monday. Found Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli, Count Streletsky, R. Doyle, &c. I had never met the Disraelis before.

She beggars all description. He is agreeable, but artificial, and (apparently) not quite at his ease. *À propos* of an article in last night's 'Pall Mall Gazette,' extracted from the 'Manchester Guardian,' relating to an offer made by John Russell to Lord Stanley to join the Government, I asked Mr. Disraeli if any such offer had been made, and he answered that as the matter had come before the public, it was better that the real facts of the case should be known, and he proceeded to tell me that John Russell had written to Lord Stanley asking him to call upon him, and that he had done so, when John Russell had offered him one of the Secretaryships of State, which Lord Stanley declined, telling him at the same time that even if he were disposed to leave his own party, he could not join John Russell without knowing what measure of Reform he intended to propose, and that he could not put himself into direct opposition to his father so long as he was at the head of the Conservative Party. John Russell did not specify (Disraeli said he probably did not know) what his Reform was to be, but he had proposed to Stanley to bring into the Cabinet any person he desired to be associated with. Disraeli said Stanley's mind was made up to decline all offers before he saw John Russell, and was in no way shaken by anything that passed at the interview. Stanley had written to Disraeli before he went to John Russell, and said that he had seen him immediately afterwards. He treated the idea of Stanley joining the Government with derision, and he went on to say that he thought John Russell was

entirely mistaken in believing a Reform Bill to be necessary either as regarded his own position or as required by the country. None, he said, but the extreme Radicals desired it, and they could not muster more than ninety votes, which would be counterbalanced by those of the whole Conservative Party, which would support him against any demand for Reform. He recollected that Lord Ponsonby, whom he thought one of the shrewdest men he had ever met, saying to him that one of the most important things a public man had to learn was, 'how to say "Bo" to a goose,' and that John Russell would do wisely to say 'Bo' to this goose of Reform. He thought on the whole that John Russell would have done better to have made Sir George Grey leader of the House of Commons instead of Gladstone, who was too enthusiastic and too excitable for that office, and apt, he said, to be a very *termagant* in prosperity, though a *lamb* in adversity. He considered Charles Wood to be the most able man in the Cabinet; extremely quick, though somewhat unscrupulous, but endowed with tact and knowledge how to manage men. He had failed as a speaker only because he had a defective organ, and therefore did not stand so high in the estimation of the public as he deserved. I said I presumed that this Parliament would be of short duration. 'Yes,' he said, 'unless the Reform Bill be of an insignificant nature, and then, why bring in any Bill at all?'—and, he added, 'I am now really more a spectator than an actor on

the political stage, and can afford to see and judge of what is passing impartially.'

London, Saturday, December 2.—Returned from Wrest yesterday. It is announced that the Queen intends (her health permitting *at the time*) to open Parliament, but it is also said (and I believe it is true) that she declines going to the House of Lords in the state coach, merely because she used to do so accompanied by the Prince Consort. These *nuances* are extremely foolish and disappoint the public.

Prince Christian of Schleswig - Holstein, the second son of the man who renounced the Duchies in favour of Denmark, and of a Countess Danneskiold, and therefore the issue of a morganatic marriage, to which the Queen has hitherto professed such repugnance, has been chosen by Her Majesty to marry Princess Helena, and arrived at Windsor yesterday. He is thirty-four, and has not one shilling. The Queen was resolved to keep Princess Helena in England, and it was a difficult matter to find a Prince, however *small*, who would consent to renounce his own country and his personal liberty, to come and live at our Court, which is considered to be the dullest in Europe. The Queen will have to announce the marriage to Parliament, and to ask for a provision for the Princess and her future husband, as well as for Prince Alfred, who is just come of age.

Monday, December 4.—King Leopold is very ill, in fact dying, another *black job* for the Queen.

Saturday, December 9.—I have been dining out

a great deal lately. The principal topic of conversation is the Jamaica affair, on which party spirit begins to wax warm, and the philanthropists are, as usual, very violent and unfair. It is said that the Cabinet is divided in opinion on this subject, and I know that Gladstone has expressed himself in strong language in *society* on the conduct of the Governor. Sir Henry Storks has been summoned by telegraph from Malta, and it is believed that he is to be put at the head of the Commission of enquiry which the Government has determined to send out; a most unpleasant office, but one he will fill better than most men, as he is firm and conciliatory, and has had great and varied experience.

Wednesday, December 13.—Dined on Sunday at Wodehouse Currie's, met Henry Reeve and wife, William Harcourt and Evelyn Ashley; heard there the death of King Leopold, which took place the day before. There are, of course, in all the papers, notices and articles on this event, all very eulogistic. The Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur, attended by Sydney, Charles Grey, and others, are going to Brussels for the funeral. I met Charles Grey at Bingham Mildmay's yesterday, who told me the King had left instructions that he should be buried at Windsor, by the side of Princess Charlotte, but the Belgian Government did not intend to carry them out.

Sir Henry Storks has arrived. His aide-de-camp, Evelyn Baring,¹ called on me and told me that Sir Henry had no fancy for this office, but that he had

¹ The present Earl Cromer.

obeyed the summons with wonderful speed, and had got here in three days and a half from Malta. He is to sail on Monday. The proclamation appointing him Captain General of Jamaica, and *provisionally* superseding Governor Eyre, appeared in the 'Gazette' of last night. In the meantime there have been 'indignation meetings' at Exeter Hall and other places, where the most violent and senseless harangues have been hurled at Eyre, who is denounced as a wholesale murderer, and his immediate dismissal is demanded before any trustworthy evidence has been adduced against him. There was a meeting at Liverpool at which violent language on both sides was used (there being many dissentients present), and at one time it seemed probable they would come to blows; a sensible speech, however, from Canon McHaile calmed the assembly, and they separated without a catastrophe. Whatever may be the result of the enquiry, it would seem to be impossible that Eyre could remain at Jamaica, after having been, as it were, deposed and tried; nor will it be easy to find a successor competent and willing to undertake the future governorship of the island, the black population of which will be more than ever difficult to deal with, protected as they know themselves to be here by a fanatical party, strong enough to frighten the Government into what are certainly, to say the least, questionable measures, such as deposing the Governor before he is heard in his own defence, for Eyre will hear of the Commission and his deposition by the same mail.

Monday, December 18.—King Leopold was buried on Saturday at Laeken with great pomp. The funeral was attended by the King of Portugal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince of Prussia, an Archduke of Austria, the Orleans Princes, and others. Yesterday the new King made his public entry into Brussels, and was received with enthusiasm, and after taking the oaths he made a very judicious speech. The press, both English and Foreign, is very busy with speculations on the future fate of Belgium, and their views are not very encouraging.

Wednesday, December 20.—Dined with Lady Jersey; met Apponyi, who had received a letter from his son from Pesth, giving an account of the Emperor's reception there, which was everything he could desire, and he said he felt very sanguine as to a settlement of the Hungarian Question before long. The Emperor's speech, which he delivered in Hungarian, and with a perfect accent, had made a most favourable impression.

Hatchford, Friday, December 29.—Blanche was married here on Wednesday the 27th, in presence of the Richmonds, and their daughters, who were bridesmaids, the Sydneys, Frederick Cadogans and Sandwich's daughters. The ceremony passed off as such things do, without any peculiar feature to distinguish it from any other marriage. Sydney told me Bessborough is to succeed St. Germans as Lord Steward, bad health compelling him to resign. Cowley is to have Palmerston's Garter, which (without offence

to Cowley) should have been given to St. Germans. Parliamentary matters are going on ill in Italy. Among the various parties of which the Chamber is composed, there does not appear to be one man above mediocrity forthcoming. They consequently run riot, and no measures of any utility can be got through. I begin to feel some uneasiness for my investment in the Italian Funds.

A terrific gale has been blowing since last night, and I dread we may hear of dire disasters. Up to the present day there has hardly been any frost. The cattle plague still increases. I met Mr. Lowe the other day at Lady Lyndhurst's, who said that the Commission had at last come round to his opinion, which is that butchers must go to the cattle, and that the latter must not be allowed to travel about the country.

Mexican affairs seem to be in a very critical state. The Americans are growing very insolent and are moving resolutions in Congress hostile to the Empire and in favour of carrying out the Monroe doctrine in that quarter. It seems to be on the cards that if the Emperor Napoleon persists in withdrawing his troops the Mexican Empire will collapse. Everything that has happened tends to prove what a blunder the Mexican affair was, and how wise those were who vainly attempted to dissuade the Emperor from *god-fathering* this new Mexican Empire.

Sunday, December 31.—This year closes sadly for me. This morning I heard that my old and unvarying friend Lady Cowper had been seized with

apoplexy whilst dressing for dinner at Panshanger, and that a second seizure occurred on the following day, which, alas ! leaves me but little hope. I was to have met her at Bowood on the 6th.

London, Monday, January 1, 1866.—On my arrival here to-day I found a letter from Henry Cowper giving a better account of his mother. I called on Mrs. (William) Cowper and heard details which are not reassuring as to her recovery. Dined with the Abercorns, where all their children now in London were assembled, with the addition of Landseer and Quin ; I felt much out of *trim*.

Savernake, January 3.—I came here yesterday in company with the Abercorns, and found as usual a very large party—Talbots, De Vescis, Somertons, &c. I am beginning to feel too old and too *déplacé* in such large gatherings as these, where high spirits and strong health are necessary ingredients for enjoyment. John Stanley (Ben's son) gave me bad news of Oliphant, which distressed me. I sat next to Lady Adelaide Talbot at dinner, and have rarely seen a more beautiful girl, or one more apparently unconscious of her beauty, or one more simple and unaffected. She and her sister Lady Gertrude are two of the handsomest people I have seen. A good account of Lady Cowper, dated yesterday, from Henry Cowper.

Bowood, Monday, January 8.—I came here on Saturday with the Abercorns. Before leaving Savernake I received a letter from Lady Oliphant from New York, saying that Oliphant had had low fever

and headaches, but was now well and coming to England for the Session. This place is a great repose after the turmoil of Savernake. There is a military revolt in Spain, at the head of which is General Prim, the object of which is not clearly defined.

Thursday, January 11.—A tremendous gale in the night and heavy fall of snow; the first really cold weather we have had. The Abercorns went yesterday. The Edward Russells came—she as usual the incarnation of gaiety. Quick and clever, with a dramatic element lending a flavour to her society. Mr. Goschen has, it is said, accepted the Duchy of Lancaster with a seat in the Cabinet—a rare instance of rapid official advancement. The appointment seems to be universally approved. Crewe Hall was burnt a week ago. The fire broke out in the night, and aided by a gale of wind soon destroyed the beautiful old house, which its present owner had restored not many years ago with excellent taste, Blore being the architect. Lady Houghton wrote to my sister that most of the fine pictures and plate had been saved, no lives lost, and few injuries sustained.

Saturday, January 13.—Snow disappearing. Pahlen and Clanwilliam went away. The Percy Herberts are come. Mr. Fenwick, M.P. for Sunderland, an advanced Liberal, is appointed to the Civil Lordship of the Admiralty vice Childers, who is named Secretary of the Treasury.

Wednesday, January 17.—Lacaita came on Monday. He thinks the new Italian Ministry under La Marmora will endeavour to make reductions in

various departments amounting to about four millions sterling. I asked him why they did not take the bull by the horns and reduce the army. He answered that it had already been reduced as much as would be consistent with the safety of the country, and now did not exceed two hundred thousand men, and that even supposing that there were no fear of an attack from Austria, it must be remembered that Italy was a young nation and that there were plenty of elements of discord within it which, although they could not be publicly advanced as a reason for maintaining a strong and united army, still they did exist, and could only be removed by the action of time and the salutary fear that such a force would create. He said that Scialoja, the new Minister of Finance, was, he believed, next to Bastogi, who was out of the question, the ablest man who had yet been before the public.

Massimo Azeglio is dead, in his sixty-fifth year.

London, January 19.—I returned yesterday from Bowood in company with the Edward Russells. The newspapers are full of the details of the dreadful shipwreck of an Australian steamship called the ‘London,’ in which two hundred and seventy persons perished. Some fears are entertained for the ‘Atrato,’ in which Gurney, the Commissioner, was conveyed to Jamaica. It is certain that this vessel must have encountered the terrific storms of the 9th, 10th, and 11th, and it was reported in London that something belonging to this vessel had been picked up by another ship. Called on Lady Bessborough, who told me Bessborough was sadly disheartened at the state of Ireland,

where this insane Fenianism had spread itself to an enormous extent, especially in his neighbourhood, where it had been found necessary to send a strong military force. The immediate alarm is for sudden risings for mischief, burnings, and plunder, but the really disastrous effect of this stupid conspiracy is to retard all internal progress and to prevent capital from being poured into the country.

Tuesday, January 23.—Dined yesterday with the F. Cadogans; met Bessborough, Charles Villiers, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Phinn. It is evident that Goschen's elevation to the Cabinet is not popular with the party, and it is said to have been done by Lord Russell without consulting his colleagues. It is admitted that he is a sensible man, but has as yet shown no sign of such conspicuous ability as to justify his being put over the heads of others who have better claims.

Thursday, January 25.—The Emperor Napoleon opened his Parliament on Monday with one of his usual oracular and plausible harangues. The paragraph relating to Mexico attracted the most attention. It declares that the French army did not go there to place the Archduke Maximilian on the throne, but to gain redress for injuries done to France and French subjects. That the Mexican people had chosen its own form of Government, and that France desired nothing better than to withdraw her troops when the object for which they had been sent there had been attained. This is very plausible, but is in fact only partly true. In the meantime the American and French diplomatic correspondence on the subject has

been published at Washington and leaves the matter in a very critical state. A report of the trial of Gordon by Court Martial in Jamaica has been published in the newspapers, and the proceedings are universally attacked as unjustifiable by the whole press, and assuming the report to be correct and authentic, it would certainly appear that Gordon was condemned on the most flimsy evidence; but there is reason to believe that this report has been got up and published by the Anti-Slavery Society. We shall hear a great deal more of this business.

Frognaal, Saturday, January 27.—I came here on Friday with the Bessboroughs. He is anxious that the whole of Ireland should be ‘proclaimed,’ because as fast as one county is so, the Fenians move to another and infect it with their poison. Lord and Lady Walden dined. Much talk on the probable duration of the Government. The prevailing opinion seems to be that they will not carry the Reform Bill. It is not likely to be brought on before Easter.

London, Monday, January 29.—The Queen, who intends opening Parliament, declines entering the House of Lords by the Royal door, nobody can tell why, but the result is that the large number of people of the ‘*mezzo ceto*’ who on these occasions were admitted by tickets to see Her Majesty pass, will now be excluded. Dined *tête-à-tête* very agreeably with Shelburne.

Tuesday, January 30.—Dined with the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, and met Lady Newburgh, Canterbury, Frederick Paulet, and Lord Ashburton. The

latter told me Walewski had not begun well as President of the *Corps Législatif*, and that the Emperor was very tired of him (as he was of *her*), but that being a son of the old Emperor he thought he had a claim on him.

John Leslie tells me the artistic world is in great commotion at a statue supposed to be by Michael Angelo having been bought by Millais at Florence out of the Palazzo Galli for 300*l*. The subject is Leda and the Swan. John Leslie thinks it possible it may be an early work of Michael Angelo's, but that it will be next to impossible to prove it; at any rate, it is a very pretty statue. Landseer, who was elected President of the Royal Academy, declined the honour, but has agreed to reconsider the matter.

Gibson, the sculptor, is dead.

Wednesday, January 31.—I had a letter from Ffrench from Brussels. The young King is very active, and showing ability. The Queen has also shown a good deal of sense and firmness during King Leopold's last moments. None of his *entourage* dared to enter his room, or announce to him that his end was near. Neither of his sons had seen him, as he had given orders that no one should be admitted to his room, and they did not dare disobey his orders. The Queen, however, took upon herself to do so, and announced to him that he was in a hopeless state. He was at first angry, but was soon impressed by the manner in which she spoke to him, and took her hand within his own and held it till he died. She repeated the prayer of Contrition, to which he

responded, and she then brought into his room his sons and all his Ministers. This does her great credit. The woman who lived with the King left Brussels or Laeken two or three days before the King's death, and she and her children are amply provided for. Ffrench says the King has not left more than forty millions.

Evelyn Baring writes from Jamaica that Governor Eyre is in wretched health, and worn out with care, and consumptive besides.

Friday, February 2.—Parliament met yesterday, when Denison, proposed by Mr. Monsell and seconded by Grosvenor, was unanimously elected Speaker. Gladstone and Disraeli both spoke a good deal of flummery, and the latter complained that a member of the Opposition had not been selected to second the nomination. Both he and Gladstone made allusion to Palmerston, and the latter said he should not then dilate on that theme, as a more fitting opportunity for dwelling on the career of their late leader would shortly present itself, which means that he will shortly propose a vote for a national monument to his memory. Landseer having declined the Presidency of the Royal Academy, Frank Grant was chosen to fill that office, one to which he has small claim and is ill fitted, for his talent is one of a second-rate nature, and his knowledge of art very restricted. It is said that Gibson has left a considerable sum of money to the Academy, with which a hall is to be built to contain the casts of his statues, and the rest to go towards the increase of the salary of the Presi-

dent, which at present only amounts to 300*l.* per annum.

Saturday, February 3.—Called on Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, who told me that Lord Willoughby, being unable to find his registry of baptism, cannot take his seat or officiate as Great Chamberlain on Tuesday next. Lord Colville is to do his duty, whatever that may be. There is an immense demand for tickets for the ceremony, which, however, is to be shorn of much of its pomp, and I hear that Her Majesty has decided on wearing purple instead of red robes, in order that she may not quit her mourning, and on dispensing with the cream-coloured horses, as well as with the internal procession through the Victoria Gallery. All very foolish.

Wednesday, February 7.—The Queen opened Parliament yesterday. The day was quite a ‘Queen’s day’; beautiful. The crowds were greater than I ever saw, and their conduct perfectly orderly. Our carriage, which is always the first in the procession, was too far from that of the Queen for us to judge of the amount of cheering, but I am told it was not very great, though the demeanour of the mob was respectful. Her Majesty wore her widow’s cap, ornamented with diamonds, and was attired in deep mourning. She chose to leave the Palace (in one of the ordinary state coaches with the eight cream-coloured horses) by the private entrance, and to enter the House of Lords, not by the great door under the Victoria Tower, but by the Peers’ door, for no reason that one

can discover, but that of disappointing those who on this occasion are admitted by tickets to the Marble Hall of the Palace and to the corridor of the House of Lords. For there was the same procession within the latter without spectators, and she returned by the state entrance to the Palace. In the House of Lords, she put on a sort of *visage de circonstance*, and did not raise her eyes. When the Chancellor had finishing reading his speech, she rose, made a curtsy to the House, and retired as she had come. The two Princesses, Louise and Beatrice, accompanied her in the carriage. The Prince of Wales sat on the right of the Throne and the Princess on the Woolsack opposite to the Queen. Her Majesty appeared in very good plight on her return, and it is to be hoped will now continue in the course of duties she has resumed. Normanby and Morley proposed and seconded the Address in the Lords. The latter made a very good impression; both matter and manner were good. He has just left college, having taken high honours, and is altogether a promising youth. Fred Cavendish and Mr. Graham proposed and seconded in the Commons. The former has a bad delivery, but spoke well. The latter gave satisfaction. The Government was attacked on all sides, chiefly on their shortcomings as regards the cattle plague, and on the Jamaica affair, but the former entirely engrossed the House. On the whole, the night was not very favourable for the Government. Tonight the appointments were announced of Hartington as Minister of War, vice de Grey, who succeeds

Charles Wood as Secretary of State for India, and of Dufferin as Under Secretary of War. These appointments are generally approved, but Charles Wood's retirement in consequence of the serious effects of his fall¹ is considered universally as a great loss to the Ministry. There is a strong impression prevailing that this Ministry will not long hold together. The Reform Bill is to be produced before Easter, but not to be discussed until afterwards.

Friday, February 9.—Oliphant came to see me the other day, and gave me a curious account of what he had seen in America. He does not believe in the duration of the Union; North and South detest each other, but not with the abhorrence they both feel for New England, and all hate *us* with intensity, though, curiously enough, they are as a general rule courteous and kind to individual Englishmen. Dined yesterday with F. Leveson, and sat next to Elcho, who was in great admiration of a speech made by The O'Donoghue, on moving an amendment to the paragraph of the Address relating to Fenianism. He was very eloquent, though his reasoning was unsound and his suggestions for the most part impracticable. He was beaten by an enormous majority, Bright and Mill voting in the minority.

Monday, February 12.—Madame de Flahault writes to me that Stansfeld's appointment has had a deplorable effect at Paris, and is considered an

¹ He had had a fall out hunting in the November of the previous year.—Ed.

outrage towards the Emperor, and it gave occasion for violent animadversions in the Chamber on our Government. Here, with the public and the press this appointment is popular, but the reverse in society.

Friday, February 16.— . . . The House of Commons is very busy with the cattle plague, and Government was beaten last night on Hunt's motion for prohibiting the total removal of cattle till March 25, which was carried by 264 to 181. Grosvenor told me yesterday that forty of his beasts had been attacked with the disease, in Cheshire, in one day, and that they were all being treated homœopathically. Three had died, but by the last report, the others were mending. Quin owned to me that he was disappointed that this treatment had not been more successful, but he assured me that it had cured more animals than any other system.

The Queen is coming to Windsor and is busying herself with the Drawing Rooms, which she wishes to put on a new footing, and is concocting rules and regulations, which are foolish and impracticable.

Sunday, February 18.—Yesterday was a stirring day. It had been announced the day before that the Government had determined to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, and the two Houses of Parliament were summoned to attend on Saturday at twelve to pass the Bill. In the House of Commons there was a very brisk debate, and Bright made a splendid but mischievous speech attributing, as usual, the present state of Ireland to her bad treatment by this country, and adding that remedial measures

ought to have been coupled with this Act. Roebuck pitched into Bright very cleverly, which evidently pleased the House. Gladstone brought the debate to a close, in a judicious and effective speech. The Lords had been summoned to meet at four o'clock to receive the Bill from the House of Commons. The Commission for giving the Queen's Assent had been prepared on Friday, and sent down to Osborne by a messenger who had orders to wait and bring it back by special boat and train, so that the least possible time might be lost in passing the measure. Owing, however, to the special having got behind a luggage train, the messenger only reached the House of Lords at twelve o'clock. In the meantime the Irish Government, anticipating the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, had made a great *razzia* in Dublin and arrested above a hundred people. I dined with Clarendon; a large diplomatic dinner, French and Austrian Ambassadors. Clarendon told me that John Russell had really done very well since he had been in the House of Lords, and laughed heartily when I said, 'High time.' It is deplorable to see the apologetic tone his colleagues take towards his efforts, and the contemptuous manner in which he is treated by his own supporters. At this dinner I made acquaintance with Lord and Lady Napier, who are starting for Madras. Lady Napier seems an intelligent and agreeable person. At Paris, fancy balls are much in fashion; at one of these fêtes, the Empress (who is a great admirer of Marie Antoinette) dressed herself after a portrait of her. In the course

of the evening, she was accosted by a mask, who said to the Empress, ‘Madame, vous êtes tellement entichée de Marie Antoinette que vous y perdrez la tête.’

Thursday, February 22.—Called on Lady Palmerston, who is established in what was Lord Breadalbane’s house in Park Lane. I found her unaltered in appearance, but subdued in spirits, always kind, and sometimes cheerful. To-night Gladstone made a very eloquent speech on moving an Address to the Queen, asking her to allow a monument to Palmerston to be erected in Westminster Abbey. Grants were also proposed to Prince Alfred on his attaining his majority, and to Princess Helena on her marriage; 15,000*l.* per annum to the former, 30,000*l.* and 6,000*l.* per annum to the latter. Gladstone said that in Prince Alfred’s case, circumstances might arise which would necessitate a change in this arrangement. Dined with Dowager Lady Wharncliffe, where I heard of Clifden’s death.

Saturday, February 24.—Read a speech made by Oliphant last night on Fenianism in America and the Neutrality Laws; called and asked him if he had been satisfied with what he had done; he said he had been well listened to, and felt that he had it in him to speak. I heard from others that he had done well. Called on Lady Sydney, who told me of Charles Phipps’s death having taken place at St. James’s Palace this morning. The Queen, in great grief, had at once come up to see Lady Phipps. He was a valuable servant, and will be a great loss to Her Majesty.

Sunday, February 25.—Dined with Sydney ; found Clarence Paget, who is about to quit the Admiralty and hoist his flag in the Mediterranean. It is likely that Sir Thomas Biddulph will succeed Phipps. The Court which was to have been held on Tuesday is postponed out of respect to Phipps. The Queen insisted on seeing the corpse, and was much affected. This is indeed a real distress for her.

Wednesday, February 28.—The ‘Times’ of this morning in a leader asserts the belief that Lord Russell has tendered his resignation, that the Ministry is broken up by internal dissensions, and that it is probable that the Duke of Somerset may be invited to form a Government. This collapse, if true, will take people by surprise as to the *time* of its occurrence, but those connected with the Government, as well as the public generally, have, ever since John Russell formed his Government, shaken their heads and doubted of its durability.

Thursday, March 1.—Enfield came, and says the news in the ‘Times’ of yesterday is false ; and in the leader of to-day there is a sort of sullen contradiction of that of yesterday, but still giving to understand that the rumours were not unfounded. I believe that something has occurred, and it is singular that on one day last week Lord Russell went to Windsor, and on the following day, the Duke of Somerset ; and it is not impossible that the latter may have declined to undertake the task, and that Lord Russell may have agreed to go on for the present. It is said that Delane is resolved to write down the Government

and the Reform Bill ; it is certain that ever since Lord Russell has been in office the 'Times' has shown a very hostile spirit.

London, Wednesday, March 7.—Returned here yesterday ; dined with Sydney, where I heard that Charles Grey and Sir T. Biddulph are conjointly to fill the office held by Phipps, and Sir John Cowell to succeed Biddulph as Master of the Household. Heard to-day that the article in the 'Times' asserting that the Government was broken up, had its origin thus : Lord Russell and the Duke of Somerset, at the end of one of the Cabinets, had some difference of opinion, when John Russell said, *in joke*, that he would resign, and that the Duke had better take the Government. The Duke went home and found his daughter at the Admiralty, who asked him if there was any news, when he replied, ' Oh, yes, very grave news ; Lord Russell has resigned and I am going to take the Government.'

Upon which Lady Guendolen Ramsden rushed off and told her husband, who told Horsman, who told Delane, and the latter, having heard that the Duke of Somerset had been at Windsor the day before, immediately rushed to the conclusion that the Government was broken up. Delane was engaged to dine with Clarendon on the evening of the day on which he issued the article in question, and just before dinner he sent a note to Clarendon, saying that perhaps he would prefer his not appearing as his guest after the issue of an article which he had written under so erroneous an impression, and he did not go.

[The next entry in the Journals describes the sudden illness of my mother, which terminated fatally on April 16. I omit all that my uncle relates on this mournful theme, and only transcribe such of the passages on public or social events which he noted down when the fluctuations of his beloved sister's illness gave good ground to hope for her recovery, thereby relieving his mind from the tension of constant anxiety.—Ed., June 1905.]

Saturday, March 10.—Dined with Bath. The electoral returns were published in the 'Pall Mall' to-night. The general opinion is that whatever the Bill may be, it will not pass. Gladstone, however, is said to be very sanguine. The Speaker is ill with a bad leg and other ailments.

Tuesday, March 27.— . . . On the 12th the Franchise Bill was produced by Gladstone, and on Tuesday last came Grosvenor's amendment, which made a great sensation, and few men have been so well abused as he has by the Democratic Press and the hangers-on of the Government; he deserves, I think, infinite credit for his pluck in undertaking so disagreeable a duty, for such he considers it to be. He is, however, stoutly supported by the 'Times' and by impartial men. On Friday Gladstone made his statement, and announced that he should consider Grosvenor's amendment as a vote of want of confidence, and that after the second reading of the Franchise Bill he would produce Bills for Redistribution, to be passed in some future Session. This manœuvre does not appear to remove the objection to the course of the Government, but it may catch votes. Opinions are now much divided as to whether the second reading will be carried. Queen Marie Amélie died without suffering, almost without an

illness, on Saturday morning at Claremont, a most enviable end to a most exemplary life. She was a woman of most noble character, eminent for her courage, and endowed with a most Christian spirit. She always has shown great kindness towards my family, and preserved to the last a fond memory of my uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, whom she had first known in Sicily, and ever after had lived with on the most intimate terms of friendship. The Queen went on Sunday to Claremont to condole with the family, and has put her Court into mourning for a month.

Thursday, March 29.—The quarrel between Austria and Prussia over their plunder is growing very serious, and rumours of imminent war are rife.

To-day the idea prevails that, rather than come to such an extremity, the King of Prussia will accept Bismarck's resignation and come to some sort of compromise with Austria. If it did not endanger the general peace of the world, one should be glad to see such a thieves' quarrel well fought out.

Bright is endeavouring to rouse the masses into enthusiasm for the Franchise Bill by incendiary letters and violent speeches at Birmingham and Manchester, hitherto without much effect.

. . . *Monday, April 2.*—Austria and Prussia are on the very verge of war.

Bridgewater House, Sunday, April 8.—I came to stay here to be near my sister,¹ who for the last few

¹ My mother had been moved to Bridgewater House a few days before.—Ed.

days has been steadily progressing. The events of the week have been the speeches of Gladstone at Liverpool on Friday and Saturday.

The first was ineffective and seemed to resolve itself into an elaborate abuse of Lowe, and which called forth a clever and just rebuke from the latter in the shape of a letter in the 'Times.' The second speech was a mischievous production clothed in very brilliant language. It is now given out by the hangers-on of the Government, that if they are beaten on the second reading of the Franchise Bill, Parliament will be dissolved, but in the same breath they tell you that they will have a considerable majority. The other side say it will be very close.

The aspect of affairs in Germany is said to be less warlike within the last few days, though there is no apparent change in the situation. France, where the two great Northern Powers are equally disliked and despised, holds neutral language.

Monday, April 9.—Dined on Saturday and Sunday with Granvilles. On Saturday, the Apponyis, Duchesse de Galliera, Lord St. Asaph, Loughborough, and Quin. Last night, Mrs. Campbell (Lady Granville's mother), Quin, and Dasent of the 'Times'—a lively man. There was not a whisper on politics, but I see the general impression is, that in consequence of the *screw* put on, the Franchise Bill will pass. I heard to-day at Lansdowne House that Princess Mary is to marry a Prince of Teck—a bad marriage. He is the penniless son of a morganatic marriage of a Prince of Wurtemberg, and lately created Prince of

Teck by the King. He is very good-looking, and in the Austrian service.

[My mother's death took place on April 16. I resume the Journals.—Ed.]

St. Anne's Hill, Saturday, May 12.—I have written the above details [of his sister's death, which I do not publish.—Ed.] here, from recollection. The first moment I have felt capable of doing so. I left Bridgewater House on Saturday, 21st, for Hillingdon, my health not permitting my attendance at the funeral on Tuesday, 24th. . . . There is no use in dwelling here on this loss to myself. The whole thing still appears to me as a bad dream. Each phase of it was so sudden, rapid, and unexpected, and the result so deplorable in all ways, and it is a lonely feeling to find oneself the last of one's generation. She was, in fact, to me, sister, friend—I might almost say, mother!—home. . . . I have been too much engrossed by the long anxiety I have endured to think much of public events, but these have been both exciting and important. There was the debate on the Franchise Bill which lasted nine nights, and which was ultimately carried by a majority of five in the fullest House that ever was known. The result was a promise on the part of the Government to produce a Bill for the redistribution of seats, and the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills. On the Franchise Bill, Lord Stanley and Lowe made the most brilliant and effective speeches. The Redistribution Bill was produced on the 13th and was read a second time. Disraeli disapproved the details in a very telling

speech and was answered by Cardwell, and there the debate ended. The Committee begins next week. The general opinion is that it will be carried, though Disraeli strongly recommended that the present Bill should be withdrawn and reproduced next Session, and that in the meanwhile the nation and the Government would have had time to inform themselves of facts of which they were now entirely ignorant, and the knowledge of which is essential in forming a good measure. This proposal was scouted by Cardwell. Foreign affairs are in a very uncomfortable state. Austria, Prussia, and Italy all are armed to the teeth, and war is considered to be inevitable and imminent, the supposed or pretended cause of quarrel between Austria and Prussia being their rival pretensions in the Duchies, and Italy thinking it a favourable opportunity for attacking Austria and making another attempt to possess herself of Venetia, on which subject the Italian people are in a state bordering on insanity. In the meantime all eyes have been turned on the Emperor Napoleon, who by holding up his finger could put a stop to this wicked war. His semi-official papers have, for the most part, held ambiguous language, and the 'Moniteur' has been silent, but Thiers having made a speech in the Legislative Assembly strongly condemning the war and the undecided or mysterious policy of the Government, which was rapturously applauded by the Chamber, the Emperor, on the occasion of a visit to Auxerre, took the opportunity, in an answer to a harangue from the Mayor, and after some phrases

about the glory of France, to declare his detestation of the Treaties of 1815, and to state that he breathed freely only when surrounded by the working classes. It appears that the Emperor did not actually make this speech at Auxerre, or if he did, no one heard or noticed it; but on his return to Paris, he had it inserted in the 'Moniteur,' and it has had a deplorable effect all over Europe. It is reported that Russia and England are endeavouring to negotiate for the assemblage of a Congress, with the hope of preventing war, with what truth I know not. The Queen, who was to have gone to Scotland to-morrow, has given it up, on account, it is said, of important intelligence from abroad. There are, however, matters nearer home which may well induce her to remain where she is; her absence when there is important business before Parliament is highly inconvenient. Her Majesty fancies she cannot pass her birthday at Windsor, or remain there during Ascot races, neither will she lend it to the Prince of Wales for that week. She has borrowed Cliveden, to the great inconvenience of the family.

Attempts have been made on the lives of the Emperor of Russia and Count Bismarck; neither was hurt. The Emperor is supposed to have been saved by a peasant who was standing near him at the time, and who laid hold of the would-be assassin. This peasant has since been ennobled. Bismarck seized his man, who discharged several shots from a revolver, none of which took any effect. The man, whose name is Blind, has since committed suicide.

Monday, May 21.—Before the House of Lords broke up for the holidays Lord Bradford asked Clarendon if he could give any information on Continental affairs, or hold out any hopes of peace. Clarendon replied that the Government was holding communications (*not negotiations*) with Russia and France as to the possibility of all the Powers meeting for the purpose of discussing the state of affairs with a view to preserving peace, but he did not hold out much hope of success; and, to judge by the public papers, everything wears a most warlike aspect.

The Queen gave her consent in Council to Princess Mary's marriage on Saturday last.

Burwood, Monday, June 4.—I passed four days at Hinchbrook, two nights in London, and came back here on Wednesday. On arriving in London I heard that Chesterfield had been attacked by paralysis the day before, and on Friday night he died, never having recovered his consciousness. In my early youth I lived a great deal in his house, not very profitably, I fear, in any way. He was a man of fair parts and good instincts, but his education had been neglected, and he had been allowed at a very early age to contract habits of dissipation and extravagance, which ultimately led to the loss of nearly half his large fortune, which, however, he endeavoured in his latter years to retrieve by judicious economy. Though rather a spoilt child, he was much liked by those he associated with, and he will be regretted in the society he frequented.

The chief topic of interest during the last ten days has been the Conference, whether it would assemble or not, and, if it does, what hope it would afford of the maintenance of peace. The question of its assembling has been settled in the affirmative, but no one seems to think that the result will be the prevention of war. It is impossible to form any opinion from what one reads in the newspapers, and I have no other source of information. Captain Hayter's amendment on the motion that the Reform Bill go into Committee—'that the redistribution and grouping of seats are ill-devised, and that the scheme of Her Majesty's Government is not sufficiently matured to form the basis of a satisfactory measure,'—came on on Thursday, when Lowe again made a fine speech, and which excited the House to an extraordinary degree. The debate was adjourned till Friday, and then again till to-night. The Opposition will forego the chance of a victory on the understanding that the Government withdraw the Bills until next Session. They have terribly bungled the whole business. One thing has been made clear, and that is, Gladstone, with all his genius and oratorical power, has not the qualities necessary for the Leader of the House of Commons. Lowe has undoubtedly raised himself in public estimation as an orator of the first class.

London, Tuesday, June 26.—I find writing a Journal next to impossible. In the first place I feel disinclined to keeping a diary, and in the next I mix very little in any society, and not at all with

those from whom I can learn anything but what is to be found in the newspapers. Moreover, events succeed each other with such rapidity that even a simple record of what is occurring is very difficult. Abroad, war has been declared. Prussia has seized on Saxony and Hanover, and we are wondering what Marshal Benedek is doing. In Italy, the Italians have attacked the Austrians (in what appears to be a very Quixotic manner) before Verona on Sunday, having crossed the Mincio and Po the day before, and were repulsed and defeated in a battle which lasted the whole day, and which ended by the taking of Custozza by assault. The Italian Army has recrossed the Mincio in so dilapidated a condition that some time must elapse before they can resume the offensive. At home, the Government, after their defeat on Dunkellin's motion, adjourned the House for a week in order that they might tender their resignations to the Queen, who had obstinately persisted in going off the previous week to Balmoral. In the meantime all sorts of conjectures have been rife as to whether Her Majesty would accept their resignation, or if she would consent to a Dissolution, which, it is supposed, was the alternative proposed to her, but to which all parties, except the ultra-Radicals, are loud in their opposition. It was hoped that the Queen, on hearing of the defeat of the Government, would hasten her return to Windsor, but instead of doing so she merely announced that she should leave Balmoral last night, and this delay prevented Ministers from announcing anything definitive

to their respective Houses last night, and obliged them to confine their statements to the fact that Her Majesty had hesitated to accept their resignation until she had had a personal interview with Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, which was appointed to take place to-day at one o'clock, and that they would meet their House at six this evening. The Queen's journey to Balmoral at this season, and her remaining there after the Ministerial crisis, has called forth very disagreeable comments in nearly all the newspapers and in society generally. . . . The Queen is now in great and real trouble at the state of affairs in Germany, where the husbands of her two daughters and her brother-in-law are arrayed against each other in the different hostile camps, one daughter, the Princess of Prussia, having just lost her child, and the other being on the point of her confinement at Darmstadt. These are real distresses, and one may hope that, as *à quelque chose malheur est bon*, they may serve to do away with the factitious woes and ceremonies Her Majesty loves to indulge in.

Friday, June 29.—On Tuesday Ministers announced their resignation; also that the Queen, who had asked them to reconsider the matter and to defer their decision until she had conferred with them, had, after an interview with them on the morning of her arrival from Balmoral, accepted their resignation. John Russell made a bad and injudicious speech, and was answered angrily by Derby. Grey also replied to some of John Russell's

statements, and accused the Government of a series of blunders. Gladstone did better in the other House. Public opinion is much divided on the propriety of their resignation, and I think the majority consider it as ill-judged, if not positively unjustifiable. To-day I called on Lady Shaftesbury, who told me that Derby was trying to induce some of the Liberal Party to join him, but hitherto without success. Shaftesbury was at that moment with him, but she did not think he was disposed to take office. From another quarter I heard that Derby would throw up the task if he found that there was no disposition in the Liberal Party to join him, and would hand over the business to his son, who might perhaps be more likely to succeed in inducing the *Adullamites* and Whigs to come to terms. I have no means of knowing whether this be true, but it may be amusing hereafter to read the various reports and lies which are spread abroad. The House of Commons has been adjourned until next Thursday.

Wednesday, July 4.—Dined yesterday at Lansdowne House, where I heard that the Ministry was formed, and, to my great surprise, that Abercorn goes to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. To-day I had a note from Lady Abercorn to announce the fact, at which she is by no means elated. I can conceive nothing so little congenial to her taste and habits. The general opinion seems to be that the Government is as good a one as could be formed out of the materials Derby could dispose of.

Prussian victories are of almost daily occurrence, and the collapse of Austria seems complete.

Thursday, July 5.—I was inexpressibly shocked this morning when dressing to receive a note from Winifred Howard telling me that Shelburne had been taken suddenly ill last night, and was totally unconscious, and begging me to inform Lady Holland. I immediately went to Holland House, and on my return heard that all was over. He had dined with Lady Lansdowne¹ at the Chief Justice's and had gone on to White's Club, where, when playing at picquet with Henry Baring, he was seized with paralysis and taken home. Lady Lansdowne had gone to a ball at Lady Cowper's with Winifred Howard, and on hearing of Shelburne's illness immediately went home. Up to 4 A.M. some hope was entertained of saving him, but at that hour a sudden change came on, and he gradually sank until 12.30 P.M., when he expired. I had dined with him on Tuesday, when he had just returned from Cowes, and was busy with the arrangements of the Gallery for a great assembly they were to have held to-night, and he seemed better than I had seen him for some time. Yesterday I had seen him in Berkeley Square and was much shocked by his appearance, and I did not think well of his general health, though I was in no way prepared for so sudden a termination to his life. I lose in him an old, true, and constant friend, from whom I have always received unremitting kindness, and whose house was always open to me. Thus is gone

¹ His wife.

another and almost the last social resource left to me.

Friday, July 6.—We were startled to-day by the news of the cession of Venetia to the Emperor of the French by a telegram from the Emperor of Austria, who asks the Emperor Napoleon to use his good offices to obtain an armistice, and we hear that the latter at once put himself in communication with the Kings of Prussia and Italy. The Austrian defeat at Sadowa was crushing and complete: they lost one hundred guns. There seems to be no doubt that the needle gun is the main cause of the complete collapse of the Austrians, and at the same time it is impossible to doubt that Benedek has been completely out-manceuvred and is not competent to the command of a great army. All London is in tears at the prostration and humiliation of Austria, and at the triumph of the detested Prussians. Apponyi excused himself from attending Princess Helena's marriage, which took place yesterday at Windsor in the private chapel of the Castle, with as much pomp as the place admitted of. The invited company (excepting those on duty) went down by train and returned after luncheon. There was a dinner in the Waterloo Gallery for those who were in the Castle. Both sets of Ministers were invited to the ceremony. The Queen gave Princess Helena away, and for the first time appeared in somewhat mitigated mourning.

Saturday, July 7.—The new Ministers and Household were sworn in yesterday, the others having previously delivered up their seals and wands. The

appointments are for the most part considered judicious.

It is reported that Prussia has declined acceding to an armistice proposed by General Gabling, but no answer had been returned to the offer of the Emperor Napóleon to mediate. The King of Italy confined himself to thanking the Emperor of the French, but said that he must consult his ally the King of Prussia. In the meantime, the Italians make wry faces at Venetia being handed over to France, and pretend they only wish to owe its possession to their own valour.

Friday, July 20.—I find it next to impossible to write a Journal now. As I said before, events succeed each other with such rapidity, and I hear nothing but what is recorded in the newspapers.

Since I last wrote, Derby has made his statement, and did it very well and with great dignity. The House of Commons is galloping through the remaining business with great rapidity. The Prussians continue their triumphant career and are by this time before Vienna, where the Austrians are massed in great numbers intending to make a supreme effort. No one expects it to be successful.

Holland House, Thursday, August 2.—The last two or three weeks have been pregnant with extraordinary events. . . . Last week we were occupied with the riots in Hyde Park, in consequence of the very proper refusal of the authorities to allow a great monster meeting of the Reform League to take place there. The whole business was much mismanaged,

and the parks for several days afterwards the resort of all the *roughs* and pickpockets of London, who (in consequence of the police being withdrawn) attacked and maltreated with impunity the people passing to and fro. It is probable that this disgraceful affair will lead to some new arrangement by which the parks will be put under the police, and also to their being lighted and patrolled at night, and ultimately to the widening of Park Lane. Walpole, the Home Secretary, did not shine on this occasion, and his own party were loud in their denunciation of his want of firmness and his incapacity. The Atlantic Cable was successfully laid last week, and messages have been sent to and fro (including complimentary ones between the Queen and the President of the United States) every day in quick succession. They are now endeavouring to fish up the old broken cable, and expect to succeed.

London, Wednesday, January 2, 1867.—Five months have elapsed since I have written in this book—not from want of events, for these have been abundant and of the first magnitude, but I have been so ill and so out of spirits for so long, that I have felt a disgust for the occupation of keeping a diary. . . . There is no use in going back, so I shall merely try and put down what I do in future. I passed yesterday alone; the snow was so deep that the streets were nearly impassable. Oliphant came to see me, lately returned from America, where, he says, we are more than ever detested; chiefly on account of the ‘Alabama’ affair. He thinks that the

Government of the United States is fast becoming a Parliamentary despotism, and the Constitution as it stood before the Civil War is becoming a dead letter.

The Emperor Napoleon made a pacific speech to the *Corps Diplomatique* yesterday. A stormy Session is expected in Paris, the Government being very vulnerable on various points. Mexico, Rome, Germany, the reorganisation of the army. Thiers calls the Emperor 'une incapacité reconnue.'

Thursday, January 3.—There has not been such a snowstorm as that of yesterday for many years. Nearly all the traffic in the streets has been suspended and the railways have been delayed for hours. It seems to have extended from Aberdeen to the Land's End. All the press justly fall foul of the municipal authorities for the disgraceful state of the thoroughfares. The Crystal Palace was nearly consumed by fire on Sunday. A great portion of the tropical plants and of the (stuffed) (?) animals have been destroyed. John Ashley died yesterday. He had for some time lost his mind. He was an eccentric man with good abilities, and had made a considerable sum as a conveyancer.

Saturday, January 5.—Twenty-nine degrees of frost last night. I am reading a novel called 'Felix Holt,' by George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes), a most striking book, full of vigorous writing. A passage struck me so much just now as so true and so well expressed, that I am tempted to transcribe it here :

'The rays of the morning sun which fell athwart the books, the sense of the beginning day, had deep-

ened the solemnity more than the night would have done. All knowledge which alters our lives, penetrates us more when it comes in the early morning. The day that has to be travelled with something new and perhaps for ever sad in its light, is an image of the light that spreads beyond. But at night the time of rest is near.'

Monday, February 4.—We have had some very severe weather during the last month. Much snow has fallen and the thermometer has been unusually low. One evening the thaw came quite suddenly. The rain fell copiously and froze as it fell, and the streets became impassable except on foot, and few who ventured out escaped without falling. People were actually skating on the *Trottoir*. There was a fearful accident in the Regent's Park by the breaking of the ice, by which more than forty people were drowned.

The chief public event of interest has been certain political changes in France, which the Emperor calls 'crowning the edifice,' and are by way of being concessions in a liberal sense. The chief feature of these so-called concessions is abolishing the discussion on the Address, for which the *droit d'interpellation* is substituted, but which is so fenced round with precautions as (it would seem to me) to nullify the privilege altogether. The other concession seems to have more reality than the former one. The *avertissements* from the Government are abolished, and offences of the press are to be tried by the ordinary tribunals.

Madame de Flahault, who generally approves of all the Imperial policy (though by way of being a staunch Liberal) writes to me as follows :—

‘ There is so much diversity of opinion upon the recent political changes, that it is impossible to judge of their real merit, and it is only a successful result that can decide upon their prudence. The majority in the Chambers will not be pleased at having to adopt *now* what they were called upon to resist last year. The minority are disappointed at losing the discussion on the Address, and at not having gained sufficient liberty to make as much mischief as they could wish. Quiet and reasonable people would rather have had no change, but would have preferred to remain under the former system of Government, however faulty, which had worked advantageously for fifteen years.’

The whole Government was invited to resign, which they did *en masse*, believing it was only for the purpose of shuffling the cards, and that they would be asked to resume office, though perhaps not all to the same posts. Instead of this, it turned out that Fould and the Minister of War and some others ‘ were left in the cold,’ and Rouher was appointed to the ‘ Finance,’ whilst retaining the ‘ Ministère d’État.’ It is supposed that Fould was inclined to thwart the Emperor in his extravagant claptrap policy, and that His Majesty has long wished to get rid of him. Gladstone has been at Paris, and was much *fêté* by the Ministers and scientific bodies, as well as by the Court.

The principal social event of last month has been the death of Lady Jersey, which took place on the evening of the 26th, very suddenly. The last time I saw her was one evening in Christmas week, when she first struck me as appearing weaker than I had ever seen her. But she soon became animated and in her usual flow of spirits. I had been unwell myself and unable to visit her, but had intended doing so on the evening of her death, when I happened to dine with Mrs. Villiers, and I only gave up going to her in consequence of a pouring rain. I might thus have been in the house when she was taken ill, for she generally admitted me, and I should have called just before she retired to her room complaining to her maid that she felt very tired after a long visit from Princess Mary, and which had caused her to cough more than usual. She had hardly said this when she was seized with a paroxysm, and in three-quarters of an hour she expired. Those who had seen her lately had been struck by the change that had come over her during the last few weeks. She seemed to have lost her zest and interest in almost everything, and life seemed to have ceased to have any attraction for her. Under these circumstances, it is impossible to conceive a more fortunate termination to her existence. I had known her for more than fifty years, and had always been on intimate terms with her, and found her gay, good-natured, and friendly. Few women have played a more brilliant part in society, or have commanded more homage, than Lady Jersey. Few have more enjoyed existence

and the position which in early life her great beauty, her wealth, and, above all, her wonderful animal spirits, secured for her, and which carried her through more trials than almost anyone I ever knew was ever visited with. It was her great zest and gaiety, rather than her cleverness, which constituted her power of attracting remarkable men, many of whom I have seen listen with the greatest complacency to what they would have considered to be egregious nonsense had it emanated from less charming lips. She will be a great loss to many, and she is the last, with the exception of Lady Palmerston, of a more brilliant and more refined society than is to be found in our present time. Great curiosity prevails as to her testamentary provisions.

Parliament is to be opened to-morrow by the Queen in person ; and Government has so well kept its secret (if it has one) that no one has the least idea whether they intend to propose a Reform Bill or not.

Tuesday, February 12.—The Queen had a dreary wet day for her progress to Westminster. The same ceremonial as last year was observed on this occasion. The Speech, which was one of unusual length and full of promises, contained a paragraph stating that the attention of Parliament would be called to the state of the representation of the people, and trusting that the deliberations on this subject would be conducted in a spirit of moderation and mutual forbearance which might lead to the adoption of measures which, without unduly disturbing the balance of

political power, shall freely extend the suffrage. The Address in the Lords was moved by Lord Beauchamp and seconded by Lord Delamere. John Russell made a very *waspy* speech, to which Lord Derby replied and said that if the question was to be approached in the spirit evinced by Lord Russell all hope of a settlement of it must be abandoned. In the Commons Mr. de Grey¹ moved and Mr. Graves seconded the Address. Disraeli declined to state the form in which the measure of Reform would be presented to the House, but fixed Monday the 11th for bringing it on. Gladstone made a very temperate speech, presenting a favourable contrast with the one delivered by Lord Russell.

Up to Saturday the exact nature of the measure was not known. It then *oozed* out that it was to be a series of resolutions, which were last night brought before the House in a very elaborate speech by Disraeli. If one may judge by the way in which they were received by Gladstone, and are handled by the 'Times' this morning, I should fear the question will not be settled by this Government in this Session; but of course one cannot yet fairly judge of the chances of success or failure. Yesterday the demonstration of the Reform League came off and was a decided failure. The numbers were fewer than on the last occasion, and there was no enthusiasm. The inconvenience to the traffic and trade of the town is so great from these foolish and mischievous gatherings that I feel persuaded this will be the last

¹ The present Lord Walsingham.—Ed., 1905.

of them. Lady Jersey's will, which had excited curiosity, is a just and kind one, and finds no detractors.

Friday, February 15.—It was admitted on all hands that Disraeli made a bad speech on Monday. He wearied the House with a long history of the various Reform Bills that have been successively brought before Parliament, said many things he had better have avoided saying, and left the intentions of the Government on the main question in a state of complete uncertainty. His party are much disgusted with him.

During the debate the news came of an intended attack by a large body of Fenians on Chester Castle, which had nearly succeeded, but was prevented by one of their party giving information to the authorities of the town, who sent for troops and took other precautions. The Fenians, finding this to be the case, threw away their arms and ammunition and dispersed as fast as they could; they are said to have amounted to about eight hundred men, and to have come from Liverpool and other large towns. Yesterday came the news of a rising of Fenians at Killarney. They cut the wires and attacked the Coastguard barrack and killed a man. Troops were sent from Cork and other places, and the rebels retired to the mountains, where they were pursued by the troops. It is supposed that the Chester affair and this rising in Kerry were a combined effort. Lords Strathnairn and Naas went off at once to Ireland. Derby and Walpole, in answer to questions, stated their belief that no

steamers from America had landed any men at Valentia; and on the propriety of prolonging the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, Walpole declined to express any opinion. With regard to the Chester affair Peel and Walpole, answering questions, said there was no ground for the belief that the troops originally stationed at Chester had any leaning towards Fenianism. The armoury at Chester contains 9,000 stands of muskets, 4,000 swords, and 900,000 rounds of ammunition, the capture of which it is presumed the Fenians aimed at.

Questions were asked last night of Disraeli as to the intentions of the Government with respect to Reform.¹ The mystery in which Disraeli has enveloped his statement has irritated his own party as much as the Opposition, and it has been generally believed that he has adopted this tone owing to the difficulties he has had to contend with regarding certain members of the Cabinet. This, however, was stoutly denied to me by one of the party, who professed to know on the best authority that no such difficulties had ever existed. The Emperor opened his Parliament yesterday. His speech was skilful, its tenour is peaceful, and one paragraph is especially remarkable as stating explicitly that neither France nor Europe will permit the temporal power of the Pope to be attacked.

Tuesday, February 26.—Last night Disraeli brought on his resolutions. The House was crowded

¹ Mr. Greville refers to a newspaper cutting giving his reply, which is not forthcoming.

to excess and intense curiosity prevailed as to his explanations. His speech was tame, and he appeared jaded and depressed, and it was received in silence by his own side, but with some cheers from the Opposition. The resolutions were much cavilled at and the sense of the House was entirely against them and in favour of a Bill. Lowe spoke but disappointed his admirers, and his speech fell flat. He declared that as Reform was now inevitable he should do the best he could towards enacting the least dangerous Bill. It is, I believe, certain that at Derby's meeting in the morning *that* party was so dissatisfied with what had been agreed upon (Household Suffrage, with duality of votes) that Dizzy was obliged to alter his course at the last moment. He was earnestly pressed to withdraw the resolutions, and he will have to do it. The general opinion is that a Bill will be passed this Session, but Gladstone would not make any *engagement* not to oppose the second reading.

Wednesday, February 27.—The resolutions were withdrawn last night, and a Bill promised for Thursday week. The general feeling is in favour of settling the Bill this Session. Government will have to swallow a 5*l.* rental for boroughs and a 10*l.* qualification for counties, but it will be with a wry face. The Queen received the *Corps Diplomatique*, the Ministers and their wives, and the Household and other officials to-day at a Court at Buckingham Palace. The day was bitterly cold and the Palace is pitch dark, and a more funereal ceremony it would be difficult to witness. Its only merit was its brevity.

Her Majesty spoke to nobody. Princess Louise accompanied her, and is a pretty girl. The Princess of Wales's state caused some uneasiness two days ago, but she is better; they fear her recovery will be slow. The Queen went to Marlborough House this morning to see her. Prince Arthur was at the Court, and is the best looking of the family.

Paris, March 8.—I came here last Saturday, on a visit to the Flahaults, and on my way to Cannes, having left London the day before (March 1) in a piercing cold, which has continued ever since. I received a most kind welcome and am most comfortably lodged. I have seen hardly anyone here, as the Flahaults lead a retired life. My acquaintance of former days, d'Haubersant, dined here one evening. They talked of Beugnot, whose memoirs have been lately published, and have excited much interest, and they cited a neat saying of his to the Emperor Napoleon the First, by whom he was subsequently employed in various offices. The Emperor, who had a great love of trying to *put out* people when he addressed them, was travelling on a tour of inspection with his Minister of the Interior, Crité, and was about to visit Havre, of which Beugnot was the 'Préfet.' Crité said to the Emperor, 'Je crois, Sire, que vous avez bien de la peine à embarrasser M. de Beugnot.' 'Eh bien,' said the Emperor, 'nous allons voir.' On arriving at Havre M. de Beugnot, as was the custom, made his harangue to the Emperor, who, looking steadfastly in his face, said, 'Avez-vous beaucoup d'oiseaux de passage ici, M. le Préfet?' 'Oui, Sire. Un aigle

vient de descendre sur nos côtes qui a rempli d'admiration tout le pays.'

The news from England as well as from Ireland has been full of interest this last week. The Ministerial resignation in consequence of the Reform Bill, and the explanations of the retiring Members, Peel, Cranborne, and Carnarvon, reached us three days ago. Peel and Cranborne spoke with much dignity and good taste, and their speeches were well received by the House. There was an exciting debate, in which Disraeli, Gladstone, Lowe, and Horsman made short and brilliant speeches. The changes in the Ministry are not calculated to strengthen it. The Duke of Buckingham is no improvement on Carnarvon, who has done well at the Colonies. Pakington is but a feeble substitute for Peel at the War Office, of which he can know nothing, and where he goes with no great popularity from the Admiralty, and people cavil at Henry Corry's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty, where I should not be surprised if he did well. Richmond is to succeed Northcote at the Board of Trade, who goes to the India Board, and he will at least bring diligence to the execution of his office. It is supposed that a strong Bill will be introduced, and if it fails to satisfy the House that the Government will dissolve. Yesterday we received the news of a fresh and more extensive insurrection having broken out simultaneously in several parts of Ireland; Lord Naas read the telegram in the House of Commons announcing what had occurred, and stating that the Government had sufficient forces at

their disposal to suppress the insurrection. The secrecy with which an affair of this kind, and where such large numbers have been engaged, proves, I fear, how wide and deep is the disaffection. Plunder and confiscation (if it proved successful), is the principal object of this movement.

Cannes, Saturday, March 23.—I stayed a day longer at Paris in order to assist at the first representation of Verdi's opera, 'Don Carlos,' for which Lady Cowley gave me a place. It is a tedious and uninteresting work, indifferently sung, or rather bawled, and has only one striking scene, the end of the third act. The Emperor and Empress were present—her Majesty gorgeously arrayed in diamonds, as were most of the ladies present, it being the fashion in order to hear to put on best attire for first representations, *solennités théâtrales*, as they are called. . . .

Mentone, Sunday, March 24.— . . From England I hear that Disraeli's last speech on the second reading of the Reform Bill was greatly admired and approved on all sides, and he was tremendously cheered. There is now every chance of a Bill being passed. It is said that Gladstone (whose tone throughout has been very objectionable) betrayed much ill humour during Disraeli's speech and at the effect it produced, the good humour of Disraeli forming a great contrast with the captiousness Gladstone has shown throughout these Reform discussions.

Nice, Friday, April 5.—I came here on Tuesday. . . . Enfield writes to me from London that the

moderate men on his side have had a hard time of it, but thanks to their urgent remonstrances and the help which the 'Times' and 'Daily News' have given them, they were able to restrain Gladstone from the suicidal course of opposing the second reading, but he yielded terribly *à contre-cœur*. Had a division taken place Enfield thinks about 120 of his side would have voted with the Government, or at any rate have abstained from voting against the Bill, and about forty-seven Tories, including Cranborne, would have voted with Gladstone. The debate on the second reading was dull. The House apathetic and wearied with the old subject. Gladstone and Sir Roundell Palmer made good practical speeches, but the honours of the two evenings must be given to Disraeli, who never spoke with anything like the same effect as on Tuesday night. He was droll, sarcastic, eloquent, good-tempered, and bitter by turns, and his peroration, as a bit of Parliamentary acting, quite capital. The effect on the House electrical. Gladstone tried to object to the day named for Committee, but he was fairly cowed and out-jockeyed by his rival. Enfield thinks now there is a good chance of a Bill passing, and that some of Grosvenor's amendments will be accepted by the Government, and a golden bridge provided for their retreat; but the journey is a long one yet to travel, and Gladstone and some of the old Government seem to long for a party fight and to turn out the Government.

Cannes, Sunday, April 7.— . . . I hear from London that Gladstone continues bent upon fighting,

coûte que coûte, and will probably oppose the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair. Hanbury, the M.P. for Middlesex, is dead, a good man and a great loss. A Mr. Labouchere is standing for the county, a very different order of man, and it is to be hoped he may fail.

From Paris I hear the opening of the Exhibition was a dull ceremony, consisting merely of an Imperial promenade through the building, and a few civil bows and phrases to the representatives of the different National Sections. Walewski's deposition from the Presidency of the Chamber has been the principal subject of interest in political circles at Paris. I believe he was invited to resign, and ostensibly did so. He was from the first inefficient, and had become very distasteful to the Government, especially to Rouher, and had lost all authority over the Assembly. The Emperor gives him a pension of 100,000 francs per annum, and he is reappointed Senator, and is also a member of the Council of Empire.

Friday, April 12.—An interesting letter from Enfield states that Gladstone had made another desperate attempt to prevent the Reform Bill from going into Committee, but was obliged to give way, without the contemplated motion even coming on, owing to the urgent remonstrances of fifty-four moderate men on his side. Coleridge, M.P. for Exeter, who was to have moved the hostile resolution, was away from London when the plan of the campaign was agreed upon at Gladstone's house, and he accepted the

invitation without counting the probable cost. He returned to town late on Sunday night, and then found to his utter consternation that he was expected to lead an onslaught on the Government; when Gladstone was obliged to withdraw from the position ten minutes before the House met, Coleridge was greatly relieved. Gladstone has now done what he ought to have done weeks ago, viz., have given notice of rational amendments in Committee, but he has so bedevilled and broken up the party by his want of patience, temper, and conciliation, that his prestige is seriously impaired, and his credit as a leader very much gone. It is difficult to describe the fury of the old stagers at the attitude which the moderate party have taken. Disraeli's management of his party and measures has been quite wonderful, and great credit must be given him, if not for principle, at least for pluck, patience, and indomitable good temper.

Easter Monday, April 22.—The majority of the Government on Gladstone's motion (twenty-one) appears to please everyone except the hungry for office. It is a great slap in the face to Gladstone, who has decidedly mismanaged this affair, and the Government is now safe until after the dissolution, which must take place whenever the Bill is carried.

The Luxembourg Question still agitates the political world. The German Press is very pugnacious in its language, and scouts the idea of the possibility of allowing that Duchy to be annexed to France. The French Press, on the other hand, is beginning to resent the language held by that of Prussia, and there

are all sorts of reports of preparations for war on both sides. Madame de Flahault writes to me on the 17th that they are more peaceful than when she last wrote. Prussia is holding more moderate language, and is rather impressed with the military excitement which recent events have produced all over France. It is a mistake, she adds, to suppose that the French Army is not in a fit state to take the field, for though it is not so well prepared or numerous as it will be by and by, it is in good order and full of energy, and has not had the wear and tear of a Sadowa. However, she hopes it will not be called upon, as everything at present looks peaceful, and she thinks will remain so.

London, July.—Owing to an accident I met with when staying with the Rokebys at Nice, having been run away with and overturned within a few yards of a precipice, by which my arm was a good deal injured, and writing made very difficult, my Journal has for many weeks come to a standstill. I passed three weeks with the Flahaults at Paris on my way home, where everyone was occupied with the Exhibition, and with the Emperors and Kings and Princes who came or were expected to come to visit it, and it was plain to see how much the vanity of the French was tickled by this assembly of great people in their capital. The fêtes given in their honour were numerous, brilliant, and well-managed, and, but for the attempt on the life of the Czar, were crowned with complete success. Some fears were entertained as to how the King of Prussia would be received by

the Parisians, but by the *bonhomie* and cordiality of his manners he much surpassed in popularity the Emperor of Russia, whose demeanour is somewhat rough, and savours of *hauteur*. The Prince of Wales made himself very popular in all sorts of societies. The Sultan, who arrived after the Emperor and King had left, was received with the same pomp and is lodged at the Elysée. He made his appearance at the great distribution of prizes, which was a pageant of extraordinary splendour. It was just as the Emperor Napoleon was starting for this ceremony that he received the news of the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, which filled him and the Empress with grief and consternation, and put an end to all the great fêtes which had been prepared in the Sultan's honour. This barbarous act has produced a great sensation throughout Europe, and all the Sovereigns have gone into mourning.

Saturday, July 13.—Yesterday the Sultan made his public entry into London. I went into the Green Park just to see the general effect of the procession as it entered the gates of the Palace, and the attitude of the crowd, which was orderly and respectful. I did not see the Sultan, being too far off. They say he looked bewildered and melancholy. He was horribly sick at sea on his passage to France, and dreadfully frightened on the railway, and called out loudly to have the speed slackened. He can speak no language, but in answer to all enquiries after his health, replied in Turkish, ‘Very tired, very tired.’

He appears to be of the most crass ignorance, and when the Duke of Sutherland was presented to him, he asked him if he was *King of Scotland*.

The Reform Bill has passed through Committee, and is to be read a third time on Monday. I shall say nothing of it here. Its introduction, its progress, and the whole conduct of the men engaged in carrying it through Parliament, will be a curious but, I fear, not very creditable page in our history.

Monday, July 15.—The Queen received the Sultan at Windsor on Saturday, and he stayed to luncheon; the whole affair barely lasted an hour. I hear, however, that he was pleased with his reception. Yesterday the Prince of Wales took him to Teddington, where he embarked in the Royal barges and was rowed down to Richmond, where he landed at the villa of the Buccleuchs, who were there to receive him. The Prince explained to him that this villa belonged to one of the great magnates of the land, and was used by them as a toy or *maison de plaisance*.

Friday, July 19.—The Duchess of Buccleuch told me the Sultan was very courteous and that his visit passed off very well. They had only members of their family present, as it was Sunday and an *impromptu*. The naval review, which at one time it was thought could not possibly take place owing to the tempestuous state of the weather, was a very fine sight from the vast number of the ships and vessels of all sorts. No manœuvres were possible owing to the high wind, and the Sultan and Queen merely steamed through the streets of ships, the yards

of which were manned and salutes fired. The Queen invested the Sultan with the Garter on board her yacht and then took final leave of him. The weather is deplorable, and it is not extraordinary that the Sultan should have asked which is our fine season. A difficult question to answer.

It had been question of giving the Sultan the 'Star of India,' and I believe when the intention was notified to him, he observed that his predecessor had had the Garter. Frank Egerton, who was on board the Royal yacht when the investiture took place, said the Sultan's delight was very apparent.

Friday, July 26.—Of all the fêtes given to the Sultan, the ball at the new India House was the most successful. The quadrangle was covered in and converted into a magnificent room, and the arcades, supported by pillars all round, produced a very beautiful and original effect. The sudden death of Madame Musurus,¹ which took place in consequence of a fit, proceeding from a disease of the heart, whilst at supper with the Sultan, was a very painful incident. She was buried with great pomp two days ago, the Sultan having ordered that no expense should be spared and that the State should defray it. The review at Wimbledon gathered such a crowd as is only seen on a Derby day, but its effect was marred by the torrents of rain which fell all the afternoon. Spencer entertained the Sultan at dinner in a mag-

¹ I believe she was a Greek by birth, wife of the Turkish Ambassador. I remember at the time that her death was described as *une apoplexie foudroyante*.—Ed.

nificent tent which he had caused to be prepared in an incredibly short space of time, and which, with adjoining ones, were splendidly adorned with plate and the furniture from Spencer House. The Sultan took his departure on Tuesday with the same ceremony as attended his arrival. He has left magnificent donations for the poor and the officers who were appointed to wait upon him and his family, and has left a favourable impression, for dignity and courtesy, on those who approached him. He has a fine serene countenance. The Turks who were lodged in Buckingham Palace were, by the house-keeper's account, very clean and tidy in their habits. It is droll that they generally sat at the outside of the doors of their apartments instead of within them. Fuad Pacha impressed everyone very much with his great cleverness.

The debate on the Reform Bill began on Monday. Grey moved his resolution, which was generally disapproved of. He made a long speech, which read well, though from his feeble utterance a great part of it was not heard, and he was much exhausted at the end and in fact broke down. There was much good speaking; Carnarvon especially distinguished himself, and pitched into his former colleagues with so much effect as to infuriate Derby, who had been tedious in bringing in the measure, but replied to Carnarvon with vigour, showing, however, how much he had been riled by the pungency of Carnarvon. Young Lord Camperdown made a very promising *début*, and Lord Morley confirmed the

favourable impression he before had made. The debate lasted two nights, and the resolution was negatived. The Bill is to be in Committee on Monday.

London, September 23.— . . . Of public events worthy of record, the interview between the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor Napoleon at Salzburg has been the most prominent, and has given rise to all sorts of reports and false interpretation. It has, however, been semi-officially stated that everything that passed between the two Emperors was conducive to the maintenance of peace. A circular of Bismarck to the Prussian diplomatists couched in rather insolent terms, and, in fact, saying that the internal policy of Germany would not be influenced by the will of any foreign Power, has created a great hubbub in France and added to the irritation, already great, against Prussia. Garibaldi is supposed to have made up his mind to attack Rome. The Italian Government has, however, denounced the attempt, and declared they will carry out the Treaty of September.

There has been a daring Fenian outrage committed at Manchester, in the rescue by an armed mob of two Fenian chiefs in broad daylight; one policeman was shot dead and another wounded. The prisoners escaped and have not since been heard of. I have been much grieved by my old and kind friend Madame de Flahault having been struck with paralysis, at Paris, three weeks ago.

Wednesday, September 25.—The Italian Govern-

ment has taken the bold and wise step of arresting Garibaldi and thus preventing his insane attempt to attack Rome. He was taken at Sinalunga, near the Roman frontier, and conveyed to Alessandria. He will probably be soon released and sent back to Caprera.

Friday, September 27.—The Queen is gone to pass a day or two at Glenfiddich—an odd freak. Richmond went from Gordon Castle to meet her.

Saturday, September 28.—Mrs. Baring called, having just returned from Vichy, where she saw and had much talk with M. de Persigny. He told her that France is in a very discontented state with the Government, and that the Empress does a great deal of mischief, meddling with everything, and that her influence with the Emperor is unbounded. He spoke despondingly of the state of affairs, but he is mortified at being shelved.

The Queen arrived at Glenfiddich in a downpour of rain, and they had managed so badly about their luggage that half of it only arrived at ten at night and the other half at four in the morning. Her Majesty is attended by Princess Louise and Lady Churchill, Sir Thomas Biddulph and John Brown, with three maids. It was notified to Richmond that after dinner he would be expected to remain in the dining-room when the Queen withdrew to the drawing-room, which is *one* way of treating the host of a house to which she had invited herself. Strange woman!

Saturday, October 5.— . . . On Wednesday and

Thursday there was a tremendous panic on the Paris Exchange, and every sort of absurd and contradictory report was spread, which made the Funds and every kind of security fall enormously, especially Italian Funds, which were as low as 45. The 'Moniteur' in vain declared that these rumours had no sort of foundation. Public confidence has not yet been re-established, and a very uneasy feeling prevails all over Europe. It is reported that Garibaldi, who had been conveyed to Caprera and set at liberty unconditionally, again left the island, and was arrested at Leghorn. This has not been confirmed or contradicted. By many people it is suspected that there is collusion between Garibaldi and the Italian Government, but I do not understand on what evidence. In the meantime it is supposed that Ratazzi is moving heaven and earth to get the Emperor Napoleon to consent to a revision of the September Convention, and for this purpose Nigra is gone to Biarritz.

The Abyssinian Expedition occupies public attention, and it is believed there is to be a November Session to get the necessary funds voted, the amount of which, it is said, will be above three millions—a nice mess.

I went on Wednesday to the Haymarket to see Mrs. Scott Siddons (great-granddaughter to Mrs. Siddons) act Juliet. She is a true Kemble in appearance, and a miniature of Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Tragic Muse'—beautiful, but a very laboured, stagey, and unsponaneous actress.

Sunday, October 6.—Called on Lady Shaftesbury. He came in and spoke very gloomily on public affairs, both foreign and domestic. He said he had lately had much talk with some of the most active City missionaries, who gave a deplorable account of the spirit of the London lower classes, and as being quite revolutionary, and there are at this moment 15,000 skilled artisans out of work along the Thames.

It is currently reported that Parliament is to meet on November 15, and the gossips are already talking of the probability of changes in the Government. It is said that Lord Derby's health is so failing that he will not meet Parliament in February, that the Conservatives will not consent to take Disraeli as their chief, and that he will not give up the lead of the House of Commons to Lord Stanley, whilst Lord Stanley will not consent to go to the House of Lords, and therefore that the Duke of Richmond will be put at the head of the Government, all which is probably 'moonshine'; but it is sometimes amusing to *dot* down the idle reports of the day when there is nothing authentic or of interest to record. I fancy the Government is in considerable embarrassment as to finding a good successor to poor Fred Bruce. Augustus Paget and Mr. Thornton (just home from the Brazils) have been mentioned as probable appointments, but the former has only lately been established at Florence, and will hardly be induced to exchange that agreeable post for Washington.

Sunday, November 17.—Reeve called on me the

other day. He spoke of Charles's Journal, and of the disposition he proposed to make with regard to it in case of his death. He said, and I agreed with him, that he thought it should be left to someone of the family, and he asked me if I thought Alice Enfield would not be a fitting person. I said I thought she would, and that young Ellesmere was the only other alternative that occurred to me. I understood that he would leave it to Alice. He said that publishing any part of the Journal did not enter into his contemplation at present, but that, although many years must elapse before the Memoirs of this reign and a great part of the last would be given to the world, he did not see the same objection to publishing what referred to the time of George IV.

Reeve was just come from Paris. He said all France, with very few exceptions, was for the intervention at Rome, the Emperor himself unwilling; and in the Government Lavalette had been almost the only opponent, and the Empress had sided with him from the fear that plots and attempts at assassination would be resumed. Lavalette has since resigned, and is made a member of the Privy Council, with 100,000 francs per annum.

Besides the Italian affair, we have had the Fenian trials and convictions; horrible colliery explosions and a hurricane at St. Thomas's, by which two catastrophes many hundred lives have been lost. Added to this there is a report that Tortola, one of the Virgin Islands, has been submerged and the whole population destroyed, amounting to 8,000

souls. This, however, is not yet certain. Of all the Sovereigns who have visited Paris the Emperor of Austria appears to have had the greatest personal success. He made a neat little speech at the Hôtel de Ville banquet, which produced a good effect, and he has been received with great enthusiasm on his return to Vienna.

Sunday, November 24.—The Fenians were executed yesterday morning at Manchester. Immense precautions had been taken to put down any possible disturbance, but everything passed off quietly. There was an *indignation* procession and meeting in Hyde Park to-day, but the proceedings were flat, and the demonstration may be considered a failure. We have had the Emperor Napoleon's and our Queen's Speeches on opening their respective Parliaments; both are considered to be very peaceful. The debates in our two Houses were very flat. In consequence of the dangerous illness of Mrs. Disraeli the Opposition abstained from attacking the Government. She is better, and, it is said, will recover. Details have arrived of the disasters at St. Thomas's and Tortola. The damage done by the hurricane is beyond all former precedent. Tortola was not submerged, but many lives were lost, and the town was nearly destroyed.

Monday, December 2.—The debate on the Abyssinian War was languid enough. Disraeli was ill, and Hunt, Secretary of the Treasury, had to ask for the two millions, which no one supposes will cover the expense of the expedition. The proceedings in

Parliament have been very uninteresting. The Houses are to be adjourned next Friday. The chances of the Conference meeting on the Roman Question seem to diminish daily, though M. de Moustier spoke in the Senate on the interpellation on the Roman Question confidently of its meeting.

Processions of sympathisers with the Fenians, consisting of large numbers of people, have taken place in various parts of Ireland, and in Manchester and other places. These are unmolested by the Government. The Irish newspapers, and especially the 'Nation,' are rampant with the most seditious and inflammatory articles against the English Government and people, and it would seem almost impossible that some attempt should not be made to put a stop to this language, which has a demoralising effect on the excitable Irish people. But it is very difficult to know what is the best course to pursue. The Government is supposed to have very good information as to the organisation of the Fenians in all the great towns. The Ministers are constantly receiving threatening letters and are closely watched by the police.

I dined on Saturday with Jem Macdonald; Quin and Landseer were amongst the guests, and, as usual, kept up a running fire of chaff and moderately good jokes and puns across the small table during the whole of dinner. This is all very well for a time, but it grows at last wearisome and depressing, and is like sitting out a long farce, for everyone else listens and does not speak.

Friday, December 6.— . . . The Abyssinian debate came off yesterday in the House of Lords. Lord Ellenborough made a very good speech, deploring the expedition, and stating his belief that the Duke of Wellington would never have sanctioned it, because of the very doubtful communications between the invading army and the fleet. The debate on the Roman Question in the French Chambers was finished yesterday, on which occasion the French Government at last declared explicitly, through its spokesman Rouher, that Italy should never have Rome, or any part of the present Pontifical dominions, whilst Menabrea was declaring in the Italian Parliament that Italy would never renounce her right to Rome, but that the Roman Question was not to be solved by violence, that the Pope would be respected and would find his strongest support in Italy and not from abroad. This is a strong confirmation of the belief of those who assert that the preservation of the temporal power of the Papacy, to be compatible with the unity of Italy, is a mere chimera.

Saturday, December 14.—Last night at about a quarter to eleven, as I was sitting reading, my house-keeper came into the room and told me there was a great fire somewhere very near, and on opening the shutters I saw flames ascending high into the air, seemingly so near that I thought it must be Lansdowne House that was burning. It turned out to be Her Majesty's Theatre, which was consumed in an incredibly short space of time. The sight was beautiful even from my windows, whence one could see

large clouds of a bright pink colour floating in a dark blue sky. It is supposed that the fire began under the stage where the old scenery was stowed away. There had been, fortunately, no performance, otherwise the loss of life would have been fearful.

Tuesday, December 17.—A crime of unexampled atrocity was committed on Friday evening by Fenians in the attempt to blow up Clerkenwell Prison, in which two Fenian prisoners are detained—Burke and Casey. They succeeded in blowing the wall of twenty-five feet into atoms, destroying the houses opposite, and in killing and maiming for life many innocent persons, but not in effecting the escape of the prisoners, who, had they been in the exercising ground, must have perished in the ruins of the wall. The Government had had notice that some such attempt was in contemplation, and the prisoners were in consequence not exercised at the usual hour. The details of this affair are horrible and have excited universal indignation. Two of the people concerned have been arrested, and it was reported to-day that the man who set fire to the barrel of inflammable material had been arrested at Dunstable.

Other felonious attempts at setting fire to premises have been made, particularly one in Grosvenor Square, and the object of these miscreants is to strike terror into the hearts of the English people, and induce them to abandon 'Ireland to the Irish.' Inconceivable fatuity! The processions which were appointed to take place last Sunday in honour of the 'martyrs' executed at Manchester, both in England

and Ireland, have been prohibited by Government and magistrates, and there seems to have been no attempt made to resist the authorities and all passed off quietly.

Friday, December 20.—Arrests of Fenians are being constantly made. A good deal of vague alarm prevails, and special constables are being sworn in for London and all the great towns. I dined yesterday with Lady Newburgh, and met Ladies Londonderry, Castlerosse and Alice Kerr, Doyle and Father Macmullen, who, I was told, is a celebrated preacher. I felt like a ‘Diable dans un Bénitier’ in the midst of all those pious Roman Catholics. Lady Londonderry told me she went every July for ten days to a convent at Roehampton (which was formerly Lord Ellenborough’s villa), which she passed in total silence, attending five sermons or ‘instructions’ per day, and other religious exercises, and she said there were generally seventy ladies assembled there for the same purpose.

Thursday, January 2, 1868.—Dined yesterday with the Sartoris’, and met Mr. and Mrs. Froude, Lowe, and Lacaita. The latter told me Panizzi was very ill, and that his recovery is very doubtful. He is very desponding on the state of Italy, and deploras the dearth of able and honest men. The Chamber is split into factions, and the King does not run straight and listens only to those who flatter him and who chime in with his prejudices. He says Menabrea is a sensible and well-meaning man, and has done well under most adverse and difficult circumstances.

Tuesday, January 7.—I read in the newspapers on Saturday the death of poor Marochetti, which took place suddenly when staying with his sister-in-law, the Comtesse de Sade at Passy, and just as he was preparing to start for Brussels to attend his son's marriage. At one time I lived in great intimacy with him. He was a pleasant and genial companion. Of his talent as a sculptor I am no judge, but I do not suppose that posterity will place him in the highest class of artists. This is the most dark and gloomy, if not the coldest, winter I ever remember; I can see to do nothing. The sun never shines. All over Europe the cold seems to be very severe.

Cannes, March 24.—I left London on Wednesday, March 4; reached the 'Légion d'Honneur' (the official residence of M. de Flahault), Paris, on Thursday; was as usual received by M. de Flahault in the most cordial and courteous manner, and found him to all appearance in excellent health. On the following Monday he was, however, seized with an epileptic fit whilst presiding at his Council, and for some days we were in great alarm at his state, which, however, has been daily ameliorating, and I hope he will soon be restored to his pristine health. . . . Owing to this accident I saw few people at Paris. The Lavalettes were constantly at the house, but I heard little of interest. Lavalette one day spoke in high terms of the *esprit* and extraordinary eloquence of the Empress, which he said never failed to astonish him. He added that he did not consider her judgment and good sense at all on a par with the other qualities.

He is, although differing in opinion with Her Imperial Majesty on the Roman Question (which is the one which principally occupies her mind), in high favour at the Tuileries. I dined once with Lyons, whose house is *très bien montée*, and where I met the Clarendons on their return from Italy. Also I dined with the Augustus Cravens, where I met M. Legouvé, the author, whose play, 'La Bataille des Dames,' I had seen the night before at the Théâtre Français, capitally acted, especially by Got, a great comedian. He is a very lively and agreeable member of society, about sixty, and being a capital *maître d'armes*, is very mildly dealt with by the gentlemen of the press. He spoke of Ristori with great enthusiasm.

. . . *Carlisle : Station Hotel, September 4.*—Months have passed since I have written a line in this book, and it is quite impossible to allude even to all that has passed in the interval, and I cannot attempt it, so I shall try and begin again from the time I left London. [After mentioning visits to the Sydneys at Frognaal, the Bingham Mildmays at Shoreham Place, and the Lansdownes at Bowood, he proceeds.] From Bowood I went to Cirencester, and was glad to revisit once again, and after a lapse of thirty-eight years, a place in which I passed so happily so much of my early youth, in the midst of the most brilliant and agreeable society it was possible to meet; Lady Bathurst having been one of the most charming women, and Lord Bathurst the drollest of men. Sydney Smith often said Lord Bathurst was the wittiest man he had ever known, and he was a good

judge. I should rather have said he was the most humorous. Sneyd, whom I met (on my return from Cirencester) at Bowood, told me Sydney Smith had said this to him, and he reminded me of a droll and characteristic little scene that took place in the dining-room, where there is a portrait of Lord Russell (the patriot). George Fortescue was standing opposite, sentimentalising on Lord Russell's virtues, when Lord Bathurst came up, and stroking his chin (a habit of his), said, 'Ah, that was indeed a terrible affair; I have often thought that if the institution over which I have the honour to preside (the Colonial Office) had existed in those days, and that I had been then as now at its head, the matter might have been compromised by—Botany Bay,' which of course produced a roar of laughter. From Bowood I went for two nights to London and dined each day at Holland House, where amongst others I met Delane, who, like the rest of the world, was very eloquent on what he called the monstrous Mayo job, and he foretold that if party spirit ran very high, and that the Tories were driven from office, Mayo would without doubt be recalled.

Just as I was leaving for Cirencester I read in the newspaper the awful accident that befel the Irish Mail at Abergele, and in which Lady Abercorn¹ and her children were travelling to Dublin. On reaching Chippenham I telegraphed to Abercorn, and had the relief of receiving an answer from the Duchess on my arrival at Cirencester, saying they

¹ Dowager Duchess.—(1905. Ed.)

were safe. A more appalling accident never occurred ; thirty-three persons were burnt to death.

Brighton, December 22.— . . . The Prince and Princess of Wales started for Denmark on Tuesday, *viâ* Paris, and are now at Compiègne. They intend proceeding later to the Nile. The Queen of Holland is in London. The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia are staying at Windsor. I was told the other day by a courtier resident, that the Royal Family are so violent and so divided in their opinions, the Queen has been obliged to forbid politics at her table. The Princess of Prussia (who is very unpopular at Berlin) is very radical, as is Princess Alice, all the others being *piuttosto Codini*.

Rossini died at Paris a week ago, and was to be buried yesterday with great pomp. The town of Florence has asked his widow to permit his remains to be removed to Santa Croce. He was one of the wittiest men that have lived in our time, and were so original and droll in their ideas.

James Rothschild also died last week, and his funeral was attended by all the most conspicuous people of Paris, and the Emperor sent a representative. It is said that Baron James was the chief adviser of the Rothschild house, and that he will be a very great loss to them.

July 15, 1871.—The House of Commons has been quarrelling all the Session over the Army Purchase Bill, and more lately the Ballot, and is become so unruly, and each party is so independent of its respective leader, that matters are fast approaching a deadlock.

The debate in the House of Lords on the abolition of purchase in the Army has been going on since Thursday, and is adjourned till Monday, when they will divide. It will be thrown out, but it has been intimated by Granville that the measure may be carried by Statutory Enactment, and without the consent of Parliament; few people, however, believe the Government will resort to so unusual a course. Party spirit runs very high on this question, which of all others should be considered apart from party considerations. The Opposition is making a great 'whip.'

Tuesday, July 18.—The Abolition Bill was rejected by a majority of thirty-four. It is curious that sixteen of the Opposition voted in favour and sixteen of the Government side against. Argyll and Salisbury made clever but injudicious speeches; the latter was especially bitter. Argyll is said to have lost three votes by his.

Saturday, July 22.—Granville in one House and Gladstone in the other announced that they had advised the Queen to issue her warrant to abolish purchase in the army. This has made a prodigious sensation. There is no doubt that they had the legal right to do this, but though there is a good deal to be said in favour of this course, the general opinion is very condemnatory of it. The chief plea in favour of it is that as purchase had been declared to be illegal, and as the House of Commons had passed a Bill for its abolition, the Government could not allow the system to continue; also they thought that there was danger of its being made a subject for agitation,

and that if postponed to another year it would go very hard with the officers, and therefore of the two evils—of allowing the matter to be hung up for another year or to pass it by warrant—the latter was the lesser one. The violence of the Opposition and of society in general is extreme. The supporters of Government say it is proper and has united the party.

London, July 30.—I was at Wrest last week. A large party. Clanwilliam told a droll story of King George IV. and the Duke of Wellington. His Majesty fancied himself learned in military matters and himself a good cavalry officer, and had a great predilection for that arm of the service, whilst the Duke held the infantry in higher estimation. After dinner one day at the Pavilion the King and the Duke got into what Clanwilliam called a regular *jaw* on this subject which put the King very much out of humour. In the evening, as was the custom, round supper tables were brought into the room, at one of which the King seated himself with Lady Conyngham, to whom he was complaining of the Duke, when he called to Clanwilliam to come and occupy the vacant place. Clanwilliam did so, when the King said, ‘It is extraordinary what nonsense “Arthur” talks; he knows no more about cavalry than *that page*,’ pointing to the man who was waiting upon his Majesty.

I went to the Chapel Royal this morning (Sunday), in Sydney’s pew, and heard a capital sermon from Mr. Farrar, Master of Marlborough College.

Monday, July 31.—On Saturday at the dinner at the Mansion House to Her Majesty’s Ministers, Gladstone

said: 'A notice has been given, which is still only a notice, that on Monday the severest punishment which one branch of the Legislature can inflict *may*—I don't say *will*—be inflicted upon us in the House of Lords, in that august assembly, which I trust may long continue to discharge with wisdom its important and essential functions in the Constitution. With the opinion which I entertain of that august assembly I am unable to believe that they will censure the Government, which pleads guilty to no offence but this, that we have established a legal power for the suppression of an illegal practice. A system of gross, notorious, and palpable illegality, we have, in the exercise of our undoubted power, put an end to in the only manner which remained open to us after the circumstances which have occurred. That is an appeal which we are perfectly content to make to the judgment of our country.' This was received with cheers.

Tuesday, August 1.—The vote of censure in the House of Lords was carried last night against Government by a majority of eighty. Richmond, who improves in speaking, did well. Salisbury was very bitter, as usual. Derby very strong against the Government, and said: 'The resolution before the House may not produce a political change, but it will be of some advantage, for we shall put on record our opinion that power does not constitute right, that astuteness is not statesmanship, and sharp practice does not pay in the long run.' Rather strong language for a moderate man. Cairns spoke well.

Dined at Holland House. Richelieu, Houghton, Roden. Houghton told a story of Sydney Smith. At some dinner where they met, a lady whom he did not know was seated between two elderly bishops. Houghton asked Sydney Smith what her name was. 'I really can't say,' said Sydney, '*Susannah*, I should think.'

Wednesday, August 2.—Lunched with Granville to meet the Duc and Duchesse de Galliera and the Duc de Broglie. The Duchess very desponding on French affairs; she never left Paris during the first siege, and had an ambulance in her hotel. She is very clever, and would be agreeable if she were not so absent.

London, Tuesday, August 8.—Dined with Sydneys, Roden, Lady Edith Ashley, Bessborough, and Dufferin. The latter just back from Dublin, where he had been the guest of Hartington for the Royal visit. He said that on the whole it was a success—no great enthusiasm, but quite as good a reception as might have been expected. Prince Arthur the most popular of the two Princes with the mob, owing to his name Patrick. 'Three cheers for Prince Pat.' A riot took place on the last day of the Royal sojourn, in consequence of a meeting got up by Fenians in the Phoenix Park having been prohibited and dispersed by the police. The latter are accused of having acted with great brutality, and the Irish Press fulminates against the authorities. Dufferin said he thought the police had perhaps been unnecessarily *zealous*, but that the whole affair had been exaggerated.

Wednesday, August 9.—Called on Lady Spencer, who is on her way from Dublin to Wildbad. She considers the reception of the Royalties to have been very cordial and everything to have passed off satisfactorily, except for the riot in the Phoenix Park, which, however, had been grossly exaggerated. She said that the Phoenix Park was under a different management from that of the London parks, and that if meetings for political purposes and discussions were to be permitted there, and with the excitability of the Irish and their love of talk and rioting, the Viceregal Lodge and the Chief Secretary's abode would become untenable. She said this riot had not lasted an hour, and that she and all her guests had walked across from the Viceregal to the Secretary's Lodge half an hour after the meeting had been dispersed, and that all was quiet.

Lady Spencer, notwithstanding a week of incessant toil and dissipation, and never having been in bed till 5 A.M., and having been travelling all night looked as fresh and pretty as if she had been leading a quiet country life.

Thursday, August 10.—Dined with Sydneys, he, Ebury, and Bessborough eating a hasty meal, as division on the Ballot (the amendment proposed by Shaftesbury) was expected at nine. All spoke in great praise of a speech by Acton, his first in the House of Lords. Hinchbrook dined, fresh from visiting the seat of war (Franco-German) and Paris. He says he talked with people of all classes, and they were unanimous in praising the behaviour of the

Germans, both during and since the war. He was struck by the brutal bearing of the German officers towards their men.

London, August 16.—I heard through Henry Ponsonby that the Queen was really ill, but insisted on going to-night to Balmoral, and, though Parliament is to be prorogued on Monday, she would not wait two days to hold her Council.

Warsash,¹ Friday, September 1.—The defeat of the Liberal candidate in East Surrey has caused some surprise and consternation in the Government ranks, and the Tories are quite justified in making the most of their triumph. It is to be hoped that it is not a sign that the counties are all to be Tory, and the boroughs Radical; this would be a most dangerous state of things.

The accounts from Paris are very disheartening. The Assembly is the scene of perpetual tumult. De Mussy, a staunch Orleanist, writes to his friends that Thiers is ready to sacrifice everything to the senile vanity of being called President of the Republic; he is already a sort of Dictator. He thinks anarchy imminent, and as (this is usual in France) all the respectable Liberals think fit to keep aloof, he believes it to be likely that the Emperor will be on his throne again in two years' time. What a people!

. . . Adelaide told me to-day, when speaking of a Life of the Kembles, lately published, that Young²

¹ Warsash. The residence of Edward Sartoris and his wife, *née* Adelaide Kemble.—Ed.

² Charles Young, the actor.—Ed.

(whose Life has lately been written by his son) had told her that he had seen Mrs. Roger Kemble (mother of Mrs. Siddons) act Lady Macbeth *in a barn*, and that Mrs. Siddons, great as she was, was immeasurably inferior to her mother in that part. She had never had a chance or been able to get a London engagement, but he had no doubt she was one of the greatest actresses that had ever lived.

Adelaide also made me laugh by a story of Mrs. Arkwright and her aunt, Miss A. De Camp, who, when they were girls, were always inventing tricks to play on Mrs. Arkwright's father. One evening there was acting at J. Kemble's theatre some play in which there was a scene turning upon engaging actors and actresses. These two girls dressed themselves up and came on the stage, much to J. Kemble's surprise, amongst the other performers, when, shaking with laughter, he said to Miss De Camp, 'Pray, Madam, what may be *your* line of business?' 'Sir,' she replied, 'I have been in the habit of representing the *hind legs of elephants*.'

[The following is the last entry in the Journals.]

London, April 20, 1872.—Dined yesterday with the Duke of Cambridge, to meet his mother, *en petit comité*. Sat next to General Peel, who made me laugh with a story Delane had told him of having dined somewhere at Paris in company with some of the Orleans Princes and Princesses, and when his neighbour at dinner told him that they had been

sending all their jewels and valuables back to England, he looked across the table and saw the Comtesse de Paris with a large diamond necklace, to which he called his friend's attention, who at once replied, 'Oh yes, but that is a necklace the Comtesse de Paris and the Princesse de Joinville wear in turns!'

The holders of the Tichborne Claimant's securities are called *Wagga-bonds*.

The Duchess of Cambridge was troubled at the news of her great-niece, Princess Thyra of Denmark, being attacked by typhoid fever at Milan, caught at Rome.

END OF THE JOURNALS.

My uncle died on the 12th of December.—Ed.

CONCLUSION.

I have decided to bring these Journals to a close at this point. Though they are carried on in a desultory manner up to the date of April 1872, I am of opinion that the remaining volume will have lost much of its interest for the public, more especially as many passages are best omitted as being of too private a nature for publication.

Moreover, there is no doubt that the deaths within so short a time of my uncle's two brothers,

followed in the April of the succeeding year, 1866, by that of my mother, his only sister, affected my uncle's health and spirits so deeply, that he no longer took the same interest in recording the events of the time that he did before these sorrows overtook him, and more than once he gives expression to these feelings.

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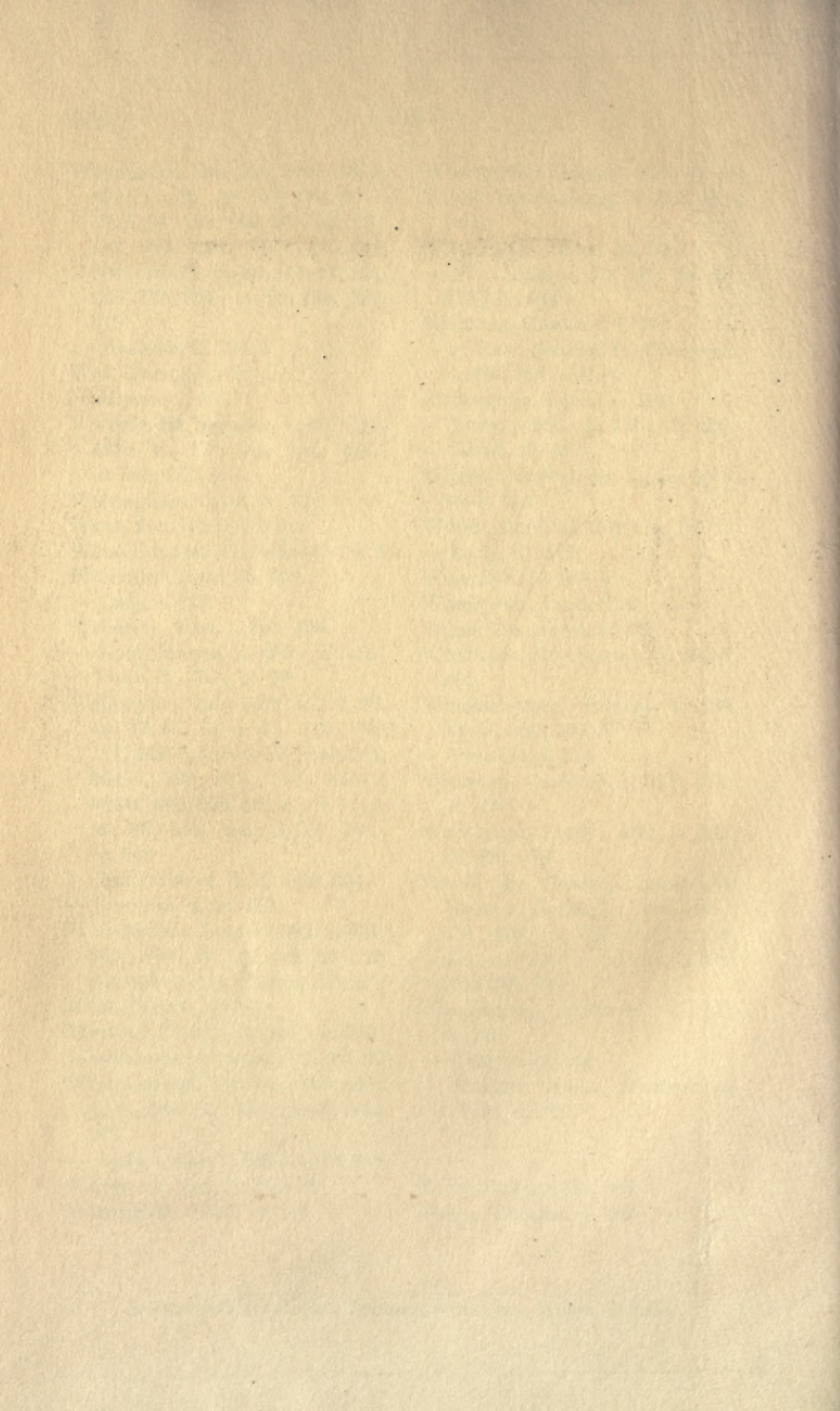
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